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# MEMORIALS OF TWO SISTERS.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF

'AIDS TO DEVELOPEMENT,'

&c.

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# MEMORIALS.

THE papers contained in this volume are presented to the Church of Christ, because it seems to be for its advantage, and for its Master's honour, that His triumphs in the soul of man should not be hidden, especially when the individuals selected for the display of his grace, being unknown, there is nothing to turn away the eyes from his operations.

Had the circumstances of the writers' lives been as peculiar as they were common-place, those to whom their memories are dear, would have felt themselves at perfect liberty to confine the knowledge of them within their own circle; had they left behind them writings evidently designed to secure a posthumous reputation, they would have used their own discretion whether they should gratify or frustrate the wish. But, of papers not treating of family incidents; not containing ingenious theories, but faithfully exhibiting facts concerning the relations of man with his Father and Redeemer, they feel that they are not proprietors, but trustees for the use of all whom it may please God to comfort with the comfort wherewith these his children were comforted of Him.

The writers of these papers were two sisters; one of whom died at the age of twenty-six; the other of

twenty-three. The lives of both were passed in their own families, and (with but little interruption) in sickness.

It may be supposed that discipline so similar, was intended for similar characters—but He who worketh all things by the counsel of his own will, is able to extract the ore from earths of the most opposite quality, by processes which, to a common observer, seem nearly alike; and so it was in this instance.

Anne C. M., the eldest of the two sisters, thus describes her character and early years.

'From my earliest childhood I was of a very thoughtful, reserved, timid, incommunicative temper; a bad state of health, and delicate constitution, contributed to promote the former; and being without a companion of a suitable age, nourished the latter qualities. When about five years old, I lost a sweet brother, who was next in age to me, so that I was altogether a solitary being. Though I had lost my playfellow, whom I loved dearly, I did not shed a tear, and afterwards told the person who had the care of me, that I could not cry over a good spirit who was gone to heaven. I wondered I did not cry, yet I could not. I always then thought that there was something solemn yet beautiful in death. From the false notions I had, I entertained no fear of my state, and used often to wish very much to die and go to heaven. I fancied it was a much happier place than this world, to which I felt no attachment, thinking it full of care and sorrow. I was remarkably fond of reading from the time I first learned, and used to pass many hours in this manner every day. The Cheap Repository Tracts, and Burder's Bible History, were my favourite books. I always passed for a serious sort of child, because I was quiet, and used to talk about God and heaven, and sometimes read the Bible; and also shewed great willingness to attend public worship. I also manifested no attachment to the world and

its forms, and shewed great reluctance to fine clothes or outward decorations. I had a strictly moral education, and was what is called a good child, but at this time my heart was as much in a state of enmity against God as a heathen's; not against the God I had formed in my imagination, for him I loved, but against the God of the Bible. I believed God to be a merciful God; too kind to punish for a long continuance any whom he had endowed with life, and ready to accept the prayers and good works of any of his creatures; and on this indulgent Deity I relied to save me. The thought of his justice never once entered my head, at least so as to excite the least uncomfortable feeling. I thought Christ was a great teacher; a very good man whom God enabled to perform various miracles, and that he had set us a perfect example, which we were to follow as far as we could, and trust to the mercy of God to forgive us what we could not attain: yet, I often felt a wish to know that God certainly did forgive us, and wished to have some token that I might be *sure*, he had forgiven *me*. This led me to ask those around me how I could know that God had forgiven me for such a sin; but I was always told, 'because he had said he would forgive those who are sorry, and ask him to do so.' Still I often used to think, when I had done any thing wrong, I wish God would somehow tell me, or let me know, that he has forgiven me this sin. I do not think I was ever altogether free from such thoughts, though they were more in my mind sometimes than others, till I was led to believe that we have "redemption in Christ's blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

'I was a very passionate, perverse, fretful child, but courageous; not afraid of any danger, patient in suffering, and able to bear a great deal of pain without complaining. My great pride of character (the strongest principle, perhaps, except divine grace, that influences the heart,) was the motive and support to me in all

this, so that even the virtues of patience, fortitude, and courage, partook of the nature of vices, because all was done to the glory of Satan, not of God. I used to think on every occasion, Shall *I* do so? no; I will not debase myself. I had a tender conscience which told me what was wrong as to outward action; this conscience, and pride of character together, led me to have a great regard for truth, so that I believe I seldom, if ever, told a lie, and was always believed. I was naturally generous, liking to give away things, and willing to share with others. I had also high notions of honour, and great aversion to any thing like tyranny, either towards myself or others: I always took part with the oppressed, and felt a disposition to plead their cause; yet all that appeared right was from false motives, the love of the *true* God having no place in my heart; my own righteousness was placed instead of Christ's righteousness; my own endeavours were relied upon, instead of the grace of God.'

A person of this character might be expected to endure severe conflicts in her passage from death unto life; nor were her difficulties only from internal causes. The faith of her childhood in a God of mere good nature, was not counteracted but perhaps strengthened by her education. Her eyes, as she hints, were too early turned inwards not to perceive many facts utterly at variance with the doctrines she received from without; and as ill health, combined with natural disposition, kept her from the distractions of the world around, the sense of this contradiction became more and more oppressive.

Some letters to a dear friend, written about the age of fifteen, exhibit the state of her mind at that time with great simplicity; for although those tender infantine views of the love of Christ, which engage the affections of pious children of that age were not to be

attained by her, but by many processes of thought which seem to belong to manhood, yet in the description of that process no one could be less pretending and precocious.

By the following extracts it will be seen that from the very commencement of her religious career, she made communion with God her object; and that it was the impossibility of attaining that privilege which she believed God intended for her, (and without which she felt existence to be a curse,) except through an atoning Mediator, that made her strive so earnestly after the truth, and at last admit it into her soul.

*Jan.* 1815, she writes:—

'Oh! my dear E—, if you still doubt concerning the comforting doctrine of the atonement, read Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews regularly, chapter by chapter, without going to consult your favourite books, but in hearty prayer to God, to give his Holy Spirit to direct you to see the truth. Then tell me how you can explain it without believing that through the blood of Christ we must look for the forgiveness of our sins? —— has become so orthodox, you would hardly suppose it; but he believes that Christ is God, and that there is a devil, and many other doctrines of the same kind: my faith does not extend so far.'

*Feb.* She sends Wesley's Hymns to her friend, with much praise of them, and says, 'H—— has been to hear several delightful preachers; I envy her the feast. I delight more to hear good preachers than in anything.'

Speaking of the Sabbath she writes:—

'Every one seems to me to spend this holy, delightful day in such a trifling manner, as if it were enough to withhold the labour of the hands, without striving to adapt the conversation to purposes for which God in-

tended this day to be set apart. But why should I say *adapt?* Is it not grievous to see that people do not rejoice that this day at least they can have more serious converse, and retiring from all worldly concerns, devote their whole soul to religion?

'I am reading Doddridge's Sermons on Regeneration. I think them very striking; from what I have read I hope I am in that desirable state; but on such subjects persons are but too apt to deceive themselves. I read with doubt and trembling apprehension.'

The friend to whom these letters were addressed had resided for many years in the family as an instructress.[1] On her removal, Anne, though only fifteen years of age, had undertaken the charge of two younger sisters, in whose education she was deeply interested. In reference to this subject, she writes:—

'I feel every day more and more unable to superintend the work of education. The delicate pieces of machinery, which you left in such excellent order, have been touched by an inexperienced hand, some of the wheels have taken a wrong direction; but I hope, with increased care, may be again restored. I see the double (I may say twice that) necessity of keeping a strict guard over my thoughts, words, and actions. "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." I hope, however, to receive such supplies of assistance from divine strength, that I may be enabled to carry on the work with an increased alacrity; the throne of mercy is ever at hand for a humble, penitent, and supplicating sinner. But whatever outward circumstances may occur, I trust I have peace within, that "peace which passeth all understanding."'

*Oct.* 1815. When describing her search after the truth, she thus writes:—

[1] Her life was written by Emma, the subject of the following sketch, during her illness, and published under the title of 'Patience in Tribulation, or Memoirs of E. E.'

'I relied solely on the direction of God, or rather on his Spirit guiding and directing me to the truth, and therefore I shunned all human explanations, and never touched a controversial book. Indeed, I found that the more I trusted to his strength and direction, about every thing, the more I was able to perform, and the happier I was.

'When I look back on God's great mercy to me, in leading me from such gross spiritual darkness to the knowledge of my glorious Redeemer. I am confounded with his goodness. How I wish that I could convince every child of man how much happier religion makes the soul, and even this vile body. My former feelings are now my wonder how I could find pleasure in them. Blessed be God, I have experienced "religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." With what delight I now peruse his sacred word, 'There's none but kindred souls can tell.' But for God's mercy, I might now have been cut off from these pleasures, and have continued in darkness and ignorance. How much I feel the case of the impotent man apply to me: I laid at the pool for many years; at last affliction troubled the waters, and I was called to follow Christ—he alone could heal me from my sins. When I obeyed the summons, I was made sensible of the beauty of religion. Would to God that he would make me quite whole. It is my daily prayer that I may attain that perfection I believe in time every Christian may attain.'

*Nov.* 1815. She says: 'My mind is in a more comfortable state than when I last wrote to you; then, I was full of doubts and conflicts, and, worse than all, the face of God was as it were hidden from me, the cheering influence of his Spirit withdrawn, and I left upon the raging sea; consequently all was gloom within, and therefore nothing without could afford any satisfaction; even the Bible, that source of comfort, was dark to me,

and my prayers afforded no consolation. If you ever experience this state of mind, you can fully feel for me; if not, most happy are you, for it is the most afflictive occurrence in the Christian walk.

'My sentiments also are more settled, the veil of unbelief is removed, and I am enabled to exclaim, with the before unbelieving Thomas, "My Lord and MY GOD." There are so many passages of scripture which prove the deity of Christ, that I now wonder that I was not before struck with them.

'I often doubt whether I am a child of God—whether the work has even *begun* in me; whether I am born again, or whether I am not an unregenerate creature, lost in a maze, without the least light having broken through it. O! these distracting doubts! I fear they will never cease till this soul quits the body in which it is enshrined. Still, however, I find my sentiments a great comfort, and if I were but established in them, should not regard what this world can give, nor fear what it can take away. If it were not for the balm of the healing name of Jesus, what a lost creature I should be! But this heavenly name cheers my drooping soul, and animates my sinking spirits.

'I often wish I had some established Christian for a friend, such a friend as I could open my heart to without disguise, who could calm my fears, answer my doubts, and be to me in my spiritual life what other dear friends are in my temporal. Jesus is indeed this friend in heaven, but, when he was in his human form, he no doubt found spiritual friends a comfort, therefore it cannot be a wonder that I should sometimes sigh for an earthly one.

'How many objects keep my thoughts down, when they would soar to heaven! I feel it is only in God true bliss can be found; I have really no pleasure but in him, yet I wander to earthly objects which afford none. I take delight in no conversation but spiritual, yet how often do

I, when I could prevent it, join, nay lead, to that which is unimproving. I feel a love of the world and the things of it more and more deadening in me; yet I do not find the love of God increase as I wish in this cold heart. Cold indeed must it be, to be insensible to all his kindness; I who have had so much forgiveness ought indeed to love much; I who have been led out of such gross darkness into his marvellous light, ought indeed to seek earnestly for an increase of that light: yet such an inconsistent creature I find myself! Then let me thank him above all, that he has enabled me to give up *all* dependence on myself, and led me to rely on the merits of a spotless Saviour. Do not wonder that I strive to fix my thoughts on heaven alone—that it alone can afford me any satisfaction to contemplate, for how am I to find peace on earth. In heaven all doubts will cease, every thing will help to increase our devotions—to keep them fixed on God; we shall not then have any thing to interrupt our adorations. Oh that I, and all I love, may find an entrance in that day! That not one may be wanting, is my constant prayer. Through the blood of Jesus, even such a sinful worm as I may look up to that bright abode. Surely that compassion which led him to descend from his abodes of glory, to save poor sinners, will not let him see one poor sinner perish, who has cast her all on him.'

*April* 1816. She says:—

'Do not be surprised, when I tell you that I think I never before was experimentally acquainted with my precious Saviour; nay, further, never before saw my *absolute need* of his atonement. And why? Because it is but very lately that I had real convictions of my *utter depravity*. I think that till we in some degree feel this, we never so heartily receive the Saviour. You know we must be condemned before we can be acquitted; and till we see, as the great apostle expresses it, that "every

mouth is stopped, and the whole world lieth guilty before God," and thus collectively and individually see the condemnation, sin has brought upon the world and ourselves individually, we do not understand practically the free grace and adorable mercy manifested in the whole scheme of salvation by Christ Jesus. Agonizing as my feelings have been almost the whole of the last month, I now rejoice in them, since I was first led to see myself a *miserable, guilty, vile, condemned* sinner. While my heart was thus laid open, and I clearly perceived myself

> 'By nature, and by practice too,
> A wretched slave to sin,'

I was at the same time convinced of the strict justice of God in condemning me. Oh how my vile heart would have rejoiced to have seen that God was exacting more than he had any right, in condemning me to endless flames and torments. Harsh as it may sound, I saw it was all that I deserved for my portion. Here then I laid quite in a slough of despond, sometimes driven *nearly* to despair, sometimes, I believe, *quite*. Sometimes I dared to hope that as "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," through him, I, the chief, might obtain mercy. But though I knew this truth, it was long before it was healingly applied to my distracted soul. I had not faith to believe that he died for me. At length, feeling that

> 'Every door was shut but one,
> And that the mercy door,'

I resolved to wait there. While at this station, for a time I enjoyed a season of happiness, from a *hope* 'that I should feel his blood applied, and that he had died for me;' or rather that I was interested in his blood,—yet it was rather a *hope*, than that humble yet sure confidence that some believers feel, when they look up to a reconciled God, having through his name obtained "remission

of sins," and feeling themselves "accepted in the beloved." I say that I enjoyed happiness for a time, for after this I was actually led to believe that I had committed the unpardonable sin. O! how subtle is the tempter, in his endeavours against those who are struggling, by the Lord's help, to free themselves from his chains! He it was brought into my mind all I had formerly said against the power and Godhead of the blessed Spirit; he influenced me to believe that I ought to apply those texts to myself, wherein our Saviour speaks of those who have blasphemed against the Holy Ghost never having forgiveness, but being in danger of eternal damnation. It is vain to describe my feelings at this awful time, I may truly say that I experienced a foretaste of hell. Nothing gave me any pleasure or mitigation of suffering. I heard the clap of the mercy-door, (at which I was standing,) as I thought, forever. Hitherto I always understood that there was mercy for the vilest;—yes, mercy for all in Jesus' blood;—but now even the voice of the compassionate Saviour seemed to say in his holy book, 'there is no forgiveness for this sin.' I could not pray, only groan before the Lord, and cry,—"God be merciful to me a miserable sinner." Even though I believed there was no mercy for me, I could not help uttering these words; but, blessed be God, the time for manifesting his marvellous grace to his unworthy servant was at hand; the tempter could not exert his power longer than the superior and almighty power permitted. In me was exemplified,—"Though weeping may endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning." This time of trial did not last long. One night I lay down in bitter agony, and awoke several times groaning with it; but in the morning when I awoke, I felt the burden removed and my sins forgiven through the atoning blood; and thus was enabled to look up to a reconciled God, and cry "Abba, Father." Since this time I have experienced much

peace and joy in the Holy Spirit, and feel more comforting views altogether of—what shall I say?—why, every thing. I should have mentioned that the following text occurred to me, and gave me great comfort,—"There is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared;" or I should say it was forcibly impressed on my mind.

'One great source of my pleasure in thinking of heaven is, that there I can love Christ as I ought; here I must continually feel that "my love is weak and faint." And oftentimes when I ought, yea, and even desire, to think spiritually, such an unaccountable deadness and spiritual langour hangs upon me, as seems to draw me to earth. Yet all these things make me look up with more longing desire to that heaven where all my employment will be peace and love.

'I have not been so well lately, but I trust the affliction has been useful; I know it was sent by a kind Father to wean me from this perishing world, and teach me to fix my hopes and affections on a never-ending felicity. I have been for some time deprived of hearing the preaching of the word; which I trust the grace of God has taught me to submit to resignedly and cheerfully. This was one end of my illness, for I too much took up my rest in it, instead of remembering that we are not to look for rest in anything below, but for "the rest that remaineth unto the people of God." Suffering and patience for this world, eternal happiness in the next. I have had much comfort in my private devotions, when prevented from attending public worship; and I hope shall again join the great assembly with more sanctified feelings.'

*Sept.* 1816. In writing to the same friend, she says:—

'From various conversations which we had during your short visit to us, I should imagine you were not possessed of that peace of mind which "passeth all

understanding," and without which the Christian can experience no comfort. You doubt whether you partake of an interest in that precious Redeemer, who has said,—" He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Ah! my dear friend, I have too well known what these doubts are; but let me ask you was there not a time, and that very lately, when these doubts never entered your mind? Does not this argue that you are now far more concerned about the salvation of your soul than formerly? " Blessed is the man that feareth alway," say the sacred scriptures. And I have heard it observed,—' he that has never been troubled with fear, has seldom any solid ground for hope.' Oh! look back upon the time, when instead of attending to the voice of the Spirit which strove within, you resisted its power as well as creature strength could oppose itself to omnipotence. You are now made willing to submit to its influences; this, then, is a work of grace begun in your soul, which " He who has begun a good work in you will perform." You have surely much room for encouragement, when you reflect on these things; but more especially if you contemplate the precious promises and gracious invitations which abound in the scriptures to every seeking soul. Beware of giving way to the sin of unbelief, to which we are all more or less tempted. Of all our sins, none can more offend our gracious Redeemer, than to doubt of the efficacy of his sacrifice. We often err in not thinking ourselves fit to come to Christ; but

> ' All the fitness He requireth,
> Is to feel our need of Him.'

We must *first* come to Christ, and then expect the *fruits* of a total surrender of ourselves to him, even that " holiness without which no man can see the Lord." You have said to me, ' Oh! if I could but feel that I should meet you in heaven, if we meet no more upon

earth.' But why those *ifs?* Why should you doubt of the mercy of that Redeemer who, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." Oh! what need have we all to pray,—"Lord, increase our faith!" Suppose some earthly friend, in whom you placed great confidence, had engaged to conduct you to a city which you felt it of essential consequence you should reach, would you doubt of his fulfilling his engagement? Then you surely ought to put more confidence in God than in a frail human being like yourself; and if you have submitted to his guidance, trust that in his own time he will bring you to that glorious city, Zion, which it is your heart's desire to attain.

'I too often feel dead, but hope at times that I feel "the love of God shed abroad in my heart." I am often rather laid at the feet of Jesus, than joining the saints above in singing songs of praise "to Him who has washed them from their sins in his own blood." My desires are often very restless after heaven; but if it is the Lord's will that I should be kept from him for many, many years, I hope I shall be contented to remain in this world of sin and sorrow.

Oh! that I could more constantly and practically remember, what I am well convinced of in my heart, that every thing out of hell is a great, yea, exceeding wondrous mercy to such a wretch as I am.'

*Jan.* 1817. Referring to an illness from which she had recently suffered, she says:—

'Sickness is often beneficial in affording us a cessation from worldly business, and therefore leisure to reflect on more important concerns; for this reason particularly, I feel grateful; for I find it among the "all things which work together for good to the children of God. What a blessing it is to be of this number, and how wholly undeserved is the privilege! I have

been reading the periodical accounts of the Baptist Missionary Society.—I never heard of such labours before;—how ashamed it makes me to think of myself in comparison to them! Let me tell you, that should the Lord call me to similar services, I feel that I should willingly obey the summons, and leaving the fair land of my nativity, go forth to proclaim his name among the heathen. Should that period never arrive, I shall, I trust, be in some manner employed for his service in this land. It is a satisfaction to reflect that we are in the hands of one who is mighty, and appoints for each what is most suitable for him.

'What fickle inconstant creatures we are; sometimes we seem to love God; at other times it appears as if we knew no such feeling: sometimes we despise the world and its vanities; and at other times we in some degree partake of them. If the Lord's love to me was in the same way as mine to him, it would have been wholly withdrawn long ago; but he is *unchangeable;* he has "loved me with an *everlasting* love, *therefore* with loving kindness he has drawn me." Oh! what a delightful thought!'

*April* 1817. After another visit from her friend, she writes:

'What does he require of you, but to come to him? He does not ask you to bring anything in your hand;—no, not even repentance: but only to *feel your need* of him. Do you complain that you want more faith? all of us have need to cry, "Lord, increase our faith." Yet this should not hinder us from coming to him;—the man with the withered hand might as well have said, 'Lord, let me first feel strength in my feeble limb, and then I will believe that thou canst cure it.' Jesus is like the brazen serpent Moses lifted up in the wilderness,—'tis only 'look and live.' Since you left us, I have feared that the errors you must have observed in our walk and conversation, prejudiced you against

those views we hold as truth. It often grieves me that I do not more "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." Yet I do not think this can be effected by my poring over my sins, but by looking to him for "grace in every time of need." Many a burden have I, like Paul, carried before the Lord; and every time have I received the same answer,—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

'Christ, Christ, and him crucified, must be the darling theme of the believer who has felt his power on his heart. This is the subject that must animate us to the practice of every duty; this the encouragement to the weary, heavy-laden, desponding soul; and this the only hope for the trembling sinner. It is this glorious subject that our Missionaries abroad have dwelt upon, and found successful to the conversion of souls; and were those at home to follow their example, they would doubtless see the same effects produced. I have felt that when I have heard a preacher, who preached Jesus, I was more incited to pray that I might be enabled to "follow the Lamb" withersoever he went; whilst, when I have heard those who made works the basis of their discourse, I have been so much discouraged that I was quite "bowed down, and could in no wise lift myself up."

In the occasional allusions in these letters to a craving after experienced counsel, many will be able to sympathize. Yet, no doubt, the knowledge of herself and of God's dealings with his creatures, and the practical commentaries on His word, which she met with whilst she was watching the growth of evil and of grace in the minds of her young sisters, were exactly what she needed at this period. Teachers, upon whom she would more implicitly have relied might have withdrawn her from her dependence on her heavenly Father. But when she had passed through the earliest stages of her

pilgrimage, her prayer was answered, and she was permitted to receive the waters of life through a human channel. While she possessed this privilege, scarcely any one enjoyed it so much. Her affection for her spiritual advisers was strong in proportion to her natural reserve, and earnest as was her love of truth for its own sake, she appeared to feel some additional delight in it for their sakes. She was seeking for "God, even the living God." She felt that to hear of Him, was her privilege and her joy—that all which her neighbours had been taught of Him, was meant for her; and that each heart, which the news of his grace passed through, on its way to her, took nought from its freshness, but rather added to its sweetness.

For such, surely, and not for the proud independent minds, which care for no knowledge that comes to them at second hand, does He who "giveth grace unto the humble," reserve those privileges, of immediate communion with Himself, which render human intercourse, however delightful, unnecessary.

These favours He had designed for the subject of this sketch. And that she might seek the more earnestly for them, He speedily deprived her of the friend, from whom she had received the most counsel and encouragement. April, 1816, she says in writing to the same correspondent.

'In my last letter to you, I was lamenting that I was not acquainted with some experienced Christian. I have had the happiness since, of knowing one whose like we rarely meet with on earth; who, while he seems preparing, like Elijah, to be carried away in a chariot of fire, with the humility of a little child, waits at the feet of his Divine Master, to receive his instructions; who, though he enjoys communion with the Most High, condescends to converse with the meanest of his flock, and to give them advice suitable to their case. Such is my heavenly-minded pastor.'

*Jan.* 1817. Having mentioned that her friend was in very ill health, and that there was but little prospect of his recovery she says—

'It will be a severe struggle to us all, a heart breaking event, but especially to me. I seldom, I might say, never, attached myself so closely to any one whom I have not known for years. I feel him to be all I could wish, in the situation in which providence connected him with me: were he gone no one could in any degree supply his place to me. I know the All-wise would not have appointed me this trial without it was for my good: but, oh, I want him more than ever.

'How little we can give up to God, in comparison with what He gave up for us. Did my Saviour leave his throne, assume my flesh, take upon himself my nature, bleed, die for me; and do I murmur to part with any thing He requires? Oh unparalleled love, only equalled by the base return it receives. Still after all I find I cannot cheerfully part with this precious gift. Oh, my dear friend, pray for me that my wishes may be swallowed up in submission to my heavenly Parent. What a pleasing hope the gospel holds out, to all the friends of our Immanuel; they will soon be united again; their separation will only be for a short time: then how delightful their union; with what special joy shall we greet all whom we loved here.'

A few weeks after this letter was written, she was called to bear the trial that she then anticipated. In reference to her loss she says—

*April*, 1817.

'I assure you I do not find that I feel the loss of my beloved pastor less; I think I never more wanted him since his translation than now. I have so many things that I want his advice and opinion about; and the heap seems to accumulate, and I suppose will, till it rolls with this perishing body into the grave, and my freed

spirit soars into the unknown world, and gains an unbounded knowledge of all it eagerly desired to be acquainted with. I think we are kept in a more complete dependence on Jesus, when we have no earthly person, in whom to place such unbounded confidence, and firm reliance on their very word.'

After this time, illnesses were the principal instruments of her preparation for heaven. What divinity she learnt in this school, her papers will explain better than any remarks which we can make. One observation, however, must not be omitted. She did not learn *merely* to practise truth, she learned the truth itself; and she learned that though divine knowledge and divine practice are distinct, they are absolutely inseparable. She was brought to this discovery by a dangerous road. In her earlier years, as we have seen, she had adopted, not merely from nature, but from instruction, most mistaken views of the *character* of God. But by degrees she had come to know, and rejoice in the knowledge, that God is not a God who overlooks that conscience-defiling, heart-defiling sin, which is the great misery of his creatures; and who contents himself with giving them that false and miserable peace which arises from the hope that he has pardoned their outward transgressions; but that he is actually a God of love, who is angry with sin every day, and who was manifested in the flesh that he might "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," and purify the conscience, and regenerate the heart of all, who would believe on him, by giving them the knowledge of himself. When she had substantially adopted this creed, all the wants she had ever experienced were satisfied. She worshipped the one God, even him who has said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;" and, knowing that it was God himself who had redeemed her; and God himself who had regenerated the spirit of her mind, her

*understanding* suggested no doubt of the truth, that in the unity of the Godhead were three persons. She knew that if she did homage to any being except him who dwelt in the man Christ Jesus, she was doing homage to an idol (according to the words of St. John) "This is the true God, and eternal life. Little children keep yourselves from idols."

But it will be seen, from one of her papers, at a subsequent page, that with reference to this subject, she passed, at one period, through some painful workings of mind, and imbibed some erroneous opinions.

Her progress in the divine life, during the eight years between this period and her death, is marked, though not with any minute chronological accuracy, in her papers.[1]

She mixed little in society, and read so few books beside the Bible, that one might have suspected her, of very narrow and limited views. But, in truth, her circle, narrower in one sense even than her own family, was in another the very widest in which a person can move. For one who lived in meditation upon her own heart, comparing the spiritual things there with the spiritual things of the word; wrestling with secret sins, and applying, as far as she had opportunity, her own knowledge and experience to the edification of her neighbours, had a high post of observation; a lofty watch tower, from which she could behold much more of the world than the world can see of itself.

In this child of God, though by nature a recluse, a great and ardent affection for her fellow-creatures grew up with her love to God; and nothing would have delighted her more, if her health had permitted, than to have been employed in their service in the most remote parts of the world. And the ardent zeal with which,

[1] The intervals of strength which she enjoyed during the last few months of her life were employed in compiling a little book, called 'Scripture Truths,' which has been most extensively circulated amongst the poor.

when this wish was denied, she devoted herself to the education of her sisters, shewed that she coveted no employments for their loftiness, but was equally delighted with any with which God saw fit to honour her. Even in individual affections and sympathy, few of the most social temper excelled her: for whilst the younger sister, of whom we are about to speak, found in her Lord, all the qualities which were most congenial to the disposition which he had given her, after it had been sanctified by his spirit, Anne, on the contrary, recognised in him a fulness, answering to the hollows of her own soul; and her faith appropriated and appreciated it. Under the shadow of his righteousness, she sat with great delight, during her stay on earth; and only the day before it ended, she said, when speaking of death, that 'it was not to her the swelling tide of Jordan, but like an open gate, through which she could easily pass.' Her joyful and beaming countenance on the day of her departure, shewed that there was rising upon her *that* sun of glory, which will no more go down.

The saint of whom we have spoken, was within a few days of her entrance into the rest, for which she had so earnestly panted, when her family were called upon to see a younger sister, prepared by a like process for her Father's house.

It is a melancholy fact, that the biographies of many who have reached the promised land, frequently excite more despondency than hope in the minds of others, who are journeying through the wilderness. But those who have been permitted to read the living epistle written by Christ, "not with ink, but with his Spirit in the fleshy tables of the heart," are in general far otherwise affected. Such a holy conviction is expressed by the exalted Christian, that whatever rays of goodness shine forth in him, issue from the Universal Light; that the rising thought of his weak brother,—'Surely

there must be here some intrinsical glory not intended for me,'—is suppressed almost before it is formed. And while the lazy dream of some foolish virgin, that the oil which she sees burning so brilliantly in her neighbour's lamp, may sustain her own dying flame, is checked by the solemn warning,—" Not so, lest there be not enough for me and you," still there is in its very brightness the encouragement,—" Go to them that sell " without money, and buy for yourself.

Those who knew Emma L. M——, will not want any other illustration of these remarks. Her sister's papers are, perhaps, a fair specimen of her character; for she found a vent in writing, for thoughts which she could not easily utter. But those which are presented to the reader as remains of Emma, though many of them will bear witness to the spirituality of the writer, by the glow of life which they communicate, are yet by no means a perfect picture of her character. If there be any unction in them, we believe that few who were acquainted with her, will think it equals that which it pleased her gracious Lord, out of his fulness, to pour upon her lips. Her exhibitions of the divine life, in her daily walk, gave a clearer insight into its deep and secret operations, than even her own histories of them; and, though her memory be better treasured in them, than it could be in any laboured panegyric, it has still a safer monument in the calm and happy thoughts, and the gentle affections, which her presence and her conversation, awakened in many of her fellow-pilgrims to Zion.

The discipline of sickness, began when she was only four years of age; and even then, and still more in a dangerous illness which followed, it was easy to observe the traces of that disinterestedness, which afterwards became her prominent characteristic. When she was about seven years old, the death of a near relative, to whom she was strongly attached, deeply impressed her mind; and to this she often referred afterwards as the

means of first leading her to God. The dawn of this religious consciousness was observed by her sister, the subject of the preceding sketch, and is thus described in her letters.

'It is interesting to watch the growth of grace in Emma's mind. I delight to mark her progress in the ways of God; yet, though I endeavour to promote it by every means in my power, there is much depravity for it to combat. God grant that the fight may be successful—the victory complete. I should not wonder if I, the teacher, should learn from her many things concerning divine truth, to which I was before a stranger. I think when children are really taught of God, there is a great deal to be learned from them; but I will give you some proofs of the decided bent of this child's mind. In her late illness she was constantly asking to have the Bible read to her; and when Mr. ——, (her medical attendant,) advised us not to excite her mind by reading to her, she said, 'Ah! Mr. —— does not know how soothing it is to my mind to hear the Bible read. The other night, when you read that part of the Bible to me about Christ's crucifixion, I laid awake with the pain in my arm and eyes, but I thought how much more Christ had suffered, and I tried to bear it.''

In November, 1815, Anne writes:—

'I am now particularly interested about Emma. She says that she 'has such conflicts in herself, as I can hardly imagine, and sometimes doubts whether God will help her; when she prays, she feels relieved, but her burden is still heavy, though a little lightened.' Then she said, that 'the only way to lose her burden was where Christian lost his, at the cross; for there it tumbled into the sepulchre.' I asked her what she thought was meant? whether death was meant? She said 'No—not death, but a sense that God, through

Christ, has forgiven all our sins.' We were talking about going to heaven, and I asked her, what can give us a title of admittance there? She said,—'Christ.' On her (seventh) birth-day I asked, 'Do you feel yourself more a sinner than you used to do?' She said, 'Yes, I do,—I feel myself a sinner who can do nothing without the help of God. I used to make resolutions in my own strength, which of course I broke; but now I feel every hour, that I can do nothing, without the help of God.' I asked whether she never used to pray for the help of God? She said, 'Yes, she lifted up her voice, but her heart was not in it; for she only did it to oblige me, and because she thought it could do no harm.' These are exactly her own words. As the Spirit of God has begun his work in her, I know that he will finish it; even without *human* assistance. You know this was the case with me: I had no conversation with any person on these subjects; I had no person to open my mind to, and to comfort, and assist, and build me up; but I found the Spirit of God sufficient for every thing; and amidst all opposition it worked its way in my heart, and established me in those doctrines I feel to be the truth, by their effect on my conduct, and their comfort in every trial.'

April 1816, Anne says:—

'Emma is, I hope, making progress in divine knowledge; but I do not expect to see much alteration in her outward conduct, till the important gospel truths are more grounded in her. The graft must first get firmly joined to the tree, and then it will bring forth fruit. The best idea I can, perhaps, give you of her state of mind, will be by sending you a copy of a note that she wrote lately to me.'

'My dear Anne,

'I am now on my way, I hope not as I formerly

did, but I hope by the grace of God; but hoping, as you have often told me, will not do any good.

'I am now on the way, but not without praying to God for help. I am resolved to give up ALL, and follow Christ, and take up my cross; but I will not trust in myself; I will pray to God for strength. I know that I am a *vile* sinner; that I can only have mercy through Jesus Christ our Lord. But then if we believe on him with all our hearts, we can and shall be saved.

'I remain,

'Your's,

'EMMA.'

'I do not know what you will think of this letter, which is exactly in her own words, but I think, it bears some marks, that the grace of God has touched her heart.'

The following letter, written at the age of twelve years, will shew what progress the writer had made, in the interval. It was addressed to a younger sister.

'*May* 18, 1820.

'My dear ——,

* * * * * * *

'Believe me it is only a regard for your eternal welfare, that now makes me take up my pen to address you. You will perceive that I have enclosed 'Baxter's Call,' a book which has been the means of the conversion of many. Oh! that it may be of your's! You, my dear ——, I trust, have been, and are still, alarmed about your eternal welfare. John the Baptist directed the Jews to flee from the wrath to come, and to repent; and the law saith,—"The soul that sinneth it *shall die*." But though John was the forerunner of the Messiah, he only told the Jews to repent, and directed them to "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the

world." It was the message of Jesus, to invite sinners to come to him, for "with him there is mercy, and plenteous redemption." You know the terrors of the law, but I am afraid you do not think enough of the love of Christ towards sinners. Was it not love indeed, for God to come down and die for rebels? I am afraid also, you think rather too much of sects and opinions, and not of Christ. It is not believing a certain set of doctrines that constitutes being a Christian; it is believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Who is the Lord that I might believe in him?" His name is "Secret," but he is "The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." But though high and mighty, and inhabiting eternity, "to this man will he look, even to him who is of a pure and contrite heart." His arms are open to all, and he is ready to receive those who come to him. "Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

'Oh! that you, my dear ——, would come to him; there is room, and to spare—

> Remember all the dying pains
> That your Redeemer felt.

Oh! make him your Saviour. "He that entereth *not* by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a *thief and a robber*." It is not by being good and obliging, or any thing that you can do, that you can be saved; it is by resting solely on the free and finished work of Christ.

'When you pray, you must not think your prayers are accepted for your own sake, but solely for the sake of Christ, who presents his people's prayers to his Father, perfect, though they ascend up to him imperfect. Christ must be your *only* hope; you must entirely give up your own works, and rely solely on him for protection from the law. You have frequently asked

me, whether I believe Christ to be more than a man? I do; or else how could I reconcile to myself such passages of scripture as, "I and my Father are one;" and Isaiah ix. 6; and "God manifest in the flesh," &c. I believe that Christ is "far above all principalities or thrones, or dominions, or every name that is named." If I did not, how could I trust him to redeem me from endless destruction? If he is *only* a man, how could he take upon himself the sins of so many? I hope you will believe this, not with your head only, but with your *heart*, or else it will only increase your condemnation. You have heard that you must trust to the *mercy* of God for salvation, but is he not a *just* God, who will not look upon iniquity with approbation! So you see, my dear ——, that we must trust solely to Christ, and if we are his people, he will pay the price of our sins for us, and then we shall be safe.

'You are to-day ten years old; now if you were to begin from this day, and never do another wrong thing, all the sins of ten years would still remain, and you would be sent to hell for these alone. Now you know it is not possible for you, even from this time till night, to be perfectly good, without committing one fault in thought, word, or deed; so you are ruined, you are undone, 'you are plunged into a gulf of dark despair, without one cheerful gleam of hope or spark of glimmering day.' But stop; God sees our miserable condition, and 'enters the grave in mortal flesh.' Christ has paid all our debts and we are free, and "if the Son shall make us free, then we shall be free indeed." All God's wrath was poured upon the Shepherd instead of the sheep. Oh! how ought we, my dear ——, to love Christ for what he has done for us—

Oh! for this love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak!

'That you may be redeemed from the strong man armed, by a stronger than he—that you may love him who is love, and "who first loved you, and gave himself for you," who suffered all the pain not only of an ignominious and painful death, but of the heavy displeasure of God—that you may praise, love, and trust him as your God, is the earnest prayer of

'Your affectionate sister.'

Into these discoveries clear as they were, she had been led gradually. Her circumstances, as will appear by a letter, bearing the same date, written to an elder sister, were not favourable to a rapid advancement in religious knowledge. The first sentence alludes to the Missionary and other meetings, which her correspondent was then attending.

'*May*, 1820.

'My dear ——,

'You are now, perhaps, looking from Abana or Pisgah, and realizing in faith that delightful promise, "In the fulness of time the Gentiles shall be brought in;" yet I flatter myself you will descend from these high things, and condescend to look at a poor pilgrim, (if indeed I may so call myself,) who is slowly travelling towards the heavenly city * * * * * * * * * * * *

I do not know that I regret any thing more than the want of hearing the gospel preached. You will think I had an eye to Mr. S—— when I was writing this. I assure you I have not. If I could hear the *gospel*, I should not care who preached or where * * * * * * * * * * * *

I cannot, as I once thought, buy the pardon of my sins by being good, nor can I trust to the mercy of God, for he is a just God, and will not look upon iniquity with approbation. I am, therefore, stripped of every other plea, and am determined to rely solely and entirely

upon the *finished* work of Jesus. I do hope that sometime before I die I may hear "Jesus Christ and him crucified," set forth; till then I must rejoice, that I have an unerring guide who will lead me into all truth, and that while following him, I shall never go astray. I have for some time thought, that it was of the greatest importance for me to make up my mind respecting the truths contained in the scriptures, and am endeavouring so to do. I hope to be guided only by the Bible and not by men. I am, therefore, making a book into which I shall insert most of the principal doctrines of the Bible, with texts under each head, and I hope should any opportunity occur, I shall not be ashamed of confessing Christ before any one.

'I went last Sunday to the school, but I am very much afraid of explaining the scriptures to the children for fear the "blind should lead the blind, and they should both fall into the ditch."

'I was last night much struck with this text, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." I am not at all afraid that any thing will happen to you in your various expeditions in London, because you dwell in the secret place of the Most High.

* * * * * * * *

'I am, my dear, ——

'Your affectionate sister,

'EMMA.'

No doubt the want of teaching, to which allusion is made in this letter, was one of the "all things, which worked together for her good." She was preserved from premature acquaintance with unmeaning phrases; her powers of life were not destroyed by the abundance of the food meant to sustain them, and she received every crumb of the bread of life, as it came to her, with eagerness, because she had first hungered for it. That

perfect peace of conscience, which consists in an assurance that sin is forgiven, she experienced very early, because she rested with child-like confidence on the love of her Father, as manifested in Christ Jesus; and in peaceable dependance upon him whose character she was beginning to understand. She performed all her social duties, rejoicing in them as gracious ordinances, for conveying streams of his love to his creatures, through blessed human channels, and for teaching them their own relations to him. She was upheld in this guileless love of the truth, by being taught it gradually, as the Spirit knew she needed and could bear it, without much clumsy human intervention. But, no doubt, her constant ill-health was the most powerful instrument in his hand, for working this feeling into her heart. Her disposition was naturally lively and social, and we can scarcely imagine any one, who would have exhibited more outward appearance of goodness, even if all had been hollow within. And it was very admirable to notice that her afflictions did not break the original cast of her character. They did not make it grow sad and sombre, only its energies were carried up into a higher region; what had been animal, became spiritual; what would have been the sprightliness and laughter of a child of earth, were converted into the exhilaration of a citizen of the New Jerusalem.

Most of her papers in this volume, were written between the ages of sixteen and twenty. In those of them which fell within the period of her last illness, which continued five years and a half, the reader will probably discover an evident superiority to those of an earlier date. The ripening of her character, at least, during that time, was the most strongly felt by those who, if they had been consulted previously, would have been reluctant to acknowledge the need of any change in it. It was of a kind which could not excite an unholy pride in her behalf, in the mind of the most partial

friend. The difference seemed to be this, that before her illness she would have been spoken of as an individual, set off with many heavenly graces; but that afterwards, she was so evidently grafted upon a divine stock, and was so continually deriving sap from it, that it was each day a greater offence, to speak of her with selfish and separate praise. "Not I, but Christ that dwelleth in me," was as clearly testified by her whole deportment, and by her most insignificant actions, as by her confession.

Every Christian is, no doubt, sent into the world to illustrate some head of the doctrine of Christian love; her life shed light on many of its chapters, but if there was one which it seemed most richly to expound, it was that of family and personal attachment, built upon divine love, co-existing with the most tender sympathy with the brethren, and affection for mankind, yet retaining all their distinctness and specialty.

The illness which brought this grace into the clearest manifestation, was most severe and harassing. Besides the frequent occurrence of violent and dangerous attacks, she suffered from a cough which was literally incessant; certainly there were not two minutes, in any day during five years, in which she was free from it. Her weakness was most distressing, and, except that her pains in the head were unvarying, all her symptoms were continually assuming some new and perplexing modification,—yet, in her worst state, she did not claim the common privileges of an invalid; she could not rise from her couch, but her chamber, instead of being sacred from intrusion, was the common resort of every person in the household, who had any advice to ask or trouble to communicate. With so many provocations as she had to restlessness, in the nature of her complaint, she might have found a most religious excuse for not permitting such annoyances, in the obligation to keep her mind quiet for spiritual exercises: but she trusted her Lord

to superintend his own work, and she knew that he could make the patient endurance of petty vexations, a profound spiritual exercise. She seemed to consider her illness, as a special privilege of exemption from any solicitude about herself, and an immediate call to take an interest in all around her. Her occupations were those of the most unambitious kind—daily and hourly acts of loving-kindness, too habitually practised to be considered occasions of direct gratitude by the objects of them, though, on looking back, it seems as impossible to reckon them up, as to estimate the abatement of happiness, which would have been caused by their absence. How would persons, actuated by the desire of pleasing their fellow-creatures, by an instinct of good-nature, or by a hope of earning heaven, have been enabled to endure one of a thousand trials, which we have seen her pass through, in times of extreme bodily irritability, without a tone of her voice, or a look of her countenance, being less gentle than they were wont to be.

These were, as we have said, in the truest sense, her spiritual exercises; her spiritual enjoyments, as may be expected, were the keener and livelier for her willingness to forego them, when a less pleasant duty stood in the way. The word of God was her study, and if her devotion to others, kept her from continuous meditation by day, long sleepless nights supplied the deficiency. When she descanted on the scriptures, there was a great richness and rapidity in her thoughts; yet her conversation did not exhaust, like that injurious style of talking, in which some are tempted to indulge, even on the holiest subjects. In her the understanding was always the handmaiden, and love the mistress; and perhaps no person, with the same opportunities, ever spoke so many words, which went home to the hearts of others.

She had a longing desire after human knowledge,

but she especially delighted in the study of mathematics; yet all her endeavours to pursue systematically the cultivation of her faculties were frustrated by repeated illnesses, and yet that they were cultivated, and that to a high degree, no person who heard her converse could question. She showed a singular subtlety and discrimination, not merely in dealing with spiritual concerns, but with the common affairs of life. She had a remarkable perception of order, and a power of acting upon it, and few persons who consulted her, even on points with which she was not likely to be familiar, ever regretted that they followed her judgment, in preference to their own: yet no one who saw this judgment in exercise could consider it merely as an intellectual endowment, for it was closely connected with the singleness of heart, the godly sincerity, and the humility which constituted her moral character, and with her absolute dependence upon heavenly teaching.

There were few flowers in that beautiful chaplet, which St. Paul, in the thirteenth chapter of the Corinthians, has woven for the brow of Love, that did not shed some of their fragrance on this young saint. The long-suffering of God was one of her most favourite subjects of thought and conversation: her views of it were exactly those of a simple child, who has never been corrupted by false philosophy, or of a philosopher whom affliction has humbled. The Bible was a record of God's long-suffering—the whole of it she saw exhibited at the cross, both for the race in general and for her in particular, and thus contemplating it, she copied it into her own life.

Love is kind. She had a great delight and much spiritual adroitness in watching the kindness of her heavenly Father towards his different saints, and tracing up the under currents of graciousness in his promises and acts. There was a certain depth and subtlety in

her love, evinced by that considerate and soothing kindness, which heals a wounded spirit first, and then gives it something to remember and feed upon for ever.

Love envieth not. Her soul was singularly free from the least taint of envy. Had she not a property in all the good things which her Lord had ever showered upon his church? Were not the blessings bestowed upon Abraham, upon Isaac, upon Jacob, upon Moses, upon David, and the glory which accrued to Himself from them—hers? What cause had she for envy?

And if she did not envy others their graces, neither was she "puffed up," nor did she "vaunt herself of her own." It was not by seclusion, but by closely following the Lamb whithersoever he went, by holding converse with him in the manger, the garden, and the sepulchre, that she attained the poverty of spirit in which he delights.

"Charity doth not behave itself unseemly." She delighted to mark the comeliness of the acts and words of Jesus in his humiliation, the prudence which dwelt with wisdom, the individual propriety which clothed and adorned his universal righteousness; and she enabled many to feel, by her own conduct, how truly this is an attribute of love.

In how literal a sense she "sought not her own," we have remarked already; and if in worldly things she sought Christ, can it be supposed that she sought something else in her religion?

"Not to be easily provoked" she learned, where she learned all her other lessons—in the continual view of him who "endured such contradiction of sinners against himself."

"Charity thinketh no evil." She believed that the thoughts of God are thoughts of peace, and not of evil, towards his wicked and rebellious children; which doctrine, so difficult for the sin-darkened eye to discern, she illustrated in her daily practice; shewing how pos-

sible it is, even for a human being, to make a severance between the person and the sin which possesses him—to think nothing but kindness and tenderness of the one, and, in the very strength of that kindness and tenderness, to hate the other.

"Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." This spirit, the saint of whom we are writing possessed in an unusual manner, having first recognized it in him who wept over Jerusalem, and yet rejoiced that God would be exalted in judgment; and applying this principle of love, this higher logic, to the dealings of God, she could perceive how coarse and ignorant are the assertions of those who affirm that God must reprobate because he elects; in other words, that love must curse because it blesses.

"Charity beareth all things." "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Even this wonderful law, the law of Him, who bore our sins in his own body on the tree, God did write in the heart of his child, and in nothing was her charity more conspicuous than in its sustaining power.

"Charity believeth all things." As she advanced in grace and knowledge, the mystery of redemption grew every hour more stupendous in her eyes. She often declared how paltry her notions of its transcendent awfulness had been, and, though still very low, how much they had been enlarged; yet the love of God being shed abroad in her heart, the more she wondered the more she believed. Each new light shewed it more worthy of God, and therefore more credible. 'I seem to be floating,' she once said, 'in the unfathomable sea of his love, not trying to uphold myself, but merely permitting myself to be upborne by it.' She believed *all things*. In every detail of life she trusted God, and she testified of him that she had not trusted in vain.

"Charity hopeth all things." If love was the atmosphere in which she breathed, hope seemed to be the act

of breathing itself. She literally lived by hope—was saved by hope. It was the anchor of her soul, sure and stedfast, cast within the veil. One observation which she made, about a month or two before her death, we are bound to record just as it was uttered, and to leave the reader to his own inference. She said that heretofore she had thought of death with great delight, as the entering into rest with Christ, but had not fixed much of her anticipations on his second coming, without sin, unto salvation; but that now, when she was so near the border of Jordan, that personal hope seemed selfish—she could not forget how many she was leaving behind her; and she could not but dwell on that more distant period of gathering together, rather than this one of separation.

"Love endureth all things;" and truly this was the final grace she had to exercise. It had been her desire and constant prayer that she "might know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the *fellowship of his sufferings*, that she might be made conformable to his death." The last four months of her life seemed to be a fulfilment of this amazing petition, which she had uttered in faith, knowing that such a union, whatever processes it might require, must be the perfection of blessedness. Of her sufferings during that time it is difficult to convey an exact impression. She had been weakened by her long previous illness, which lately took the form of atrophy, and was accompanied by extreme emaciation. In this state, she was seized with attacks of suffocation, which returned several times in the day, and usually followed any effort to take nourishment, and often lasted nearly an hour. She eagerly besought those about her to believe that the pain was less intense than it appeared to them; and thus much they were obliged to believe, for they saw it, that as her "sufferings abounded, her consolations did much more abound." Those moments of agony were not always

employed in beseeching help and patience for herself—they were often spent in secret prayer for the bystanders; and, after such attacks, she has encouraged particular friends, by telling them, what hope and expectation, concerning their future usefulness and advancement in the ways of God, she had received during the period in which they thought they were watching the struggles of a departing spirit. These spasms were mercifully alleviated, after they had continued about a fortnight, but oppressive head-aches and an agony of weakness succeeded them. When she was reduced almost to a skeleton, she was seized with convulsions, which contracted all her limbs, and deprived her of the power of voluntary motion and speech; yet even this was not so distressing to her as an attack in the head, which, for one day, made her friends tremble, lest her understanding should leave her before her death; but that heavy visitation was not intended for her—she was marvellously raised up from this, as from other attacks, and her faculties retained their vigour until the last hour, their exercise being broken by fewer moments of delirium than are almost ever seen, in so protracted a sickness. Even the incoherent words which she spoke at those moments, were all gracious words, expressive of that love which was ever in her heart, and usually had an immediate reference to some person for whom she was interested.

A circumstance occurred during this closing period, which, however trifling in itself, illustrates the manner in which she constantly made every thing subserve to manifest the truth on which she lived; even the tender, constant love of her heavenly Father.

In the beginning of April, 1831, her digestive powers appeared so entirely to fail, that every time she attempted to take food, an agonizing spasm, almost producing suffocation, was the result. She said, at length, 'that she believed her end was so near, that it was use-

less to try again to receive nourishment, as she knew it would prove fatal.'

On April the 9th, she had remained without food for eighteen hours, when a basket of strawberries was sent to her by a friend. One of them was put to her lips, and seemed to refresh her; and she gradually ate them without suffering the usual pain; and from that time till the day of her death, exactly three months after, she was enabled to take more nourishment than in the former part of her illness. This unexpected supply at that season of the year, made a deep impression on her mind, and whenever she heard any one speak afterwards with despondency, either as to their temporal or spiritual wants, she would immediately say,—'Oh! remember dear Mrs. W. and the strawberries.'

Hitherto we have spoken of her character as it presented itself outwardly to men, leaving to her own papers the exhibition of its secret and heavenly life. Her death-bed was a wonderful scene to all who were privileged to witness it. The spirit seemed more and more enlarged, as the frail tenement which held it was crumbling away.

The following selection from the sentiments which she uttered, and which were faithfully recorded by those to whom they were spoken, will tell more of the supports and joys she experienced, than any words by which we can describe her abundant entrance into the joy of her Lord.

Once, when recovering from one of the attacks to which allusion has been made, she said, 'It is so easy and pleasant to die—it is only to sink into the arms of my best Friend. I can bear this very easily, and much more, if he pleases.'

At another time—'I can quite bear it. I could bear much more, if it were necessary. Suffering is not like suffering, when the Saviour is by; every suffering is measured by love.'

After another severe seizure, she said, 'I wanted to tell you not to be frightened, when I have those attacks; they are not nearly so bad as you imagine, because I have such supports under them as you can never know, unless you are in the same circumstances, and then you will find it so too.'

On a similar occasion, she said, 'I was quite sensible the whole time, but I had not the slightest fear or disquiet; I was kept in perfect and unshaken peace; and I should have been able to bear much more, if it had been right. It was a foretaste of death, but there was no terror; the only thing that disquieted me, was seeing mamma so alarmed. My arms were quite stiff, and stretched out, so that I could not move them.'

In reply to the question, 'What had been her feelings during the last ten days of acute suffering?' she said that she 'had enjoyed *great peace*—that she had been enabled to leave herself entirely in the hands of her Lord, to do with her whatsoever he would; she had been enabled to trust herself to his care, without a single doubt.'

Her breathing was much affected, which rendered speaking difficult to her, and most of her remarks were made in broken sentences. She said to ——, 'God has only one meaning, and that is love. We sometimes misunderstand him, but he always means the same—*Love.*'

To another—'What a mercy, to have no anxieties—not one! To feel that all is accomplished; that we have only to wait and see the full developement of the plan.'

To one, who asked whether she felt joy as well as peace, she replied: 'No, not joy; not the joy I thought I should have felt, at the near prospect of entering so soon into the possession of such unutterable bliss—of all that I longed for, or desired to possess; but I think it is owing to the great weakness of my body, and perhaps

to shew me more and more how completely the creature is nothing, absolutely nothing; and yet how glorious, how wonderful is the grace that makes all secure,——how secure! Yes as secure as if I were now in the full enjoyment of it. I have perfect peace. What unutterable unspeakable love! What unsearchable heights and depths! To enjoy it for ever! How marvellous!'

To another, she said, 'He will only abolish the *idols*, not the true desires. "He will fulfil the desires of them that fear him. He will come and save them." Your true desires shall not be abolished; you must be as content to be a scavenger in England, as any thing any where else. Only desire to follow in his steps. Oh it is delightful to be in a waiting frame, about every thing! I should like to go to Jesus directly: but I wish to wait his time..... You will never want a friend; he will make up every loss, fill up every blank to you: you must love him for my sake.' Then addressing as many of the family as were present, she said, 'There are no bonds in the death of a believer: they bound Christ fast, but he has loosened them all for his people.'

She requested that her kindest love might be given to a friend, and added—'Tell her that when we used to talk together, things seemed unreal, though in a sense they were true; but *now* they are all proved, at a time when I cannot be deceived, to be *very* true—perfectly real. Some of the promises are very deep; but if she will only believe those that she can understand, she will find them enough to support and comfort her, and she will honour God. Tell her to *trust* him.'

At this time she thought that she was nearer to her rest than the event proved; yet she was willing to wait as long as was for the glory of her Lord. Once she said, 'He holds the keys: perhaps he will come quickly; but I must wait his will.'

And again, when asked, 'Have you a *desire* to de-

part?' She replied,—'I feel less impatient than I ever did before. I do not think that I so much desire to go, as my Lord desires for me to be with him: his chariot wheels will be blessed whenever they come, but I do not wish to hasten them; I would not if I might. God's time is his glory.'

And at another time she said:—

'Had I known on Thursday that I should have lived to see Sunday, I should have been very unhappy; but now it seems but a speck of time, and I can wait his will, however long he be in coming.—I long to be in the land of light and love, but do not wish to be impatient: it is wonderful love that makes me wish to be in the land of love.'

A fear was expressed that her increased suffering was in order to make her family willing to part with her; to which she answered:—

'Oh! it is not the suffering that I care for in the least. I could bear a great deal more of that; but if you knew how my great feebleness prevents that full and delightful communion with God, which my heart pants after, you would be willing to let me depart, that I might enjoy it uninterruptedly for ever. I only hope I shall have perfect patience given me to the end.'

Again, when alluding to her excessive weakness and emaciation, she said:

'I cannot tell you how delightful it is, and what a rest to my soul in such a season of excessive weakness, to feel assured that the work is all finished; that there is nothing left to be done. What a manifestation I am to you all of God's immeasureable, unspeakable love! He does not suffer one uneasy disquieting thought to cross my mind; he knows my weakness, and that I should not have strength to reason against it, or to resist, by any power of argument, if it were to be presented; and it might spoil my peace, if it did not shake my faith; but he does not permit any vessel to

be carried through the temple. Oh! I hope this will encourage you to come to him at all times, and pour out your heart before him; empty it quite: pour out all your disquiets; trust him with the least circumstances,—the *least* troubles; tell them all to him. He careth for you.'

And again, when speaking on the same subject;—

'Oh! if you knew my extreme weakness! how it enfeebles my mind! prevents my faith, and love, and joy from being in lively exercise; how all ideas seem to fall from my mind; and all that are presented to it are not received by it as they used to be. It is all so different,—so changed; but yet I am content and willing to endure even greater weakness and helplessness than this, if God can be glorified in me, and will use me as a means of teaching you his unspeakable,—unutterable love; that you may see the care that he will take of you; the tender care he will manifest when he places you in like circumstances. I am too feeble to glorify him myself, but he can glorify himself in me.'

The sincerity of these expressions were brought to the test; she was kept in the wilderness yet longer, and each day increased her bodily weakness. She said, in reference to this:—

'It has been a great disappointment to me to be just realizing heaven,—to be apparently within a few minutes of it,—to be in the very jaws of death, and then to be pulled back into the wilderness. It has been a time of complete cutting up of my own will; I had a struggle for a few minutes, but afterwards could leave myself entirely in his hands; *even to make me well*, if he saw fit. It is my earnest desire that the time given may be doubly used for his glory, and that the scenes of the past week may be eminently sanctified to you all.'

The same day she said:—

'I little knew what a rebellious will I had; but I am now content, if it will glorify God, to live a hundred

years, with any added bodily suffering he pleases; yea, even in imbecility itself. I only dread the loss of communion with God, which is the only satisfying joy in earth or heaven; but even if this be denied, he will not love *me* the less; and there I can rest satisfied.'

And again:—

'He has graciously determined to subjugate my will in every point; to crucify me; but I did not know how much there was needing to be done in this way.'

She had daily proofs given to her that the words,—"I will not leave you comfortless," were not 'idle tales;' for she said:—

'My comforts increase, as my body weakens,—I have had such manifestations of the love of God! but I know very little at present. Oh! he is such a prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God! I never told you what I ought in my life-time of his wonders, especially in this respect,—such marvels!'

When asked 'if she continued to feel peace?'—she replied:—

'Yes,—unbroken, Think where that peace must come from, that remains when I cannot pray; when the enemy would suggest that I am not in a proper frame of mind? Think who it is that takes hold of Satan with a very short chain, so that he cannot come near me? This is the meaning of "In *me* ye shall have peace." *In* ME! He has the peace! It is all his own! It is wrapped up in him! He must not be stripped of his preciousness. He must come down from his throne, and cease to be God, before it can be taken from me. Oh! it is my comfort to feel, that though I may not have any ardent love to God, he loves me just as well. I can lie down on that, and it is a sweet bed; and whether I sleep, or wake up to everlasting life, it is a downy bed on which to die. There is none like to the God of Jeshurun. Oh! if we did but trust him!

'Tell dear —— that my sight fails me, and the pins

of the tabernacle are taking down very fast; but that when heart and flesh fail me, God is the strength of my life and my portion for ever. I know she will rejoice with me that the everlasting arms are underneath me: and while I wait on the brink of Jordan, for the feet of the priest to touch the water, it is with a certain hope that the waters will recede, and I shall go over on dry land.

'I feel sinking VERY low; lower even than the earth; but there is something *lower still*, and that is the love of God, which surrounds and supports me on every side.'

Some one remarked, 'that it was melancholy to see how her limbs were wasting away.' She answered:—

'Oh! what should they crumble to but dust? They were made for the glory of God, and have been little used for it; but when this body is a glorified one, they will be entirely used for his glory.'

Speaking of her death, she said:—

'From death to life,—from earth to heaven. You must rejoice that I am about to be dismissed from all this sin. "If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I go to the Father." Oh! be as one that waiteth for the Lord.'

In reply to the inquiry, 'Have you any doubts?' She said:—

'No:—in general God very graciously holds them back, and does not permit them to come near me.'

'Are you happy?'

'Yes:—but that seems to express more elevation and joy than I feel; I am very *peaceful:* and that I like the best. Peace is the donation that Christ gives.'

She was permitted continually to realize that "God is love;" and seemed unable to express in words her feeling of "the great love wherewith he has loved us." Once she exclaimed:—

'Marvellous love! wonderful!—wonderful!—wonderful! and to *me!* I cannot tell you how loving he has

been. Whenever he has seen me wandering, he has sent some increased illness, and brought me back. He has only deprived me of the streams all this time, that I might drink of the fountain.'

At another time:—

'Marvellous loving-kindness! and shewn to me! to us! "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." If it was not for *free* grace, what should we do?"

Speaking of heaven she said:—

"Their sins shall be forgiven them;" yes, look into the depths of the sea, and yet such impurity of motives all my life, such sin. I knew that he was love, but I did not act as if he were. I ought to have cast myself into that sea of love, and been hidden there. I ought to have received all things as from *him*, from *love*. Oh do not act as I have done towards him: believe that his love is as great to you; that you are precious in his sight; believe that his love is round you; wrap yourself up in it; be lost in it; take every thing as in love; love him for his love to me. I cannot tell you how great it has been in every way, in every circumstance. Oh! he does love *me;* he does love *you;* take him for your *all*. Keep close to him; tell him every thing; come to him by prayer. He is your friend; your best friend. He will both search and seek out his sheep; he loves you too well to let you wander; he *will* have you near to him.'

It was remarked, that we may not be in *error*, and yet be far from God. She answered—

'No; you may be seeming the most spiritual in the eye of the world when you are furthest from him; but he who searches your heart will bring you back. He will shew you all that you need: you surely have a lesson before you never to doubt.'

Again she said—

'Oh! I cannot realize this mercy. He has been leading me all along, and now he is going to crown all his love by giving me what I have been longing for for years: he is going to take me *home*. He has fed me with many different kinds of manna; but now I am going to leave the wilderness, and going to Canaan. Often on Sabbaths like this I have thought of it, but cannot realize it: oh: what mercy!'

Once, when in extreme pain, she was heard to say:—

'Oh! dear Jesus, how often have I thought of thee, but so dimly; scarcely seen thee. How often have I hidden myself from thee when I might have seen thee; yet thy love is so wonderful: oh! hear the petition of thy sinful child. It it be thy will, take me to be with thee, dear Lord!'

After hearing John xv. read, she said:—

'What love we shall have to bear witness to: pardoning, justifying, sanctifying, glorifying love, though we are such sinners. He melts us by his love.'

'What wonderful, astonishing love it was in Christ to pass by a world of spirits, great in power and might, who could thereby have glorified him, to take hold of those who are nothing but the most utter feebleness and poverty. It is for the praise of the glory of his grace, his wonderful grace and love—and what love too, that he does not leave his work imperfect; that he watches over it, putting the last strokes, till he has perfected it for his glory. I did not know till now how much there was to be done in me; how the wicked rebellious will rises to the very end against God's will.'

She felt that *all* the dealings of God towards her, however painful, were *love*, and joined with the Psalmist in saying, "I know, Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou, in faithfulness, hast afflicted me." Referring to her great bodily pains she said:—

'I would not have been without them for any thing.

I could not have done without one pain. I have not had one too much.'

And again:—

'Nothing astonishes me so much as the pains God takes to make such wretched creatures as we are fit for his service and use; how he refines and purifies us by afflictions!'

'What a number of tools he makes use of to finish his work; what wonderful mercy and love it is that he leaves no instrument untried to accomplish the purpose of our sanctification.'

'Tell dear —— how very pleasant the Lord makes it to me to send away every particle of ease from my body, and receive at his hands a bundle of pain to be distributed all over my frame:—always certain to find at the same time the everlasting arms supporting, and the loving voice soothing, though the pain and weakness of the poor flesh may preclude any brighter enjoyment. Oh! we must fear no evil, even in such a state as this.'

At another time she said:—

'Only those who are standing on the verge of eternity can see fully how all the way by which the Lord has led them has been a *right* way; how needful every part of the discipline of it has been to them; and how exactly the kind and manner of it is suited to their character and circumstances.'

When experiencing great thirst, some one remarked to her, That she could, in some degree, realise the suffering expressed in the words "I thirst;" she replied—

'Yes; but there is no gall, no vinegar: he took that all himself.'

'How kind you are all to me. I can never repay the kindness you all shew to me. Pray for me, I beg you. Will you pray for me? but not for my life; not for my life. This confusion in my head, which has been gradually increasing for some days, I dread more than any

thing; it takes away all my enjoyment. I cannot think connectedly on any subject, but I can love you all nevertheless, and I know Christ loves me: his will be done. Perhaps I shall lose my mind altogether; the will of the Lord be done. It is very mysterious, but he knows best. I have suffered more agonising pain to-day than ever before. I thought I should have been better after these last convulsions, but this was more painful than all the others.'

'I hope we shall all learn much by these humbling providences. Oh! if I could only tell you what I have been learning for some time past,—but I have not strength; it is all wonderful love!'

'What depths of despondency we sometimes have to pass through, but never despair.'

She said to ——,

'If you love me, and knew what I have gone through to-day, you would not wish to keep me here another night; but there is no room for any thing but rejoicing; it is only too bright, too glorious, for me to enter upon. Oh! praise, praise, only praise.'

To the same:—

'I feel very sensibly weaker, but I have been for the last few days able to think more, to dwell more upon the subjects I delight in, if it may be called thought: but I am filled with wonder at the immeasurable love of God, in the way he deals with me; how he keeps my mind from vain and wandering thoughts, and does not suffer them to enter or disturb my rest in him. I seem to understand something in this way of the meaning of the words, "having spoiled principalities and powers." He seems to have robbed them of the power to triumph over his weak children. I wonder I am so excessively wicked as ever to indulge a moment's anxiety as to the future; the future, as to what may be appointed for me, or any whom I love, when his promises are so sure, and his faithfulness so great.'

At another time:—

'It is such a great mercy that God does not suffer my soul to be harassed when I have no strength to resist any perplexing suggestions which might be made to my mind; which, though they could not shake, might disturb my peace, and disquiet me; but he answers all for me, and keeps me stayed upon him.'

She was asked, 'Do you think it right to pray for temporal blessings?'

'Oh!' said she, 'I would not have such a reserve from my best friend. I do not know what is a temporal blessing; but I can withhold nothing from him, and I ask him, if it is not good for me not to give it to me.'

'M—— asked, 'Do you think that we shall know each other in heaven?'

'Oh! yes,' replied Emma; 'does not the Head rejoice over every one of his dear members? and he would not deny them the joy of knowing each other. Is not his great purpose on earth to unite them more to each other in him; and will he fail to fulfil his purpose in heaven?'

After hearing Deuteronomy xxxiii. read, she remarked—

'Yes; they all had different promises given them; it would not have done for them all to have had the same; and you shall all have just according to your need. The one you want.

'God's promises are not only true and faithful in general, but you will find them so in the very minutest particular. Yes: every letter of them is true.'

Some one said, How I wish that I could remember every word that you say. She instantly said—

'Oh don't say so: every word of *God* is pure. You have got his words—read them. My words can only be useful as far as he tells me what to say.

'I love you very, very dearly: but there is one who loves you more, so much as to give his life for you. Love him.'

To a younger sister, she said—

'Give more of your green love to God. Let nothing come between your God and your soul. Live *on* him, and *to* him more. Live to his glory.

To the same.

'There is a friend you know, dear, that sticketh closer than a sister; and you will find it so. I trust this will make you more earnest in seeking God as your friend—your *all*: make you more spiritually minded; make you walk more closely with him; and prove his all-sufficiency more; not his sufficiency only, but his ALL-sufficiency.'

Two friends called to see her for the last time. To one she said—

'We are only flesh and blood: but God is the strength of my life. Oh never distrust him; but always think of him, as boundless love.'

To the other—

'Believe him; trust him; more and more. Trust him as *your all*: the more you trust him, the more precious he will be to you. He is *very* precious.'

A few days after, she dictated the following message to a friend.

Tell dear ——, with my affectionate love, that though we have often conversed on the all-sufficiency of Christ, I now find that the measure of it is past conception; that it can fill every gap, and support in every extremity, and work the mightiest marvels, in the midst of nothingness. Oh may she roll her whole soul upon it; saying to every rising doubt, or passing fear, "the Lord ALL-sufficient," and receiving the assurances of his love as pledges that, *that* all-sufficiency will be ever exerted for her. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his father, and he shall be my son." "So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty, for he is thy Lord," and his end, purpose, and will concerning you, is your sanctification. Therefore with angels and arch-

angels, and all the host of heaven, we laud and magnify thy holy name, evermore; praising thee, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord!'

Then speaking of another friend, she said—

'Tell dearest ——, that I find no human art has ever entered into the depths of God's all-sufficiency—that I had never a conception of it, till I find now, that it is underneath me, around me, above me. I pray that she may roll herself upon it; there is no want that it does not either supply, or make up for the absence of—no feebleness it does not strengthen, no imbecility, no poverty, that it does not stand in the place of. It is the power of love; the fulness of God himself: and whatever extremity we may be brought to, it cannot be in any measure exhausted. Tell her, too, how far I find I live below our privilege of *knowing* God. We are too apt to consider the promises of God as those things which bind him to favour us: but, oh! they are but the proofs, the indexes of his whole heart of love to us, the expressions of a will of love. The sweet promises of sanctification, seem but the utterance of his will which is our sanctification;—the assurances that he will do us good, but the outpourings of it knowing the thoughts that he hath towards us, thoughts of peace and not of evil. Let us rise up and bask in the sunshine of that countenance and all will be purity and peace.'

She requested that John xvi. might be read to her. After hearing the 19th verse, she observed—

'Always remember that Christ knew when his disciples were *desirous* of asking him; and he answered them immediately. Never keep any thing from him. Even if it be only a dark saying or providence, he knows what you are desirous to ask him. And if, when his disciples did not ask him, but were only *desirous* to do so, he answered them—how much more will he give you what you want, when you *ask* him for it.'

To one who was mourning that she must so soon part with her she said—

'It is only a clod that is going: but the substance, Jesus, will remain. He will be all to you: trust him—you don't trust him—if you did you would not want the creature: you would not want any thing else; you would find him enough.

'Pray for submission: if your will be taken away, you will not repine at this trial; the keen edge will be gone.

'I want you not to submit to my death, because you see me suffer, but because it is God's will.

'Jesus will soon come and fetch you.' But, said —— 'I shall have no one to take an interest in little things, or to encourage me.' Emma replied; 'Jesus will enter into *every* thing, however small, and will instruct you as to what is right, in a way that will astonish you: only be crucified to him; for "precious in his sight is the death of his saints." No one can encourage as he can.'

'But' said ——, 'some things seem too secular to tell him.'

'Then,' said she, 'he will give you wisdom to decide and to act as you know not now. "He will attend to the voice of thy cry, when he shall hear it. He will answer thee." No one can be so near as he is, at all times, or so ready to help.'

'I shall be always thinking of you when you are gone,' said ——.

'No:' replied Emma, 'give your thoughts to your *best* friend. Give him your spare hours and moments; think of *him*.'

To another sister, who spoke of the loss that she should sustain, she said—

'Oh no you will not: I am sure you will not. If God saw fit that your should lean on a creature, he could instantly raise up one for you: but I think he designs better things for you. He will give you more of himself instead; and that will infinitely more than make up for

all that he can take away. Do you not find one quarter of an hour of communion with him, better than hours spent in converse with the best of his creatures? therefore, only go to him more frequently, and tell him all your wants, and he will supply them out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. I believe he designs to make you of eminent use; and, therefore, he must fit you for it in his own way.

'I cannot doubt that you will be taken care of, and provided for in every way. He will give you *all* that you need. I dare no more indulge anxiety about you than about what will become of this poor body, when it is consigned to the tomb: both are equally secure; for both are provided for in the covenant.

'I leave you in the hands of a precious Saviour. I do not like to see you so unhappy; as if *he* were going away, instead of only dust and ashes—a clod.

'I cannot tell you how it grieves me to see you so depressed and miserable, because I am going to leave you. Think of all the mercy that has followed you all your life. Look on the past year. Do not grieve so for my loss, nor think that all your happiness will now end. It cannot be, the Saviour is with you. He will not leave you comfortless—he will come to you. He is better to you than ten sisters. Do you not believe he will give me strength for the dying hour? I am sure he will. And will he leave you without an abundant supply for all your wants? He will be to you, mother, sister, husband, friend. Never mistrust his love and faithfulness. I beseech you, do not. Live simply upon him. Thank you for all the love you have given to me. Now give it to him instead. You have loved me too well. I have not been what you fancied me. You only thought I was, because you wished it so. Do not think of me, when I am gone, as a great way off. Think of me as near. Only I would rather you would think of him instead. Oh, I would willingly drink the cup for you,

if he permitted. It grieves me to see how you suffer on my account: but he will not leave you comfortless. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will the Lord comfort you.'

'Oh if you felt the value of souls, as I do *now*, you would think it worth while living a hundred years *alone* in the world, in constant pain and suffering, to be the means of doing good to *one* soul, that should praise him throughout eternity. Do not be discouraged if you work a long while, and see no fruit to your labours—though I believe it will not be so.

'What a pleasant thing it is to be so near my home; is it not? No sin, no grief, any more for ever.'

She requested that her kindest love might be given to a friend, and added—

'Tell her that the God of Jacob is an abundant support in all circumstances, and in all trials. That all the sacrifices that we can make, and all the services that we can render him, are nothing compared to what we owe him; nothing to what he has done for us.'

She was very rarely the subject of delirium: but even when she was, her theme was the same as at other times. On one of these occasions, she said—

'Every thing is of no consequence but God. Every thing else is less than nothing. Did you ever feel that?'

About this time she was asked whether she expected to live to see a younger sister, who was absent? She shook her head, and said—

'But I hope to see her again, soon: tell her so; and say, I should be very unhappy about her, in dying, did I not hope, that by the wonderful grace of God I should meet her in a sinless world.'

'I hope to join you in a few years:' said ——

'Yes:' said Emma, 'and till then, serve God all you can; trust him all you can; love him all you can; and you *can*, for he will give you abundant grace.

'I have need of patience: but it is a grace of the

spirit, and will be given abundantly to me. Oh what free grace, free gifts! He will give us all the graces of the Spirit, abundantly, as we need them. When you despair of any grace of the Spirit, think of this. Do not say, it is too difficult, or too hard to be given. It is hard to have patience: but he gives it to me. Oh trust him. He does not let me doubt that I am a child of God. He does not let me doubt. If you feel it hard to believe, pray that he may give you the belief. Nothing is too hard for Him.'

To the same she said—

'Your besetting sin is despondency. Do not dishonour him by that. Honour him by trusting him. Does not what you have seen this last week, teach you that you should never doubt?' Yes, said ——, 'but it is in little things that I doubt.' 'Ah!' said she, 'but that is dishonouring him. Do not look to the means, but receive every thing, painful or pleasant from him: then every thing will seem delightful.'

'Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Though it seem a long and weary race, it will soon end. Oh he is such a choice friend, prove him. You will not know all the strength that he can impart, till you need it: then he will give it Remember "*every* weight."

'If you are ever so horridly wicked as to doubt of God's love to you, or to distrust him, think of yourself as most sinful; think of it as of the devil; resist the devil and he will flee from you.'

To one who was mourning her inability to pray, she said—

'Do not pray so much for the Spirit of prayer, as for *Christ*. I erred in praying too much for the Spirit of prayer. We may pray for it: but not chiefly. God may not be pleased to give us that. Christ knows your

heart, and knows what you need; even when you think you cannot pray,

'"Handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." Oh think of the humanity of Christ.

'He raiseth up the beggar out of the dunghill: how wonderful it is that he should do so to such miserable worms. He not only makes them happy here, but he is going to give us such wonderful happiness soon, when we shall be with him.

'I do not so much think of freedom from sorrow, or suffering, or even from sin, as of being with my dear Jesus for ever.'

After hearing Psalm ciii. read, she remarked—

'I think I never saw before the full meaning of 20th verse. The angels that excel in strength are called upon to devote all their powers and faculties to the utmost to glorify God: whilst we have a higher call to bless and praise him for our redemption from such weakness and sin.

'What a prayer that was of Mr. B——'s in my room, several years ago, when he asked that we might be emptied of ourselves, emptied of one another, emptied of all but Christ. I do not think he knew what he asked; but it will be answered.

'You cannot conceive how all our poor attempts to serve God look at such a time as this; so polluted, so mingled with sin and self. Oh work with a single eye to his glory.

'God's ways are mysterious. He has his own best purposes to answer in all his dealings with us. Never mistrust his love; cast yourself wholly upon it. It is everlasting, unchangeable, bury yourself in it.'

One of her sisters remarked, 'It is very grievous to see you suffer so much.'

'Oh,' said Emma, 'it is all love all measured out in the hand of love: therefore we need not be afraid to

receive it from him. It is like the balances of the sanctuary, there are no false weights in it.'

The same, in speaking of the dealings of God, observed, 'that he seemed to send mercies when she most mistrusted him.'

'Yes;' said Emma. 'He does not deal with us, as he did with the Samaritan lord: he was trampled under foot for his mistrust, and not allowed to partake of the promised blessing:' but rejoined, 'he denied the word of a prophet directly commissioned by God.' 'And is our sin less,' replied she, 'that we mistrust not the word of a prophet only: but the Lord of the prophets, who has charged us never to fear, and has assured us, that we are of more value than many sparrows, and that all things *shall* work together for our good?'

At another time, she said—

'We have had much sweet communion together. I wish our intercourse had been more entirely of this kind. If you should ever again have a very intimate friend, think of this, and speak more exclusively on the only subjects worth speaking of. Yes: to every one you have intercourse with, do so.

'Those only who are going to quit the world know how all-important it is to have a sure, very sure, footing on the Rock of Ages.

'Tell dear Mr. P—, with my love, that the glorious truths we used to talk of together become still more and more glorious to the end. Tell him to declare them to all the world, as long as he has breath to speak of them.'

The "time of her departure" was now at hand. She suffered much from extreme weakness; referring to which, she said—

'I had no idea that there could be such weakness as I am enduring; every breath I draw is an effort which makes me almost faint; but I hope I shall have patience to the end. I think and trust I shall. It seems

to be a very long way; but there will only be the more cause for praise at the end of it. This is death, indeed, but I hope no one will be discouraged, or afraid of its approach, from what they have seen me suffer for the last few weeks. The way has been all smoothed for me, and I have no cause for any thing but praise. In a little while I shall look back on it all, and do nothing but praise for evermore.

'I feel that I have as much need of divine strength, and the gift of patience, to bear this extreme weakness, as to endure acute pain. I only trust it will be granted me to the very end. I am so afraid that I am sometimes impatient. He favours me with so much of his *felt* presence, that it makes up for every other want. But I am sometimes too feeble even to enjoy this; I want patience to be willing to wait his time, without desiring to go a moment before he bids me. There is often as much sin in longing to depart, and in saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," as in murmuring under pain and suffering: the will is not subdued to his will.

'I hope you do not wish to keep me.'

Her sister said, that 'it would be such a blank!'

'Oh no,' replied she, 'do not say so: it cannot be a blank, for the Father is with you; he is faithful, trust to him entirely: faithfulness is his girdle.

'Oh, it is all mercy! What a mercy it is, that my breath is now so easy! You cannot think how delightful it is, after one of those dreadful attacks. There is one appointed chariot to convey me home; how glad—how very glad, I shall be, when it comes! But the Lord's time is the best.

'The Lord bless you, and keep you, and be to you as rivers of milk and wine, and make you an abundant blessing; and he will do so. I think the time must be very near now, of my going home, but he will more than make up to you my loss: you have nothing to do but

to praise him for all that he has done for me, ever since I was born to the last moment of my life. And so will it be with you—he will provide for you every moment, and, in the dying hour, give you strength for it. You will find him—as he has been to me—a sea of love.'

A violent attack came on whilst she was speaking.

'I see,' she said, 'I must not talk any more in this world.'

Then, in the midst of intense suffering, she clasped her hands, and said, 'Thy will, O God, be done!'

'He knows what death is, for he has tasted it for every man, and taken away all the bitter; it is a sweet draught now—nothing but sweet.'

A few days before her death, she said—

'You can hardly think how wonderful God's dealings have been with me, during the past two weeks; but I hope they will be an encouragement to you to trust him at all times. They have been very humbling, to shew me what was in my heart, and to make me see the abyss of despondency into which I should sink, if Christ did not uphold me. Satan wanted to persuade me that my sins were too great to be pardoned, but he was not permitted to shake my faith, for Christ continued to sustain me, and to assure me that there was now no condemnation for me, because I was in him. His ways are very mysterious, but they are all wisdom and love. I only hope that you will derive encouragement, from my experience, to trust in him always, and never to give way to despondency. The Lord is your Shepherd, you shall not want. I am very anxious that you should all derive the full benefit from my sufferings, and from what you have seen him do for me. I think my life is so wonderfully prolonged, that you may do so, and may always have this to look back to. How very graciously he has appointed all our times! Trust him more—never doubt his love.'

Two or three days before her death, she said to one of her sisters—

'We have spoken together of good things—of the best things; mind and do that always in your intercourse with Christians; then you will have nothing to regret. Do it *always*—do not serve God by halves; he does not bless you by halves, but in abundance.'

On the day of her departure, she said to another of them—

'What a depth there is!'

'Of what?' asked her sister.

'Of mercy,' she replied.

Her weakness was too great to permit her to say more. She retained her consciousness to the last, and the same sweet spirit of love breathed in every word and action. She had long looked for the welcome messenger of rest; and it might be said of her, in the beautiful words of Jeremy Taylor, which she often quoted, 'She departed as one who was glad of the opportunity.'

# DIARY

OF

# ANNE C M.

CALLED BY HERSELF

## 'THE UNVEILING OF AN EVIL HEART.'

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*Written on her Birthday, October* 31, 1816.

AGED SEVENTEEN.

'I FREQUENTLY feel these walls shake, by some hard knocking at the door, and on opening it, see that it is death. I have heard this death represented as a ghastly monster; but, methinks, except when my beloved Lord visits me with his heavenly smiles, I never saw any one half so lovely as he is; and that sweet smile upon his face, and friendly out-stretched hand, which I would fain spring forward and clasp to my heart, seem to say, 'Surely you may trust me, that I will take you to no one but your dearest Saviour.'

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'I have lately made an important discovery, which has both shocked and grieved me: while I have been imagining myself a great proficient in self-knowledge, I find that I know nothing of myself. I can say (for I believe it), that I am utterly depraved; but I have, alas! very faint conceptions wherein this depravity

consists. What can be a greater proof of depravity than this? Only one thing—that I am so unconcerned about it. I find likewise that I have a very slight knowledge of Christ, and that all the knowledge I have of God, deserves really to be called ignorance.

'Oh, Lord Jesus! look down with pity on thy weak member; thou hast shewn me these things—now teach me to profit by what thou hast shewn; enable me to see myself as I am, *really*—not as my self-love would make me believe I am. Remove the blinders that self-love and pride have formed. Shew me the intricacies of vileness within me—the twisted the serpentine folds of depravity. Take away every concealment: he who is afraid to see sin's utmost vileness, suspects thy merits, gracious Lord. I would not thus set thy blood at nought, and account it an unholy thing; yet I trust to thy compassion, to shew me only as much as I can bear.—*July* 18, 1818.'

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'I used to wish I could live upon Jesus; but lately I have been forced to do so. I begin really to enjoy my emptiness, while I contemplate his fulness.—*July* 28, 1818.'

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'The other night, it appeared very clear to me that the graces of the Christian were not *in* him, but the reflection of the all-perfect Jesus *upon* him. Therefore the more our faith apprehends of him, the greater the reflection from him will be. Thus if we lay a piece of paper in the sun, and hold a glass between it and the paper, the rays of the sun will cast a light on the paper, which it did not possess before. Now this light is not *in* the paper, for if I take away the glass, the sun is the same, but there is no light on the paper. If, likewise, I take away both the glass and the paper, still the sun is the same. So Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, remains always the same; but, in proportion as

our faith receives him, (which in Scripture is sometimes compared to a glass,) by means of the rays of the Spirit, so will there be a greater or less degree of him shining upon us.'

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'Having been prevented by extreme drowsiness from reading the Scriptures, I find that I was living too much on *them*. Lord, teach me to live *simply* and *entirely* on *Thee!*'

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'How uncertain and frail is man! While I imagined myself speedily recovering from an illness of long continuance, I think I am on the verge of another, perhaps of a painful nature. My flesh shrinks at the prospect of what it will probably undergo; but faith pleads the promises,—"As thy day is so shall thy strength be." "Fear not, I will be with thee, when thou passest through the rivers," &c. I hear a sweet voice distinctly speak to my heart, and say,—'Have not *I* a right to do what I will with *my own*?' Dear Lord, I own thy divine voice; I thank thee that I am thine, and that thou pleadest thus with me. I am thine by right, thine by purchase, and thine by an actual and daily surrendering of myself to thee. Thou hast hushed me into acquiescence,—I can speak no word, but—"Lord, do unto me what seemeth unto thee good."

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'The doctrines of scripture, at least what I consider such, go hand in hand with my experience; thus does the blessed Teacher teach me by circumstances and trials, as well as by the word. I never so clearly saw and felt before that I was of two natures; and that my new nature was *in* Christ Jesus, and wholly distinct from any thing in myself, as in my present combat between flesh and spirit. The pride of character which I once possessed, I find will be no support to me in the illness which I have just entered upon. If I am sup-

ported through it, the support must be *entirely* divine. But why that '*if?*' Am I doubting that gracious Lord who hath hitherto sustained me, borne with me, carried me in his own arms, as a Shepherd does a weak lamb, through every trial, difficulty, and danger, which has been in my road? Lord, forgive! Oh! let me pray for a *simple*, dependant faith; for the faith of Abraham, —less will not serve *me*. Lord give me to pray this prayer; I have thy promise that faith *shall* overcome at last.' * * * * *

' * * * * Lord forgive *all;* forgive me for every moment, from the first in which I drew my breath, to that when it will leave my body. Thou hast forgiven it *all!* I read it on the cross. "He has *put away* sin by the *sacrifice* of HIMSELF." And,— "Where remission of sin is, there is no more offering for sin." The Lord God says,—"Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more." It is enough!— I am pardoned, justified, accepted, righteous, holy,— and I shall soon be glorified. What privileges! What would it signify, if every person that ever lived, from the time of Adam to the last man that will exist in the world, kept a book and set down all my sins, aggravated and enlarged to the greatest possible degree? I believe nothing but pride would make me care about it. Faith would say,—'Be it so.'

> 'Set the black list before my sight:
> While I remember Jesus died,
> 'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
> To seek salvation at his side.'

Methinks I shall glorify divine sovereign grace, if ever any mortal did.'

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'I am now under the rod of the covenant; chastising on account of a grievous backsliding, even the denial of any distinction in the Godhead. Awful error! Oh!

gracious *faithful* love! that restored my soul. Oh! my God, thou didst not forget me, nor thyself; thou didst remember Calvary, though I was crucifying thy Son afresh upon it. Go on with thy strokes, blessed One; they are sweet to thy child. Eternity will not be long enough to express my gratitude to thee for not leaving me.'

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The preceding paper refers to those doctrinal errors of which an account has been given in the introduction. The steps by which Anne was led into them, her state of mind whilst she embraced them, and the means employed to recal her, are recorded in the following paper.

'I think I have fallen into grievous error, in considering that there was no distinction in the Godhead. I therefore wish to trace the steps by which I fell into it, and the means employed to bring me out of it.

The first thing, I think, was——alas! so great is my self-ignorance, that I am not able to trace the steps; —but this much I do know, that it was Satan suggested the inquiry; my proud heart received his suggestions; my reason immediately set to work, and my self-conceit, (under colour of searching the Scriptures, wholly dependant on God,) led me to despise all that pious men have written or said on the subject. Self-deceit, self-love, and self-ignorance, all the while persuaded me I was doing right; and pride told me that I had arrived at great knowledge, and made a wonderful discovery, which would explain many difficulties and mysteries, before inexplicable. Thus, all these evil agents at work, what wonder that I should adopt the faith of devils? Satan all the time helping me to answer objections, and hovering about me when I read the scriptures, bringing forward texts, and explaining away others. Added to all this, a person who believed

the doctrine of the Trinity, talked in a very injudicious manner to me about it. When I first received the doctrine that there was no distinction in the Godhead, its novelty engrossed my thoughts. I saw a grandeur in it, which it was a sort of awful pleasure to contemplate. I viewed many passages of Scripture in a new light, found others made plainer,—understood some, which I had never understood before. Yes,—and I gloried in my *knowledge*, instead of glorying *only* in my *Lord*. Thus, for a time, I enjoyed a false peace; and so complete a one it was, that I could not discern it from a true peace. Alas! how often does Satan appear in the form of an angel of light,—then most to be dreaded. Oh! enemy of souls! wilt thou never cease to pervert the ways of the Lord? Thou couldst deceive me,—thou couldst make me deny my Lord! but, artful as thou art, thou couldst not, nor ever wilt, make him deny me. No,—I am united to him by bonds which I defy all thy power to tear asunder. Thou art able, I acknowledge, to *bruise* this weak member of his body; but not a bone of him shall be broken; this thou couldst not effect when he hung upon the cross, and thus bruised thy head. "Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall, but the Lord was my helper."

After a while I began to lose my peace and rest. I saw at each turn of my road, written in large letters, 'The high road to Socinianism:" but I persuaded myself that it was written by the finger of man, not of God, as that writing was, which made proud Belshazzar tremble on his throne. Yes, Belshazzar trembled at the writing of God, but a prouder heart saw and read unmoved. One thing which made me uneasy was, that I could never think of my Father in Christ, and of the time when I first received the truths of the gospel; but especially the doctrine of the Trinity, under his gentle teaching, without being so strangely affected by it, that I could scarcely bear to think about it, and yet felt forced

to do so. I thought I was much simpler then, and I knew we are expected to accept the gospel as little children, and to "receive with meekness the engrafted word." I likewise was much troubled at my Bible always opening at Obadiah 21. At last I grew quite provoked, to find this always the case, and made out a sort of meaning to it, though not a satisfactory one. Such however was my blind obstinacy, that, with Satan's assistance, I answered all the objections against the doctrine I had embraced, that came in my way. Some I found in books; others, I heard persons urge. But my gracious Lord, did not leave me to myself. He himself took me by the hand, and brought me back to the "old paths," saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

I was always much perplexed in prayer, though I imagined I had now, and but now, found out the right way to pray, and the right way to address God. All my old expressions in prayer were constantly recurring, whereas a new mode had become necessary. Thus I used to say, 'Oh Spirit of truth, teach me more and more concerning Jesus, the way, the truth, and the life.' But now, to be consistent, I should have said, 'Do thou, in thy office of Spirit, teach me concerning thyself, in thy office of Saviour.' Not very scriptural, I fancy.

Before I state what convinced me that I was in error, I will just notice the effects of it. I was become cold and dead; I had not the lively apprehensions of Jesus I formerly possessed. I took pleasure in reading the scriptures: but I did not feel them as the words of eternal life. I knew this was my state: I had at times suspicions that all was not right, but I checked them: I tried to find out other causes for the manifest difference which I felt. I likewise was become, as I used to express it, a sort of Ishmael; and felt as if my hand was against every man, and every man's hand against me. Yet I rather gloried than felt ashamed that this was the case. I despised the opinions of all

persons but one, and she was some way off me. And such a desperate pride had taken possession of me, that it is impossible to describe it. It was a sort of daringness that set man, and almost God, at defiance. From holding such intimate acquaintance with Satan, he had introduced a kind of hell into me. This proves how earnestly we should seek to gain an increasing knowledge of Jesus, that the reflection of his glories may shine on us, and make us "live the life of heaven below." The uneasiness I experienced at times, was great. I had no one to whom I could unbosom myself; and therefore strove to shut up my distress as much as laid in my power.

The first thing which came with powerful conviction to my mind, was hearing —— (a Socinian minister) pray; which I had not done for a year. This struck me like an arrow from heaven. I saw how shocking it was not to admit a distinction in the Godhead. Though I began at this time to perceive I was wrong, it was sometime before I saw the extent of the dangerous error into which I had fallen; and still longer, before I could again fully admit the blessed glorious doctrine of the Trinity. One thing which greatly helped to convince me I was wrong, was, a minute consideration of our union with Christ, taken in its fullest, most comprehensive sense. I saw that it constantly said, we were chosen in *Christ*, &c. and that this Christ was God. In short, I could no way reconcile this union with the doctrine I held; and as I saw it more and more clearly revealed that such a union existed, I felt more and more that I was not holding the truth. Thus was I at length brought back to "the faith once delivered to the saints." But I would gladly then and now, give worlds of light and knowledge, if I had them, simply to receive the doctrine of the Trinity as I once did. I feel like a little bird come out of the egg, carrying part of the shell still on my back. I have indeed smarted for my sin, yet I was

chastised with the hand of love. During all the time I was never, for a moment, permitted to doubt that I was securely fixed in Christ, and that in him salvation and all its blessings were mine. Nor did I doubt that a *divine* atonement had been made for my sin. This extraordinary love so oppressed me, that for a time I did nothing but grieve, that I had transgressed against it; and as each day, hour, and moment brought fresh proofs of the marvellous loving-kindness of God, so it added to my sorrow. I could scarcely bear such love; it seemed more sharp and sweetly terrible than the blackest despair. So that I have thought that if I could see the least portion of wrath unmixed with love, exercised towards me, it would give me an indescribable pleasure to contemplate it. This I think arose, in a great measure, from pride, which could not bear the debt of gratitude: but I likewise think it was part of my chastisement, that such great pain should arise from love. It was likewise a great trial, to feel such deadness and want of spirituality, as I did: for even after the exciting cause was removed, the effects remained.

Now let me consider what I have learnt by this fall. I have been, like Eve in the garden, eating of the forbidden fruit; blessed be God, I have given it to no one to eat of it likewise! I think I have learned more than ever to consider, how very frail I am, and consequently, I feel more sensibly the need I have, to ask to be held up, kept and preserved from falling. I now see more clearly the devices of Satan, so that I know I must cry for help against his subtle attempts. I hope I pray more to be saved from myself,

> 'That foe can't boast of much
> Which makes us watch and pray.'

It seems to me that I have erred in thinking, that if we only trusted in Christ for salvation, we might, in other points, believe truth or error as it chanced to appear to

us. If we reject the Spirit, we grieve it, and then darkness follows. I see that when we feel most secure and safe, we are often in the greatest error. Oh to receive the gospel *simply* like little children. I have lately thought much of this.'

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In another place, after proposing to herself some questions, the answers to which she was about to seek in the scriptures, she thus records her manner of searching after truth:—

'Let me then seek, unmoved by the sentiments of the wisest and best men, uninfluenced by former ideas—but let me seek wholly dependent on Almighty aid. Thus, O Lord, let me always search thy book. I beseech thee to give me earnest desires to know what is the truth. Let me seek it *simply*, depending on thee to guide me. And do thou condescend to be my teacher: for this thou thyself hast promised. And since, I am such a self-deceiver, lead me independently of myself. Guard me from reasoning on thy declarations, and give me simple faith to believe whatsoever thou hast taught in thy word.'

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'Talking one day with a friend, concerning happy deaths, led me to think what I should find the greatest rest and support, at the period when my soul would leave its prison. Should I, at that solemn hour, occupy my mind with entering upon doubtful speculations? Ah no! I have tried all these, and, so far from being able to rest in such subjects, those thoughts would but torment my last hours. Besides, how very foolish would it be, to trouble myself, about what I should so soon know and comprehend. Shall I indulge a thought, that though I have never yet been able to discover those evidences of being in Christ, which some boast of, that they will crowd in upon me at my last hour, and speak peace to my soul? What! can I calmly resign myself

to death upon such a precarious trust as this! A trust which, could I find it, would not at any time administer a moment's comfort. This cannot do. But shall I expect that I shall then be able to see that I am become more holy, more fit for heaven, more like God? Oh! at that awful hour, when the mists of self-love and pride, which before hid my full depravity from my sight, begin to be dissipated by the bright dawning of that sun of the glorious world beyond the skies, what must I expect to see myself, but the veriest demon of iniquity that was ever redeemed by sovereign grace!

'And surely, when about to appear in the immediate presence of the most holy God, I might well tremble, did I expect to appear before such a Being, with all the holiness of the whole church of Jesus and angels besides, if we consider there is any such thing as creature holiness. But shall I reflect with satisfaction on a good life? Shall I comfort myself that I shall be able to give a good account of my stewardship, at the bar of my Judge? Let me consider, what account shall I have to give there? Why, the only account I can give is, that every moment of my life has been sinful. My conscience then (putting the blood of Christ out of the question) will be but an accuser. Have I then no resting-place to look to, as sweet even on a dying bed?

'By the foregoing examination, I must be a sinner of no common kind. Then let me be content to die as I have lived—a sinner; yet a sinner trusting wholly to Christ Jesus: a stripped sinner—yet a sinner, clad in regal robes: a sinner deserving every condemnation at the hands of God—yet a sinner expecting in Christ Jesus to receive every mercy and blessing: a sinner possessed of an accusing conscience, yet knowing that that evil conscience is sprinkled with the blood of Jesus, and that there is "no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Now, then, I see a sweet scripture—"Christ died for the ungodly." Well, then, if I am not ungodly

Christ did not die for me, consequently I have no hope, but as I have proved myself to be so; here is good hope. Then I will rest here—here is a bed that a sinner can stretch himself upon, a sweet, soft, dying bed. Let me then, if I wish for a happy death-bed, pray, from this time, that I may die with a clear full sense of these blessed words upon my mind and in my heart. Now, methinks, I can with joy look death in the face, for "the desire of the righteous shall be granted;" and if Jesus is "Jehovah *my* righteousness," I may claim this title. Though my death may not be extatic or triumphant, if my prayer be answered, of which I may entertain a hope, I think it will be happy. Nor is this all, if, in meditating upon death, I have found "Christ died for the ungodly" give me the greatest comfort, why not *live* upon it? Surely what is best to die upon, is best to live upon. Then let me put aside all expectations from what will fail me in a dying hour, and henceforth live upon these sweet words. Here let me recline, until the joyful moment when I shall rest in the bosom of my Lord.'—*Sept.* 1818.

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'2 Kings, 7th chapter. We may learn three things from this chapter. 1st. The judgments of God against unbelief, verses 1, 2, 17—20. 2d. The care of God for his people, verses 5—7. No doubt the Lord had a praying people, and this deliverance was in answer to prayer: the enemies retire and leave blessings behind, which usually enable the people of God to trust him more, to praise him more, and encourage them to pray more in faith. 3d. We here see the condition of those leprous souls who cast themselves upon Christ. If they go into the world, there is a famine; if they remain as they are, they die. Therefore they fly to him, and find good things in abundance. First they conceal what they have found, but at length, unable longer to contain, they go forth and proclaim it. At first they are not

believed, but necessity compels some to "see whether these things are so," and all who seek find.'

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'I bless God that the letters of Samuel Eyles Pierce ever came into my hands. They have taught me what I was before shamefully ignorant of, viz. that the chief object of a believer's life should be to know Christ, and make him known to others. Also to seek a real personal communion with him; and in this book I have likewise learned in what this communion consists, and how to obtain it. Lord! enable me to live the knowledge I have thus acquired.'

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'Should any address me in the words of the Jews, "We would see a sign," I must reply that I can give no sign but the sign of the prophet Jonah, for as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so did my Lord Jesus condescend to lie low in the grave for me.'

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'Such is the love I feel for Jesus, that I would not dishonour him by withholding from him one sin, one trouble, one anxiety. No, I must take his free promises, and prove that I understand them, by casting *all* upon him, yea even that lump of iniquity—myself.'

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'While I see so many of the excellent of the earth wandering in the barren unprofitable roads of speculation, and see such an inclination in myself to follow them, what can I expect? True, I dread the thought of again straying from the cross; but so did they once. Oh! my soul, "trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not to thine own understanding." "Lord, hold thou me up, and I *shall* be safe." "Lord, to whom shall I go? thou hast the words of eternal life, I know and am sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."'

'These are indeed days to say, "Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide, keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom." Oh! for grace to cleave simply to Jesus, and to be taught by the instability of human creatures, to cling closer to the Rock of Ages.'

'If Jesus be not truly and essentially God, he could never have borne the hundredth part of my sin.'—*Nov.* 1818.

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'I have, I trust, been quickened and profited by the interest excited towards a young inquirer. Oh! that I may be stirred up by it, to run more earnestly and devotedly the race set before me. Her doubts and difficulties remind me of those I was annoyed with at my outset. What gratitude I ought to feel, in viewing the way the Lord has led me, in looking back to the track in which I have walked, and considering the wondrous forbearing grace exercised towards me.

> Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
> Confirms his good pleasure, to help me quite through.

It was the Lord who delivered me from my fears, and "set my feet upon a rock." Praised be this free grace: "Oh! to grace how great a debtor," &c.'

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'What dreadful wanderings I am troubled with in prayer; indeed this is but a faint word to express what I mean. There are many times in one prayer in which I entirely forget I am praying, and am for a considerable space of time taken up with all sorts of foolish, wicked thoughts. I do not think that any person I ever met with was so little occupied with serious thoughts of God, when they professed to pray to him. This is the way, day after day, but I am ashamed to think, likewise, how often I suffer all sorts of foolish thoughts to

occupy my mind at night, till I fall asleep in the midst of them, and not one petition arises to God. If any should read this when my body is laid in the grave, and I, not praying but praising, let them know that, however perplexed they may be in prayer, there is one in glory who was infinitely more so. Did I not know that through Jesus, "we have access by one Spirit unto the Father," I dare not attempt to pray; I esteem prayer a privilege, but am not sensible of it, as I ought to be. But I will not keep this sin—that would be to love it—I will cast it upon Jesus. Yet I would I were more enlarged in prayer, that my desires were more fervent towards God. Oh! for the time when I shall cast off this body of sin and death, and praise him whom I love, even "the Lamb who was slain," with an unceasing praise.'

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'"In me," says our beloved Lord, "ye *shall* have *peace*." I think, thanks be to him, I enjoy much of this perfect peace; for, notwithstanding all I see in myself, in him I have peace. Nay, the more I see of my utter depravity, the more I rejoice in him; for the more I am forced to contemplate him, in his character of *atoning Saviour!* There is peace in beholding his bleeding hands and side, and there *only*. True peace is only found at the cross. It is as if there was a beautiful picture which we much valued; while hanging in our own apartment it is secure, and we delight to gaze on it; but were we to have it in our hands, and carry it about with us wherever we went, it would soon be broken and spoiled. Blessed be Jesus; my peace is *in* Him.'

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'We too often listen to the roar of the wild beasts within us, and tremble at the sound, instead of beseeching one who is able to deliver, to silence them and save us from their power.'

'In this world we are dying together, but in our glorious inheritance above, we shall live together.'

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'Time slips away from our feet, but our souls are borne up upon eternity.'

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'My heaven will consist in seeing Christ as he sees me, even face to face; and in knowing him as he knows me, that is perfectly, all else is the consequence of these two things.'

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'I had rather stay on earth and worship Christ as my own God, though I am fully persuaded all that worship is defiled by sin, than become an inhabitant of a heaven where he was degraded by being put on a level with the rest of the creatures of God. Blessed be God, the heaven of the Bible is neither a Sabellian, Arian, Socinian, nor philosophic heaven.'

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'This is *the* promise which he hath promised—eternal life! Blessed promise! called '*the* promise,' because all the promises flow into it. So Christ is called *the* gift, because the greatest of all gifts, and because all other gifts meet in him. Eternal life is the everlasting fulfilment, or rather complete beginning, of all the promises of God.'

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'Oh! for *one* right idea; one correct thought of God! What would I not give for a hundredth part of a view of him that would not degrade him? "Thou canst not see my face and live," saith the Almighty; and till thou seest my face, thou must remain ignorant of me. Then I would say with Austin, 'Lord, if I cannot see thy face and live, then let me die and see it. If mortality cannot hold one right idea of thee, give me immortality, which will contain an eternity of perfect views and thoughts.'

'Look, proud aspiring mortal, what hast thou written? Would it not better become thee to adore God, for having condescended in so large a measure to reveal himself to thee, as he has done in his word, than to complain, because he withholds a further revelation, that thou mayest ardently long and pant to fly to him, and see as thou art seen, and know as thou art known?'

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'What a number of things have been said and written about the word *justification*. I suppose the simple word includes pardon and acceptation; the consequences of pardon are reconciliation and adoption; the consequences of being "accepted in the Beloved," are, that his righteousness, and all that he has, and is, is ours.'

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'How sweet the character of Abraham, given Romans chap. iv. 16 to the end. "Against hope he believed in hope," and thus we are told he "gave glory unto God." Thus, oh! my soul, do thou likewise glorify God. Believe the record which God has given of his Son. Take God on his own word, on his own testimony, though what thou seest in the word, may present a direct contrariety to all that is passing within thee. Stagger not at the promise of God through unbelief; never set experience above the word of God, but let God be true though every man should prove a liar.'

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'I am tired of almost all books except the book of God. Most of them appear to me circuitous methods of unsimplifying the plain declarations of scripture.'

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'Another year is almost at an end. How sweet! how joyful! to see years, months, weeks, hours, minutes, moments, fly so fast away, and bear me swiftly onward to eternity. I would not, for all the treasures of the world, arrest one moment in its course; I should think

one moment's longer absence from Jesus purchased at a dear rate.'—*Dec.* 1818.

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'In the Mosaical dispensation there were three things enjoined as necessary in order to approach God acceptably, viz. To be thoroughly clean; to be perfectly unblemished; and to bring a perfect offering. Is God, then, less holy now than he was in that age? "God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth" Then let me not presume to come near him but as cleansed by the blood of Jesus, perfect and complete in him, and offering only his perfect offering. "By one offering he *hath perfected* for ever them that *are* sanctified." In this text I behold my three requisites, and therefore "come with boldness," as I am commanded by the word of God. Thus may I ever venture before God, at the beginning, the close, and throughout the year; and not the year only, but through my life, in my death, and for ever.—*Jan.* 1819.

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'The Judge of the whole earth is my friend, therefore I cannot dread to meet him: and because a friend of mine will appear at such a time, very powerful and terrible to his *enemies*, am I, his *friend*, to be afraid?

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'I bless God! my salvation will not, for a moment, ever be entrusted to myself, for in that moment I should lose it. It is in Christ's hands, therefore secure.'

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'Are we not to believe in Christ though we have grievously sinned? And does not the word of God warrant our immediate application to the all-cleansing blood of Jesus, as soon as we have transgressed, whatever the transgression may be? For we are commanded by God to believe, therefore, if we disobey him in one instance, why should this lead us to disobey him in another, and thus add sin to sin, lest we should be pre-

sumptuous? By believing in Christ we keep the law of God, since he has perfectly fulfilled it; therefore all believers may reckon his fulfilment as theirs, since it was for them. But if we give up our hope in him, because we have sinned, how are we to gain it again? It was the love of God, which was freely exercised to us as sinners, and so it will continue to be, since in ourselves we shall never deserve any other title. We came to Christ first as sinners, and in this character we must still come, for if he be not the Saviour of sinners, of whom is he the Saviour? And if we are not sinners, why do we need a Saviour? I never am any thing but a sinner; yet though a sinner, I must believe *at all times*, or never, for this follows of course, I must then "against hope believe in hope," for only those who believe shall be saved; all others must be condemned, as our Lord says, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." As to the second question, I would ask another, Why should I not apply to Christ as soon as I have sinned? for the more sins I discover the more I need a Saviour; and if I keep back, to get more fit to come, in what does that fitness consist? Our suitability to apply to Christ, consists in our being sinners, therefore am I to delay applying for pardon till I am a greater sinner? All sin consists in transgressing God's law; I then never shall be a greater, or a less sinner, than at the present moment. But if, when the word of God tells me "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from ALL sin," I do not make an immediate application for that blood, though I never can be a greater sinner, I have a sin more to take, when I do go to Christ, for my delay is an act of disobedience against God. And suppose I should say that delay arose from a fear of presumption, this would be saying, that I doubted of Christ's free love, and willingness to save. It would be saying, that I knew better than God, and imply, that I feared he had not acted consistently with his character,

in what he had declared in his word; my delay then would comprehend many sins, and I must at last apply to Christ as a sinner, in which character I might as well go at first. Christ is our only way to God; faith is our only means of communication with Christ. If then, on any pretence, we give up faith, we give up all at least on our part. Let me then still believe, that though the fig-tree should not blossom, or the vine put forth her fruit, yet I may "rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation."'

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'In the Mosaical dispensation, when a Jew had acted contrary to the law, he was considered unclean and guilty, until he had offered the appointed atonement for his transgression. Now, as long as he delayed to offer it, so long would his guilt remain; but when he offered it, he was forgiven: nothing else could remove it. This delay was but added transgression; so it is with the believer. Nothing but the blood of Jesus, the Lamb of God, the great atonement, can cleanse him from sin; therefore, as soon as he has contracted guilt, he should seek to have it removed, at least the sense of it on his mind (for *it* was taken away on the cross,) by a believing application to Jesus. Since, then, each moment is a transgression of God's law, let us continually apply to Jesus. If we hate sin, let us not keep it; sin separates from God, and because Christ has borne away the sin of his people, they may approach God with boldness.'

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'I think if the dearest earthly friend I have could know the thoughts that pass through my mind in one hour, they would never speak to me again; yet "my Beloved" knows each thought, for he is "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," still he loves and forgives. Oh! "marvellous loving kindness," I will praise it, and value it in heaven, as I ought to do.'

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'The real ignorance of the wisest men is strikingly manifested, when we consider that the little infant who has been taken to glory before it has lived an hour, is then able to comprehend that which the understanding of the whole world put together could never reach. Its mind, without an effort, takes in subjects of magnitude sufficient to overwhelm the most powerful and lofty-minded man ever created, if but the faintest shadow of them passed across his soul, it would destroy those faculties and powers, which thousands are wondering at and admiring. It perfectly knows that unsearchable Being, of whom no mortal ever yet conceived one right idea. It beholds, continually, his unveiled face; yet one glance of that glorious resplendency would kindle this world into an unextinguishable blaze.'

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'It often greatly provokes me, that words so faintly express my thoughts: my thoughts are above my words; my ideas above my thoughts; my conceptions far beyond my ideas; and my impression of glorious realities are what my conceptions can never reach.'

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'Acts xxvii. How plainly are we taught, in this chapter, the danger of acting contrary to divine direction. Though for a time we may appear to prosper, difficulties, perplexities, and darkness, will soon overtake us, yet even in these sad circumstances, brought upon us by our disobedience and folly, our Lord still manifests his love and tender care for us. He makes us feel that we have wandered from him, and then causing us to relinquish every expectation and trust, induces us to give ourselves up, implicitly, to him. Though he blasts and brings to nothing our purposes, he preserves safe the souls he loves, and fixes them on a firm resting place.'

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'Reading Dr. Owen on spiritual mindedness, especially that part which treats of the affections, has led me into many serious trains of thought. At first, when I found how closely he dealt with me, so that he forced me to a severe scrutiny of myself, the depravity of my heart stirred me against the book, instead of against myself. But when I was enabled to see the folly of this, and to be thankful to my Lord for sending me so faithful a monitor, Satan suggested the idea, that it was impossible any person could dislike to be informed of their real state, who had indeed "passed from death unto life;" and thus endeavoured to make me conclude against myself, and lead me from Christ. But though unable myself to withstand the adversary, my dear Lord pressed me to his bleeding side, and having bid me there, sent forth a stream of precious blood, which gave a silent answer to the tempter, and forced him to withdraw, conquered not by me, but by bleeding love. All glory now, and for ever be, not to me, but to my glorious hiding-place.'

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'My present inquiry is,—'Are my affections as lively as they once were, or have I declined in spiritual ardour?' The self-ignorance I have daily cause to lament, hinders my being able decidedly to answer this question, but I feel constrained to seek direction from above; and earnestly desire not to be suffered to deceive myself. I fear that the horror I have of becoming *legal*, has led me to be too indifferent to the *privilege* of obeying my Lord's commands; at least inwardly; for he has graciously preserved me from any manifest outward falls, and "led me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake."'

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'How can I expect to grow better? I find that if I know a thing to be wrong, and, therefore, avoid it, that it was some bad motive influenced me. If I do any-

thing I think right to be done, I find it was some bad reason influenced me to do it. I perceive the perpetual workings of pride and self in every action; it really seems as if I had always a choice of sins, for I must choose those which least affect the cause of Christ, and bring disgrace upon religion. What I once thought to be humility, I now discover is pride;—what I once imagined to be love to Christ, I now see is love to self;—what I once hoped was a desire to promote his glory, I find now is a wish to promote my own. Such views of my heart are daily laid open to me, as would but a short time ago have filled me with despair; I make such discoveries of its vileness and utter depravity, as are sufficient to weigh me down with perpetual sorrow; yet I am but little affected with the sin of it, as to its rebellion against God; though it greatly hurts my pride to think I am so vile. Any person would imagine that I should be glad to think and acknowledge that I am nothing, and that Christ is all; but no,—I would fain be something; and in spite of all I see in myself, I often fancy myself a very good sort of person. Oh! what would become of me, if I had not a firm, unshaken, *sole* trust in the finished work of Jesus. "Though sorrowful, I am always rejoicing. Though I have nothing, I know I possess all things."

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'I find one of the hardest lessons I ever had to learn, is my present one,—that I am nothing, and that Christ is all.'

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'Lately I have been unable to read, write, or talk clearly, on any subject but one; that is, that a divine Saviour lived, died, and reigns for every sinner who is led to believe on him. The only parts of the Bible which are clear to me, are those which relate immediately to this subject. Formerly other truths appeared clear to my mind, but now I soon become bewildered

if I attempt to think about them: I am sometimes oppressed and uncomfortable at this, but I think I discern the wisdom which appointed it. I see the *great truth* more clearly than ever, and find that it is sufficient of itself *alone*, to give solid peace and joy. I, perhaps, was becoming proud, from the distinct views I had of the truths of the gospel, and therefore may from this dispensation learn a lesson of humility. I see that it is God who must give us *knowledge*, as well as FAITH, and that he can, ere we are aware, take away either or both of these from us, and that with all our senses entire. Let me then learn to depend *simply* on him *alone*, and apply more earnestly and incessantly for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, whose office is "to guide into all truth." May he "teach me to profit" by all his dispensations, as well as "lead me in the way wherein I should walk."—*May*, 1819.

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'Oh! how much reason have I to follow my Lord's injunction,—"Always to pray and not to faint." When I was so oppressed in prayer, that the only real prayer I uttered, I think was,—'Lord, give me a heart to pray,' he heard my feeble cry. He seemed, indeed, at first, not to hear, at least, not to answer me; but I now see that this was only a trial of my faith. Week after week I went on in the same burdened manner, without any enjoyment or pleasure in prayer; the whole time of prayer was a struggle against swarms of evil and foolish thoughts. Sometimes I thought it was no use to pray at all; sometimes I believed I did not pray, but only uttered formal words, without sense or feeling; still I was graciously sustained, so that I continued to cry,—'oh! for a heart to pray!' At last I exclaimed,—'I can bear it no longer. Gracious Lord! Tempted, suffering Jesus! either send me an answer of peace, or take me from this hard conflict, to that place of rest where all these trials will be over.' My compassionate

Saviour delayed not much longer, but hastened to my relief; he burst the cords which had confined me, by his almighty love, and set my heart and my tongue at liberty: he enabled me to praise his name, who had "loosed my bonds," and put a new song into my heart. May I henceforth never again mistrust him; but in darkness and difficulty, still go on "looking unto Jesus." And though the now flowing waters should again freeze, and dulness and perplexity be the characteristics of my prayers, still let me "rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the *God* of my salvation." I cannot but admire and adore the wondrous loving-kindness of my Lord, who gave me strength equal to my day, and while he tried my faith, he suffered it not to fail. Oh! why do I not rejoice to be nothing, that he may be All.'

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'The dying love of Jesus has at length prevailed; from this day I give myself wholly to him. I have lately been struggling desperately against idolatry, and an undue dependence on the creature. I once supposed it impossible that it could be subdued, but I trust I can now say, that I really, sincerely, and heartily give my *whole* heart to Jesus, and renounce idols, popes, cardinals, and all the conclave of bishops, and take Jesus as my Lord, my life, and my all. We greatly err and promote sin by setting down things as impossible to be altered or amended; Almighty power can perform what would be impossible for human strength, which is but another name for weakness; and this power will be exerted for those who believingly ask it.'

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'In the eastern countries, the trees are obliged to have sluices cut from some river, to nourish and sustain them, else they could not be kept alive. Thus I, in this barren wilderness, desire to have a sluice cut direct from the cross, and to have my roots ever nourished by the flowing of that precious stream of blood

around them. So shall I bud and blossom, and fill the face of the world with fruit.'

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'Hebrews iv. 10. Let us consider in what manner God ceased from his works, that we may know how we ought to cease from ours. 1st. He ceased from them as to creation; he created nothing more, because his work was finished. Thus, we ought to cease from creating any more righteousness to offer to God, because Christ has brought in an everlasting righteousness, in which we are complete. In this then, "let us cease from our works as God did from his."

2nd. God ceased *entirely* from his works; he did not cease from creating some things, and then go on creating others. No; God ended his works which he had made. So let us, *altogether*, give up all dependence on ourselves and our sinful performances; not trust in some things which we call duties and good works, and give up a trust in other things; but *altogether* hang upon and cleave to him who is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

'3rd. When God had finished his work, he "*rested.*" We must then take an abiding rest in Christ; not run in and out of him, sometimes seeming as if we were at rest in him, at other times letting sin, or doubts, or fears, draw us out of our rest. In all this we must cease from our own works as God did from his, and enter into rest. But let us now inquire in what respects it may be said that God did *not* cease from his works, for the command runs, "*as* God did from his." He ceased from his works of creation; yes, altogether, and he rested. But he did not cease from continuing to order and uphold all things, so as to cause them to promote his glory; neither let us, then, cease to desire that God may be glorified by our bringing forth *much* fruit. But there is another work from which God has not ceased; he has not ceased from bringing souls to a

saving knowledge of Jesus. "No man can come unto the Son except the Father draw him." All the elect were "chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world;" their lives are "hid with Christ in God," but they are not yet all manifested. Let us not cease then from saying, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

4th. God has not ceased from preserving and sustaining all his chosen people in their passage through this wilderness. Oh, then, "let us lift up the hands which hang down, and make straight paths for our feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way, but rather let it be healed."

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John xviii. 38. The question which Pilate asked Jesus, is the most important question that can possibly be asked by an immortal being; for on knowing the right answer to it, an eternal condition depends. Nevertheless there are many characters who, like Pilate, ask the question and then wait not the answer. As a contrast to this conduct, let us observe what is recorded of Mary. "She sat at the feet of Jesus and heard his words." A very cursory view of mankind will enable us to discover that the world, in the present day, is divided into Pilates and Marys. Of the former class there are some who appear to ask, "what is truth?" with some degree of earnestness, as if they really wish to know, yet they trouble not themselves to take the proper means of finding out: but suffer other things to occupy their minds, and go away quite satisfied, without having found the answer. They go their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise, and some to the Jews. Of those who take the latter course, many declare with Pilate, that Jesus is a very good man, "and that they find no fault in him at all." Yet, as to a serious concern to discover "what is truth," nothing is further from their thoughts. Some

will tell you that they are inquiring and searching, that they may find out: but then they are not taking the right means: they wait not upon Jesus, to receive from his mouth the answer. Many would ask any being rather than Jesus to tell them "what is truth." Some expect to find the answer themselves—they are asking themselves—consulting their own reason, instead of Jesus. Others will ask some experienced Christian, or favourite author; and how many hundreds go with this question to their minister, to one of the appointed shepherds, instead of to the "Great Shepherd." And in this way many of God's dear children first begin the inquiry, "what is truth:" but when the mouth of their oracle is silent in the dust, or they are removed from him, they discover that it is not of a human being that they are to expect the answer; then they go, like Mary, and sit at the feet of Jesus and hear *his* word. There is but this one way, all others are fallacious and vain, in humble supplications to sit at the feet of Jesus and wait his teaching. And they shall not wait in vain; for though he may seem to delay, his word is past, "Ask and it *shall* be given you, seek and ye *shall* find." And it is observable, that all who thus ask of Jesus, as to the fundamentals of religion, are agreed, though in minor things he permits them to differ. Some will say, that they do ask of Jesus: but then, they rather ask him to confirm them in their own views, than to teach them from his word. Let us bless God, that though Pilate went away without waiting an answer, the mouth of Jesus furnished one, when he said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." "Search the Scriptures," said he, "for they are they that testify of me." But let us also remember, that Jesus declared that it was the "Spirit of truth who should guide into all truth."

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In this manner Anne constantly read the Scriptures, noting down any passage which most forcibly struck

her mind. Sometimes a whole chapter, or even an epistle thus occupied her attention. A few observations on the 2d and 3d of Colossians, and the 37th of Ezekiel occur in the same volume from whence the preceding extracts are made, which may be useful in leading the mind to still further examination of those parts of sacred writ.

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Col. ii. 1, 2. 'Does not the apostle in these verses seem to manifest an anxiety that the Colossians should receive some truth which it required an enlightenment of understanding to receive? It appears, a truth which he knew contained riches to those who acknowledged it; yet he speaks of it as a mystery. Now, if the One God is not Father, Son, and Spirit, what was the mystery he seemed afraid that they should be seduced from by enticing words?'

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Col. ii. 14. 'How sweet this expression, "nailed to the cross." This is the only place in which a believer should look at the law. All its curse and condemnation taken away by our surety, who fulfilled it for us. And may this view lead us to know more fully the love that passeth knowledge, and feel more impellingly the "constraining love" which is the only principle that can give a real desire to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.'

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Col. iii. 9—11. 'Let there be no deceit among you who have laid aside the first Adam and all his deeds. Remember, that being born of the Spirit you have received Christ into your hearts, and that by an increasing knowledge of him, through the teaching of the Spirit, a more correct view of his character is formed in your minds. In him there is no distinction of rank, or person, or clime, or name, or degree of virtue: but he is all to his people, and in them all. Having laid this as a

basis or motive, the apostle goes on to exhort them, "as the elect of God," to perform all the various duties of their several stations.'

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'Read this morning the 37th of Ezekiel; particularly the description of the valley of dry bones. The state of a soul brought by degrees to a knowledge of Jesus is indeed strikingly described. The prophet delivers the message of Jehovah to the dry lifeless thing. As he prophesied, "there was a noise;" the false peace and fatal stillness has ceased. "There was a shaking"—fears of danger arose, and a trembling apprehension is excited—"the bones come together"—increase and begin to assume a settled form. They gather strength, a feeling principle is received. They are strongly united and covered (as it were) "with a skin. But there was no breath in them." This mass, which to the outward eye, might appear a fair and well-formed body, was not possessed of a living, vital faith; and how can we be said to live unless by an exercise of faith in him, "who is our life?" Since "faith is the gift of God," the aid of the Spirit must be sought, that his pervading energy may infuse this life, the prayer must be poured forth—"Come from the four winds, oh breath." Yes: the real Christian will pray, whether for himself, or others, that since, "there is a diversity of operations," some means or other, may be made useful; and so, that the wished for end is obtained, it will be indifferent to him, from what quarter they proceeded. Oh glorious sight! "they stand upon their feet." Yes: the real and only principle of obedience being imparted, they are now ready to ask, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do," and "to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." How delightful the promise of God, that he will open the graves of his people, and bring them into their *own land*. His eye discerns all his elect people, even those who are in their graves. Some lie in the

grave of this world, some in the grave of pleasure, some in the grave of business, others in the grave of their own righteousness, others in the grave of formality, others again, in that of hypocrisy. To these we might add, vain hope, false trust, &c. &c. Many, we believe, are in the graves of mahometanism, judaism, and heathenism. But in the same manner, as all the dry bones in the valley were gathered together, so the body of Christ shall be perfect, "not a bone of him shall be broken." The people of God will eventually be all brought to their own land, that land which is "the glory of all lands," (whether we understand it of Christ or of heaven) "a land for which they have not toiled," but which all who "are brought out of their graves," know that they inherit, because the Lord has spoken and performed it. The time to which the close of this chapter refers, is not perhaps far distant; when all distinctions shall cease, and all the people of God shall be as one, having one king, one Shepherd.'

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'I bless my Lord, for all his mercies towards me, especially for his kindness in once more giving me a heart to pray. Oh, my Lord, never more take from me this key of thy treasury, till I am taken into it, and being within the doors, need never more unlock them, or crave to be admitted. Until that blest day, do thou give me the key in my hand, guide me to thy doors, strengthen me to unlock them, and enable me to be empty that I may receive thy rich supplies.'

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'Oh how is it that I am become so unable to warn and persuade sinners. I now find that my mouth is closed even to those I could once address. Oh why is this? Have I less concern for the souls of others? Then I must have less value for my own.—Then I must have less value for the precious blood which purchased

and redeemed it. "Search me, O God, and try my ways." Shew me the wicked way that is in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'

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WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE.

'The mud on this shore presents a correct picture of the human heart. When the waters of grace are over it, it looks fair and lovely, especially when the sun shines: but were they once withdrawn, the same scene of black defilement would present itself.'

'Sitting yesterday evening by the shore, watching the coming in of the tide, I could not help thinking of the time when the great ocean of eternity would carry me away from this miserable world, with its resistless tide, and bear me to everlasting joys. Oh may I be found, longing, waiting, watching, and clothed in suitable apparel. The right way of being ready is fully expressed by Paul. Phil. iii. 9, 10. Clothed in this, I may then quietly take my seat on the banks of Jordan, and expect to pass over on dry land, since the rock of ages has passed over before me, and given firm footing for my feet.'

*Aug.* 25, 1819.

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Most things in this world are chamelions; their colour depends on the light in which they are viewed.'

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'The unconquerable pride which I see in my heart, grieves and distresses me: yet perhaps the consciousness of its existence is the most effectual way really to humble me. Strange; that my worst enemy is thus compelled to promote my best interests.'

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'A child of God! and is this lofty title mine? May a perpetual sinner call the holy and the pure God—Father? Can a beggar indeed address this sweet word

to the Lord of heaven and earth, the King of kings and Lord of lords, and claim such a relationship to him? Oh wondrous grace! be humble and bow thyself to the dust, O my soul, that such privileges are thine.—A child of God, in "a sinful and perverse generation;" how perpetually should it occupy my thoughts, to conduct myself as such among them. If I could ever recollect that I hold this relationship to God, what a check would it prove on my thoughts, words, and actions. What a solemnity would it give to my whole demeanour. This would be indeed a greater restraint to sinful inclinations than all the terrors of the law, or than the dread of punishment. It would prove a stronger motive to obedience than all usually urged upon us. But how came sinners into the possession of such privileges? Hear the words of the risen Jesus: "I ascend unto *my* Father, and *your* Father." The Lamb "which is before the throne, as it had been slain," is then our door of entrance into this blessed relationship; and till he resigns his station of glory, believing sinners may address God, as his Father, and their Father, as his God, and their God.'

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'I fear I sometimes exercise a bitterness of spirit in thinking and talking against the world and worldly mindedness. I wish I could see more of a spirit of love influencing all my thoughts, desires, and actions.'

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'I perhaps never felt such an utter dissatisfaction with the world and with myself. But I fear lest it should degenerate into a misanthropical spirit; the very opposite temper to his who "went about doing good," and who was not only imbued with a spirit of love, but was love itself.'

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'I believe myself warranted to come to Jesus at all times, and to carry mountains of sin to him; yea, though

they should be of such magnitude that faith almost sinks under the burden. To him then let me carry this evil temper, that has annoyed me all this day, and displayed itself, at innumerable times, and in an endless variety of ways. What with this temper, a perpetual inundation of trifling and wicked thoughts, a frequent disinclination to do all that I ought to do, whether as it respects my devotions, or the duties I should discharge, I have to maintain a constant, uninterrupted, wearying, warfare.

In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I.
Did not thy promise hold me up,
My soul would faint and die.

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'I desire that my whole heart should be given to Jesus, and that my friends, and other pleasures of the world, should have merely the reboundings of its affections; but I often fear that my heart is placed on other things than on the "altogether lovely," and that he receives not even its reboundings, but only its deadened desires.'

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'A few days ago I attained the age of twenty. I have travelled in this wilderness just half the number of years that the Israelites did, in their journey to the promised land. I think their history a similar one to my own; perhaps it is the most correct account of my life that I could give; I have been guilty of the same murmurings, the same backslidings. I, like them, have doubted of the love of God, and distrusted his power; yet, oh! wonderous grace! I am still preserved a believing sinner, just as empty in myself as the first moment I believed, yet filled with all the fulness of God, just as weak and helpless as when I first fled to Christ for refuge, yet girded with Almighty strength; just as sinful as when I first cast myself on Christ, yet experiencing that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth

from all sin. How graciously has the Lord my God led and sustained me during my whole life! When I have backslidden from him, how gently has he brought me back; when I have been rebellious, with what loving kindness has he corrected me: so that I have been constrained to acknowledge that his rebukes were indeed love. His mercies are, indeed, more in number than the sands of the sea; each moment is a fresh display of love. Oh! my hard heart, dost thou not begin to melt with this vehement flame? has not love effected what threats and terrors might in vain attempt? Yes, dying love, thou hast prevailed; thou hast won this heart, and henceforth it yields itself to thee a willing sacrifice. I little expected to have so long remained a sojourner in the wilderness; indeed I once thought I was speedily to be removed home; but since, my God, thou hast seen fit to prolong my existence on earth, let me not repine; make me earnestly desire to depart, yet willing to stay thy time: but, above all, let the life thou hast spared be to thy glory. Enable me, in some way or other, to glorify thee; and whether it be by life or death, sickness or health, I only desire, from my heart to say, "thy will be done."—*Nov.* 5, 1819.

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'I could not help fearing a few days ago, when a very dear friend was staying in our house, that I was more desirous of her company than of the company of God. I certainly often neglected my devotions to be with her; this was preferring my friend to God. Alas! when will my heavenly bridegroom have *all* this fickle wandering heart; his by right, his by purchase, his by marriage covenant. Perhaps this indisposition is a chariot sent to convey me nearer to him; then though it is not upon springs, but goes roughly over the stones, let me rejoice to ride in it.'

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'I committed a sin in writing a letter without seeking divine direction. What presumptuous folly!'

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'I was much struck in reading the life of Henry Martyn, with the conduct of a Persian with whom he had often conversed on the great subjects of religion. Martyn had some hopes that he was more attentive to the gospel; but at one of the Mahometan feasts, he spent two or three days, in pleasure and feasting, and on his return to the house in which Mr. Martyn lived, manifested great opposition to the truths of the gospel. Here is a plain proof, that instead of grace and love leading to licentiousness, *that* leads persons to hate the doctrines of the gospel.'

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'I feel much at the thought of that dear missionary, Mr. Ward, being in England without the smallest probability of my seeing him; but I have found, that on small as well as on great occasions, the Lord directs better than I could. A will ploughed up, is the best soil for producing luxuriant crops. With returning health, I feel returning desires for the missionary life; but let me remember that it is written, "commit thy way unto the Lord, and he *shall* direct thy paths." And so long as he will but enable me to live to his glory, I ought not to care whether my life be passed in England, India, or Greenland. But I want to be employed more directly in the work of souls, though this text seems to be a reproof to my wish, "If ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?" I am not my own, since "bought with a price," therefore if I be not faithful to my trust, how can I expect the souls of others for my hire.'

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'How striking those words, "A people laden with iniquity." Yes, such as considered in themselves, were

all the chosen people of God, and the heavy burden was sinking them to everlasting perdition. Unconscious of danger, they marched forward in the path which led to the abodes of the damned, and their horrid load would have borne them in headlong; but there was one who beheld their course; who foresaw their danger; who pitied and loved them:—

> 'He saw, and oh! amazing love,
> He ran to their relief.'

He beheld, and there was no intercessor, but his own arm brought salvation down. Although the "brightness of his Father's glory," and the object which angels worshipped, he took upon himself a mortal form, and tabernacled with the creatures his own hands had made. With those very hands he removed the load from off each individual of the chosen race, and placed it on himself. Then with an irresistible voice he spake and said, "Follow me;" and immediately their steps were turned. He carried the load; he tottered; he fell; he sank under the weight; but "his arm was not shortened." "Mighty to save," he hurled the tremendous burden into the gulph of oblivion, and rising up, exclaimed, "It is finished!" Then he ascended those seats of glory, from whence he had descended on this errand of mercy, and looking with persuasive love on his beloved people, as he departed from their sight, again he said, "Follow me!" Believer, where is now thy sin? where those transgressions that would have overwhelmed thy soul in the unfathomable abyss of perdition? They are gone for ever; removed eternally out of the sight of man, Satan, and God. View the vast gulph into which Jesus cast them; tremble, wonder, adore, and love. Believer, where is now thy Lord? Ascended to the right-hand of the Father, reigning in glory. Contemplate his lofty abode. Seek, strive, long, earnestly desire.'

'I cannot but think that the prayers of the faithful in the land, will do more for her than her parliaments.'

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'Having thoroughly examined my state a few days ago, I found that I was declining in the divine life. I had become cold and formal in prayer, dissipated during reading the Scriptures, light and trifling in my thoughts, and culpably neglectful of evening devotions. These things had crept on unawares; but at length I was, by the mercy of God, made sensible of them. All this has been going on without any outward declension. Alas! how far may we backslide from God, without erring mortals discovering that we have made one slipping step. I was grieved when I found it out, and coolly examined my real state; for I enjoyed not nearness to God. It was not an apprehension of danger which alarmed me, but grief that a distant sort of intercourse was going on between me and my best and dearest Friend. I reflected what was best to do, and resolved on an immediate application to the cross of Jesus, since delay was but adding to my crime. And why should I delay? Am not I privileged to come to him at all times, and in all circumstances, as a sinner? It is to him I must look for pardon and cleansing, and from him receive strength to mourn and to believe, as well as to hold on my way more vigorously. It is he, who must "restore my soul;" without him I can do nothing. The people of God, in former times, used to bring a *perfect* trespass-offering to the Lord, when they had sinned. Let me then bring the Lamb of God, who is without spot or blemish; for thus, and thus only, can I approach the throne of God. By putting this resolution into effect, and flying swift to the cross, I found cleansing and pardon, contrition and self-abasement, and also a revival in my soul, and vigour in my spiritual life. I cannot but think that many are kept weak and low, and go on in a course of backsliding and formality,

because when they discover that all is not right, they wait to come to Jesus, till they have mourned and repented as much as they think sufficient to warrant an application to him; forgetting that "He is exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to *give* repentance and remission of sins;" and that would we really mourn, we must "look at him whom we have pierced, and mourn in bitterness:" the fountain is opened for sin and for uncleanness;" we must then, whether we wait a longer or a shorter space of time, come filthy at last—why not immediately? "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin." If, then, we delay our application for this blood ever so long, at last it must be as sinners, and to be cleansed from sin. Why not apply as soon as we feel we have committed sin? Remember, oh, my soul! all the period of thy sojourning, this experience; and though others may cry danger, do thou witness thou hast found safety.'

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'I consider Christ as a great treasury, "filled with all the fulness of the godhead," and having all riches and treasures. I believe myself privileged to come to this treasury at all times, and take whatsoever I need for my comfort and exigency. But then I must come every moment, that my supplies may be fresh and pure; for if they remain one moment in me they become defiled.'

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'I am often so beset with sins and temptations, that I dare not pray, or lift my eyes to God, unless I were sure there was one before the throne, in my nature, who "is touched with a feeling of my infirmities," *because* he was "in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin." This only enables me to "come boldly to a throne of grace, that I may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need."'

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'How *much more* forcibly the precepts and duties

of the gospel might be urged upon the believer, if the motives of the gospel were used, instead of the motives of the law. Thus, what could be a stronger motive to consistency of conduct than the thought—Jesus is my husband; I am the bride, the Lamb's wife. Were this held up to our view in the pulpit and in books, but above all, were it more in our thoughts, we should reflect ere we took any step, or did any action, is this consistent in the bride of Jesus? Would this please my Husband? or this shew my love and affection to him? If the soul were to accustom itself to such reflections, and urge upon itself such motives, we might expect to see professors "adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things." I cannot but think that much of the worldliness of professors arises from gospel motives not being enough urged and insisted upon in the pulpits.'

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'Yes, this last illness, although it lasted but a few days, has been indeed a messenger from the Lord to my soul. My eyes are now opened, and I find, to my shame, that I have utterly mistaken the great business of religion—to draw us near to God. I have been busying myself with finding out the truths of religion, and detecting errors. I have been endeavouring to gain a knowledge of the Scriptures, and to have an enlarged distinct view of their contents; so that at a moment's need, if talking or thinking on any subject, I could bring forth all or the principal texts, throughout the Bible, which related to it. But where has my heart been all this time? Flitting like a butterfly from one thing to another, and not settled upon God. I have, alas! scarcely any idea of real constant communion with God; I understand not how the hands and body can be employed on earth, and the heart in heaven. But how trifling are all other attainments in Christianity compared to this. "Oh, for a closer walk with God!"'

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'I believe it is idle, foolish, wandering thoughts that keep me from God, and they have been given way to so long, that they seem to consider my heart as their lawful dwelling-place; but, in the name of Jesus, I shall command these unclean spirits to depart; it is surely enough for them to have entire possession of the swine. Oh, tempted, suffering Lord! whom devils confessed to be the Son of God, during thy sojourn on earth,—make these which possess me own thy power, now thou art in glory.'

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'I could not have spared Jesus one trial or temptation, neither a single suffering. For, knowing he was a tried, tempted, suffering Saviour, encourages me to tell him all my sins and temptations, and to go freely to him at all times.'

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'I seem as if I knew nothing, but had every thing to learn, especially on subjects of religion. I perceive a greater depth in the Bible than I once imagined; but the further I try to go down, the deeper does it become. Am I more ignorant than when I first set out? Or have I had greater discoveries of my ignorance, and of the infinite importance of spiritual things? Oh thou promised Teacher, the bequest of a crucified Saviour, behold me, at length made willing by thee, to receive thy blessed instructions. I wish no longer to do my own ways, or think my own thoughts; come and lead me into that rest which I see at a distance, where Christ is all, and where we live in him and to him alone. Lead me into that "land for which I have not toiled," that land "which is the glory of all lands." This is the privilege of a believer, even during his sojourn, and this I pant to enjoy.'

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'If ever there was a person who slighted and disregarded God and his precepts, while he professed to love

him, that person is I. If ever there was a person who sinned against the clearest, most gracious manifestations of divine love, that person is I. If ever there was a person who fell into temptation, though perfectly aware all the time that he was sinning, that person is I. If ever there was a person who gave way to Satan, instead of "resisting unto blood, striving against sin," that person is I. If ever a professed disciple of Christ, carried on a direct communication with hell, that person is I. If ever a real believer, who loved Christ, permitted a continual train of trifles and vanities incessantly to occupy the thoughts of his mind, and make a continual inroad upon his affections—such an one am I. If ever one indeed led by the Spirit could find it hard to discern any claim to the word *spiritual*, such an one am I. But can I suppose myself really to love the Father and the Son? Have I any right to imagine myself indeed a disciple and a believer? Am I under the direction and guidance of the Holy Spirit? Ah! whither would these affections and longing desires carry me? To the world? Can I build a house on a bubble? To Satan? Can I repose in the arms of my deadliest enemy, who is watching every moment to do me a mischief? Would they take me back to the city of Socinianism, whence the mighty delivered me? Oh! can that heap of sharp nails, which pierced the Saviour, afford me *rest?* But will this increasing stream, bear me to myself? Wouldst thou lie down at ease, in a den of lions and bears? Do they tend towards some creature? Will a spider's web support a soul? Will a hollow reed bear up a falling pillar? No, these have been tried, but would not support me. Still, like the dove, my affections find none of these an abiding place. I follow their course—they flow in a straight direction; at length they stop—but where? At the foot of a cross, on which I behold a crucified Man, and mark the stream of blood which flows from his pierced side. And see!

his arms are stretched out towards me; he is still willing to receive me; that heart beats with love to wretched me. Oh! bleeding, dying Lord, I hasten to thee. Yes,—thou art mine, and I am thine.' —*March* 1820.

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'The safest way to walk through this wilderness appears to me to be, to shut both my eyes, and to give both my hands into Christ's hands. This would be the simple walk of faith; this, an entire renunciation of my own wisdom and strength. This would be indeed to make Christ all; in this manner I should be led over pits and snares, and gins and traps, which daily perplex my path. Oh! that I could indeed lead such a life of blessed, entire dependance; but I would be wise,—that is my ruin. I give ample proof that I am descended from parents that disobeyed God, by eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; as surely, as they were for this cast out of Paradise, so it occasions me to live out of the Eden I might even here enjoy. I find it is easier to make Christ my righteousness than my wisdom. If I as completely made him the latter as the former, what a much happier being I should be.'

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'They were the wisest men in the world,—yea, infinitely wiser than all the philosophers of Greece or Rome, and the learned men in the East, who were worshipping at the feet of the *babe* of Bethlehem.'

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'My regrets attend every-thing that I have done, and many things which I have not done. Therefore, there is no one thing that I have ever done, that I wish to remain; but I rejoice to think that it is *all* blotted out.'

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'This day, for ever kept as a sacred day in my heart, is an anniversary of that blessed day when I publicly gave myself to God, "a living sacrifice." Of all the days in my sinful life, I look back to this solemn joyful one,

with the least regret; nor have I ever seen reason for one moment to repent either the act, or the choice which I then declared myself to have made. I desire daily and afresh to renew the vow which I then made; but, alas! how does my heart reproach me, that my life has not more borne the impress of this public dedication. His long suffering and tender mercies have not failed for one moment; but what moment can I fix upon, in which I have been duly sensible of them? In this period of four years, how often have my conduct, words, and thoughts given the lie to my declarations? How often have they said, plainer than words,—"We will not have this man to reign over us?" Yet still I feel it would be more perverse rebellion to doubt his love, so often displayed, than, sinful as I am, to cast myself upon him, believing him to be my *own* God. Make me, Lord, from this time, more impressed with the knowledge that I am thine; and let each act echo this conviction.'—*May* 30, 1820.

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'I am now learning a *hard*, *hard* lesson, and the flesh shrinks from it. Stripped of every other plea, I have fled to Christ for refuge; and now I am learning to find, that *real* pleasure is found in him alone. Disappointment attends all expected pleasure from other sources; friends, books, nay, even devotions themselves address the same words to my soul,—"Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest; it is polluted." What effect has this had upon my mind? Alas! it has but made me sullen, mournful, and sad; it cannot then have had its right effect, to lead me to God. The nailed hand of Jesus points to the cross, and says,—"This is the rest, and this is the refreshing." There is no place in all this world, where I can lie down; no resting-place for me, but Christ's bosom in heaven. But why do I expect to find it otherwise? I am a sojourner, and shall I not realize the appellation? I like the society of the really excellent,—I enjoy it; but God has marked

out for me a different path; and why do I murmur at walking in it? Oh! my God, plough up this stubborn will, though the process may be painful; I lay it at thy feet of love, and entreat thee to trample upon it. I am willing to learn thy lessons, but then hitherto I have wanted to learn them in my *own* way; but henceforth make me willing to learn them in *thine*. Oh! thou great High Priest, who art touched with a feeling of our infirmities, remember, I beseech thee, the hour in which thou saidst, "Not my will, but thine be done;" think upon that hour, and support and comfort me. Gracious Lord! when my spirit runs to thee and worships thee, the flesh too often says, "Art thou come to torment me?" Oh! answer and say,—'Yes,'—and apply thy scourges of love, and make me love them.'

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'I think I can bear to be disappointed in every earthly thing but one. I do not think I could endure to see my two dear little sisters grow up to deny my Lord. Blessed Jesus, who took the little children in thine arms, and blessed them, I lay these little ones, most dear to my soul, at thy feet. Oh! look upon them, take them up in thine arms, and bless them. I ask not for the life of their bodies, but that their souls may live.'

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'In one of my nightly meditations, the waters of the deluge presented themselves to my view in a new light; they appeared typical of the efficacy of the blood of Jesus. As the waters of the deluge covered the whole earth, so that no part was left, so the blood of Christ covers the sin of the whole elect world. The eye of God, in looking on the surface of the world, saw nothing but water. The eye of God, in looking upon the church, sees nothing but the blood of Jesus. Yes, even those mountains of unbelief and hills of pride, which *rise up toward heaven*, are covered. By this

blood, those who are shut up in Christ mount up to heaven. When once the waters had covered the whole earth, no part could be left; but even after that, rain came down from heaven. The blood of Christ, shed upon the cross, has fully expiated and covered *all* our sins; but the fresh applications which are made of it to our hearts, deepen our sense of the wondrous love of a dying Jesus. In one respect the allusion fails, the waters but *covered* the earth; but the blood of Christ has *washed away* our sins, so that they are no more to be found.'

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'It is very remarkable, that in the 40th of Isaiah, where the incarnation of Christ is described, the atonement by which he has effected a full redemption, and procured a free pardon, is set forth, and his mighty power, though in the appearance of a man, shewn by his being able to guide, sustain, and direct his whole church; yet none of this is proved by reason or evidence. All the ground on which we are to believe it,—all the reason upon which we are to receive it, is given in these words,—"For the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it;" that word, which, though all things shall fail, endureth for ever. Here is the ground on which the church may rest her safety. The apostle Peter says,—"Born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." If, then, this incorruptible seed be in us; if all our hopes are placed on this unfailing word, can we decay? can we finally fall?

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The individual whose death occasioned the following paper to be written, was an aged and devoted servant of Christ, who exemplified in a manner rarely seen, the meaning of those words,—"To me to live is Christ;" for "the life she lived in the flesh, she lived *entirely* by the faith of the Son of God." She exchanged that faith for sight, *August* 13, 1820.

'This day have I beheld all that remains of a dear, much loved, and venerated friend. Her countenance, heavenly even in death, I have now seen for the last time on earth. Those lips that so sweetly counselled and animated me were cold; but can I say they were speechless? No,—they spake with more than mortal words what I have so frequently heard them utter,—"Jesus is my life." Oh! when I think that she is gone, my heart is overwhelmed within me. I would fain *rejoice* when I think of her happiness, but I struggle for resignation. The only earthly friend with whom I could freely converse on the concerns of my soul; the only human being whose society occasioned me no disappointment; the only lover of the Lord Jesus Christ whose heart I found always so impressed with his love, that under all circumstances, in all situations, it was as a well-tuned instrument, ready with a song to his praise.

'I have never known her worth, till it is now too late to shew my sense of it. I never felt how much I loved her, till it is now out my power to tell her so. Yet I cannot find any distinct cause or time, which may afford me matter of reproach at this moment; and there was something about her, which led me to shew my affection for her. Oh! in that last precious week, in which I was honoured with her society, how freely did we converse of Jesus! How my soul met hers! How did I open my heart to her, in a way which I, a little time before, thought it impossible to do to any human being. Yes, she then appeared mid-way between earth and heaven. Oh! it was too precious, too sweet an interview to continue! The message is again brought to me,—"Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest." Gracious Lord! I obey thy voice,—I know it, and am ready to follow it: thou art leading me, and I follow; and, blessed be thy loving-kindness, thou art conducting me to thyself. Whenever my affections go

strongly forth to the creature, that creature the Lord removes from me. A void is now left in my heart!—blessed Jesus! come and fill it with thyself. I had not courage to make such exchanges, but thou tenderly takest upon thyself the whole conduct of the affair. Oh! bruise, break, trample, upon this evil, backsliding heart, but never let it depart from thee.'

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'Yesterday, on the Sabbath morning, in the retirement of my own room, I indeed enjoyed nearness of access to God. I felt my soul go forth towards him; thought seemed an interruption to that fixed contemplation I would for ever have enjoyed. I longed to keep hold of the view I then had, as we grasp a beautiful picture and gaze upon it. It was not friends I longed for; it was not ordinances; it was not even the Bible, or a better understanding of it, that I wanted; it was Jesus himself, and him alone. I felt that nothing but the *very* Christ would satisfy my soul; I could but supplicate that he would come, not through ordinances and means of grace, but in, by, and through himself to my soul. But, alas! a thought came into my head,—is not this some attainment? and in a moment all was gone, and I was left to feel myself a crawling worm, without power or ability to soar beyond the earth. This was a humbling lesson, the more striking from the bliss I had before enjoyed. I felt and owned the justice of it, and could not but desire that I might learn, however painful the methods employed to teach me, that I am nothing—Christ is all.'

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'I begin not only to acquiesce in that painful bereavement, which has removed from my sight a friend, never dearer to my heart than at the present moment, but to rejoice that Christ has taken away a beloved piece of mortal flesh, to enable me to enjoy more of his eternal Spirit. And though there are times when

the bitter loss weighs down my soul, still, smiling through my tears, I not only say, 'It is well,' but 'It is love.'

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'Last Sabbath I had a woful experience that it is not the most propitious times, the most solemn seasons, or the most favourable occasions, that can afford pleasure and profit to the longing soul. Even my blessed early hours were, on that lamented day, trifled away. During the whole service in the evening, and even during the administration of the sacred ordinance appointed by a dying Saviour, my soul was careless and stupid. Oh! it is not prayer, it is not ordinances, it is not reading the scriptures, that can satisfy my eager, hungering, thirsting soul. It is Jesus, and him *alone*, that I desire. If I meet not him, if I find not him, my object, my end, in the means; those means are but vanity and emptiness: but if a breath, a grain, or a particle of dust brings him near, then it is blest. Oh! may I learn from that trifled Sabbath, my own nothingness and utter insufficiency to think a good thought, much less to do a good thing, and from this time seek more earnestly the influences of that blessed Spirit, whose office it is to testify of Jesus, and to take of his things, and to shew them unto us. I cannot but think that I lose much by not attending more to this; may I never forget the feelings with which that day was closed.'

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'——— Is the way to overcome sin to sit down and weep over it; to mourn and groan, and walk to the borders of despair, if not into the gulph? No; tears are feeble and contaminated. Can a victory be obtained by doubts and fears? No; doubts and fears are sinful, because they pluck Jesus from his throne, and put him on the level of frail, fallible man. Our promise is, "Sin shall not have *dominion* over you." How then is the scriptural way to obtain a fulfilment of this scriptural

promise? What first gave me a right idea of sin? What first made me hate it?—The cross! the cross! the cross! What drew me near to a holy, omniscient, omnipotent God, so that I could contemplate him in all his perfections and glorious attributes, and say, this God is love? The cross! Then will not the same means be effectual in *restoring* my soul? Will not that which was the first means of giving me a real hatred to sin, still operate as I look upon him whom I have pierced, and mourn? Yes; I come as at first I came, when a naked, helpless, perishing sinner; I fled into the cleft of the rock for a refuge, and an abiding place. There I would still abide. From thence would I fetch motives, weapons, and armour; and from that sacred place would I wage war with Satan, sin, and myself. Dost thou, oh! feeble, fainting soul, complain of distance from God? We have access unto the holiest by the blood of Jesus. Draw near to him, and in, by, and through him, thou shalt approach to the throne of the Most High. Are thy prayers cold, languid, and dead? It is because Jesus, the great high-priest, has been forgotten; it is because the application of gospel truths to thy heart, by his Spirit, has been neglected. Oh! Spirit, testify of Jesus to my soul, and all will be obtained.'

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'I feel such ignorance, that I seem as if I had every thing to learn; but I desire even this to be more forcibly impressed on my mind, that I have need to learn. I desire a clearer perception of the truths I have received; a revelation of those of which I am ignorant; a renunciation of whatever has falsely assumed the title of truth. If I do not deceive myself, I am willing to renounce whatever is error, however long and fondly cherished; and to receive whatever is truth, however abhorrent to my mind. But I fear that I do not pay the attention I ought to the Scriptures; often thoughts

of other things occupy my mind while reading them. Oh! that it were possible to drink of Lethe's stream, as to all former sentiments, and with a single eye and heart, looking up to the Spirit for guidance, "search the scriptures, *because* they are they which testify of Jesus."'

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'It is useful to meet with brethren and sisters who differ from us, because it stirs us up to examine and search the scriptures, and prevents us from becoming sleepy and careless.'

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'Why should I complain because I do not find in this world a rest, which the scriptures of truth assure me is not to be found there. If every circumstance and providence is teaching me that I am journeying through a wilderness, shall I murmur? No; let me rather rejoice that practical comments on scripture are to be *felt*, as well as written ones to be read; and shall the former be neglected while the latter are regarded? Oh! while I read on all things, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted," may I have strength to obey the message, and "follow the Lamb withersoever he goeth."'

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'I am convinced that I lose much intercourse with Jesus, and many views of his glorious perfections and love, by not sufficiently remembering that some of his last recorded conversations with his disciples, contained these words concerning the Spirit: "He shall testify of me; he shall take of the things of mine, and shew them unto you." Through Jesus we may "have access by one Spirit unto the Father." May I henceforth, when I look at the cross, seek not for my own application of it to the heart and conscience, but beseech that gracious Spirit to lift up this standard, that my affections may flow unto it, and my heart, desires, and thoughts, all concentrate there.

'Being the other day under some anxiety concerning a dear friend, as I was turning over the leaves of my Bible, my eye caught this text, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself." The application to her case was immediate, and my mind felt greatly relieved; but when, in the course of the day, I heard some gracious particulars concerning her, I did indeed see that it was he himself. Surely, if our ears were not deafened by unbelief, and our eyes not closed by human reason and outward appearances, every dispensation would speak this language to the believer, "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself." May I never forget this.—*March*, 1821.'

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'I have this day been effectually convinced that our enjoyment and edification from means, arise not from the preacher. or the sermon; neither from a wish to be benefited, nor from an almost confident assurance that we shall be: these are all in vain, unless a divine Preacher is there to apply the truths to the heart. Gracious Spirit! be it that outward ordinances fail; be it that every spring of comfort and edification is dried up; only do thou apply thy own recorded truths to my soul; only do thou ascend the pulpit of my heart, and there erect the standard of the cross, and I will sing in the wilderness; yea, I will make a joyful noise unto the Rock of my salvation.'

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'I find many difficulties removed by considering God as a being "who calleth things that are not, as though they were;" for "a thousand years in his sight are as one day, and one day as a thousand years." Hence we read that believers are "chosen in Christ, before the foundation of the world;"—"who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in *due time*," called in other places the "fulness of time." Thus, when I read that God "loved us with an everlasting love," and find this

love of God always spoken of, as in Christ (see Romans viii. 39), I can understand why we were the objects of the Father's rich mercy and love, even when 'dead in trespasses and sins,' without considering God to be a changeable being, or supposing his love to be unconnected with the death of Christ.'

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'Oh! that more of the love, which influenced the Lord Jesus to die for sinners, reigned in my heart, and directed my voice and actions. Three souls, from a distant county, have just left our house, and how shamefully have I neglected to proclaim to these careless, wandering sinners, the glad tidings of a free salvation. Glory be to the Lord! that to two of them I was not altogether silent; and let me take shame to myself, that I neglected some opportunities, and did not seek others. When I consider the precious nature of a soul, and the love of Jesus to sinners, I wonder at my base stupidity and remissness, in not speaking to believers and unbelievers, of his dying love. How often have I found that a negative belongs to that expressive text, "He that watereth others *shall* be watered himself." I often feel that it is of no consequence what persons think of me; that my only business is to declare God's message, and to leave him to apply it as he pleases; and not only so, but the preciousness of souls painfully oppresses my mind; yet, when under the immediate influence of all these combined oppressions, I frequently find that on attempting to speak, the words stop in my throat, and I seem restrained from uttering them. From what cause does this arise? Alas! my self-ignorance prevents a definite answer. Is it from the fear of man? "Who art thou that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man, which shall be made as grass: And forgettest the Lord, thy maker?" Is it from weakness or inability? "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength,"—"his strength

shall be made perfect in weakness." Is it from a fear of consequences? "The very hairs of our head are all numbered;"—"Duty is ours, events are God's." Is it from a carelessness with regard to the spiritual interests of my own soul? Is it that I have but faint apprehensions of the wondrous scene that was manifested on Calvary, and but too seldom visit that sacred spot? Or is it to be ascribed to the predominant influence of Satan? Or again, do I desire to endeavour to win souls from pride and vain glory, from an uneasy, restless, tormenting conscience, rather than from love to Christ and precious souls? Therefore, in justice, I am left to feel my own weakness and insufficiency in the most painful and heart-rending manner; perhaps it is not merely one or two of these reasons in operative combination, but a fatal union of all I have mentioned, and more besides, which my self-ignorance withholds from my sight, which is the cause of my silence. Oh! if it is said concerning those who are not ready to *deprive* themselves in some measure of their possessions for others; "if any man have this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" what must be judged of those who keep back from communicating what would not only be without loss to themselves, but positive gain? Then how imperfectly dwelleth the love of God in me; to this I must, as usual, trace all my deficiencies. Were I to think upon, and delight in the love of God, in sending his Son; were my thoughts more in the garden of Gethsamene, and at Calvary, and my affections, desires, and my all, more frequently at the cross, and by that ladder to ascend to heaven, what an infinite value I should have for souls.'

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'If there could have been contention among the angels, it would have been, who should announce those

glad tidings of great joy to which we so carelessly assent, and which we are so unwilling to leave our pleasures, our cares, and our studies, to make known to a guilty world.'

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Frequently prevented, from the delicate state of her health, from attending the public means of grace, which were at some distance from her, Anne used occasionally, at such times, to retire to a Quaker's meeting-house. In the silence of their worship, she often felt the presence of that Minister, whose visits can alone make any means of value to the soul, and who sometimes speaks most powerfully to the heart,

In secret silence of the mind.

She thus writes, on April 15, 1821 :—

'At a silent meeting, this morning, my mind was occupied in considering the work of the Spirit. The text which first led me to consider this subject, was the one I had fixed upon for my text for this day, Luke xi. 13. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." I was graciously enabled to collect in my mind almost all, or at least the principal, texts which relate to this subject. I found that I had not properly considered the infinite importance of the aid of the blessed Spirit. I have lived too much in a state of sinful independence. I have sought to enter by the door, and to open it, but I have too often forgot the "porter." (John x. 3.) I desired to know and become acquainted with gospel truth, but I have too much attempted to discover it, by study and examination, and but slightly regarded the words of Jesus, "The Spirit of truth shall guide you into all truth." (See also 1 Cor. ii. 9—16.) I have desired to become acquainted

with the meaning of the Scriptures, and to have more spiritual knowledge of them, as being they which testify of Jesus; yet I have not sufficiently considered of whom the Saviour spake, when he said, "He shall testify of me," John xvi. 14. I have wished for a more extended knowledge of myself, of the finished work of Jesus, both as a Saviour and a Conqueror; though, alas! I looked not to the convincer of sin, of the everlasting righteousness and finished work being made sure by the resurrection and ascension of *Christ Jesus our Lord*, of the conquest of *Jesus* upon the cross over Satan, and the judgment of God against sin, and his hatred to it, most strikingly experienced in the great transaction of Calvary. Most earnestly did I wish to have a clear understanding of the surety, both in his work and person; but though the words have been often in my mouth, they were but faintly impressed on my heart, that "no man can call Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." I have often lamented my worldliness and uselessness, whilst the high motive for separation and activity was scarcely dwelt upon. "Flee fornication: every sin that a man doeth is without the body, but he that committeth fornication sinneth against his own body. What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own." When harassed by the temptations of Satan, received into my evil heart by overwhelming torrents of vain thoughts, why did I not call to mind Isa. lix. 19? "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." Never did these truths appear in such a strong light to me as this morning, in the solemn silence of a Quaker's meeting. Oh! that I could, from this period live a new life, a life of sweet, humble dependance. May this day's reflections be not the reflections and thoughts of a day, but the foundation of a life of actions and of intercourse with God. I quite dread

the passing away of these reflections; for, self-ignorant as I am, I know enough to fear lest this night should be their burial place, and to-morrow morning's light bring with it a train of idle vanities. But, Oh! thou glorious Spirit! whose offices I have hitherto slighted, vainly puffed up with self-conceit and a too-confident reliance on my own powers, "when the enemy shall come in like a flood, do thou lift up the standard (of the cross) against him." "Testify of Jesus," "glorify him" to my inmost soul, "convince of sin, righteousness, and judgment." "Lead me into all truth by those scriptures which testify of him," and enable me, in thought, word, and action, to "call Jesus, Lord." Oh! impress deeply on my mind, that thy temple should be "a house of prayer, and not a den of thieves." Amen.'

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'Although I have much to lament this day, I would not change its reflections for worlds of books and sermons. Yet how strongly was my depravity marked, that I should for a time, even after all my serious thoughts, be uncomfortable, because I was prevented from going to hear a preacher. Alas! how self-will and pride cloud my brightest days. When shall I take all disappointments, great and small, as useful discipline, and learn to be thankful for them, since they all speak the same language, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted."'

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'It is the office and work of the Spirit, to glorify Jesus. It is the object and work of Satan, and other enemies, to debase our glorious Lord. Hence Satan tempts our evil hearts to unbelief, and to injurious thoughts of the Saviour. Christ said of the Spirit, "He shall glorify *me*"—"He shall testify of *me*"—He shall not speak of himself. The Spirit leads us not to dwell upon ourselves, nor upon his revelations of Jesus to our souls, nor upon the clearness of our knowledge, the

extent of our love, faith, &c. This is the work of Satan and pride, in order to turn even the honey of the gospel into gall and wormwood. The simple object of the Spirit's testimony is Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. Whatever, then, tends to self-exaltation and pride, to thoughts which puff up to unbelief, or to whatsoever is contrary to a simple faith in a crucified Saviour is not of the Spirit. The one grand office, then, of the ministers who are under the guidance of this Spirit, and of all those who are under his direction, should be to glorify Jesus in thought, word, and deed.'

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'Little did I know, till lately, of the innate pride and depravity of my evil heart. I have seen such things as would a short time ago have driven me to utter despair. Feelings of ill-will I discerned, lurking in the inmost recesses of my heart, towards one who certainly deserved other thoughts from me. Long did they remain indulged in, yet I was almost unconscious of their existence, and quite thoughtless of the sin, till circumstances brought it to light. Yes, all went on as usual; but, oh! the agonies of the moment when the sin came in full array before me. At first, doubts came into my mind, whether I was not altogether a hypocrite, supposing none of the adopted ones would have been permitted to remain in such an unchristian temper. My pride arose from thinking that I was in a state of such gross self-ignorance. I was indeed "tormented in a burning flame." But this question required some method to be adopted—What shall I do with this sin? If you love it—keep it; if you hate it—carry it to the "fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." Not an instant's deliberation was necessary; I was enabled to believe that it was lost there, and thus proved that I hated it and loathed it, and felt its overwhelming weight more than if I had sighed, and groaned, and doubted, and despaired, all the rest of my

life. If I would indeed "look upon him whom I have pierced, and mourn," I must look at him, "*bearing* my sins in his own body on the tree"—not *ready* to bear them. Whilst, then, I look at the sin, I must look at it in its utmost malignity; that is, paradoxical as it may seem,—I must "behold the Lamb of God, which *taketh away* the sin of the world."—*May*, 1821.'

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'What much stronger hold, friends whom we pronounce dead have upon our affections, than living friends. What a life the former have in our hearts, compared with the latter, as though, being bodily removed, they were spiritually nearer, and our communication with them was more of a spiritual nature, from their being delivered from a body of sin and death. Concerning two dear glorified friends, but more especially him who led me to that Jesus, whom he now sees face to face, I can say,

> Oh, what are thousand living loves
> To one that cannot leave the dead.

How should these feelings operate, with regard to one who "was dead, and is alive for evermore."'

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'What frequent dissatisfaction have I lately felt with every person, and every thing, but most of all with myself! Nothing but Jesus can satisfy my soul! But, alas! I seem lately not to have enjoyed much intercourse with him. It is not like Baal, that "he is gone a journey," for he is "Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" but I have strayed from his side—blessed be his loving-kindness—not from his heart. Oh! if it were possible for any person, whom he had once grasped for eternity, to break from that omnipotent hold, I should, long since, have become the prey of Satan, "who walketh about seeking whom he MAY devour." Blessed restriction, of him "who holdeth our

souls in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved." "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." I cannot bear the slightest suspension of that intercourse, which it is my privilege to enjoy. Lord Jesus, bind me to thee with those "cords of love," which are "the bands of a man." Let me not thus perpetually leave thee, who never for one moment, through thy eternal existence, hast regarded me with aught but unvaried love.

Be thou, my heart, still near thy God,
And thou, my God, still near my heart.

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Whence is it that I am always longing after a constant communion with God, and yet can never obtain it? "The Spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." How many hindrances are occasioned by every thing to this object; my duties especially draw me aside from God. Is it not possible that while our hands are engaged in the things of this life, our hearts and thoughts may be with Jesus? Yes, I believe it can be the case in a great degree, in a degree far beyond what I have ever known. But I seem to make no approach towards such a state; evil thoughts abound, and have been too much indulged, though not delighted in, by my conscience or spiritual inclinations. At such times, I too seldom resort to the only means of checking them—prayer and supplication. Oh, that I possessed a spirit of prayer, a disposition to make immediate application to God in all my difficulties, and under every circumstance. Oh, ascended Saviour! give me the gift of thy ascension; *pour* on me "the Spirit of grace and supplications;" enable me to begin this moment to live a life in every respect different to that which I have yet lived.'

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'What a lamentable state of spiritual indifference possesses my soul! I feel that it yet remains unconquered. I think upon the death of Jesus on the cross,

yet even the thought that it was for me, hardly affects me. A little while ago, I felt such bodily drowsiness and indescribable weariness, that each day, and all the day I had a kind of combat with myself, against myself, that I might not yield to it, or manifest by lazy actions, that such feelings existed. I had the greatest difficulty to remain awake, whilst reading the scriptures and at prayer. I succeeded in keeping these circumstances from every eye but his, who, I feel rejoiced to know, at all times beholds the secrets of my heart. Happily I found an easy remedy for this bodily stupidity at prayer, and by walking up and down a quiet room, which early morning hours enabled me to do undisturbed; my body and mind were both kept awake and active. I dreaded lest this drowsiness should reach my soul; the thought several times came across me, rather as the possible than the probable; and now I realize it. Is it to convince me that even the sacred truths of the gospel are but as a dead letter, unless applied by the Spirit to the heart? Of this I have thought much lately, but perhaps I needed to be practically and experimentally convinced of it. Let me rather, if necessary, learn it in this way, than not at all. But, oh, thou revealer of truth! thou testifier of Jesus! apply his blood to my heart; not cold and lifeless, but warm and vigorous as it flowed from the cross. When thy good pleasure is answered upon me, then hear my feeble cry, and descend in refreshing dews upon me. It is not an absent God, as it is called, for whom I mourn; I believe this to be a blessed impossibility for any child of God; but I lament the languor of my spiritual feelings, and desire to feel a more lively concern in the things that make for peace. I cannot, from duties, and the bustle of the large family, of which I am a member, consider and meditate as I wish upon this languid frame of mind, and beseech a revival. I have therefore resolved to devote this night to the purpose of seeking

God, and seeking of him a plenteous supply of that quickening spirit I need so greatly. May it be a solemn, reviving, and quickening season—may I have access by the new and living way to the Father.'

Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

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Oh! this vile, vile body of clay, weakness, and corruption! Instead of passing the night as I designed, sleepiness came upon me in an overpowering degree, at an earlier hour than usual, and instead of giving more time to serious duties, I was unable to read as I usually do, and could scarcely pray. Is all this designed to bring down my innate, towering pride, and to convince me that I am a poor crawling worm, whose dwelling is under the earth. Then, welcome trial, welcome conflict and distraction, welcome any thing but that nursling of pride, though mistaken for humility—unbelief.'

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'Still, still, I must lament a want of feeling of those truths which I believe. Even at the administration of the Lord's Supper, when Christ crucified was set before me, and I acknowledged from my heart that he died, was wounded, and agonized for me, how cold and lifeless was my assent. You who mourn what you consider an absent, hidden God, how little can you enter into my feelings. I know, and can almost see, that a *reconciled* Father smiles upon his forgiven child; but those gracious smiles have no effect upon my hard heart. Ah! while I write the still precious truth, my tears flow, and for a moment something of sorrowful delight crossed my soul; but it was not received with that grasp of feeling with which in better times I was wont to retain it. You who dare not believe that that precious blood flowed for you, as the chief of sinners,

cannot understand the acuteness of my pangs, who, standing at the cross, and seeing the crucified Lamb, can testify that he "was wounded for my transgressions, and bruised for my iniquities;" yet gaze upon the sacred scene with stupid carelessness. "My God, my God," why have I forsaken thee, why am I so far from hearing thee, and from the voice of thy roaring? I am even more stupid than the disciples in the garden of Gethsamene; they slept, but I look, and remain unmoved. Am I experiencing the negative of that declaration, "He that watereth others *shall* be watered himself?" It is, indeed, vain to look at the truths of the gospel with our own eyes, or to attempt to open the door ourselves: the feeble sheep cannot do this. Am I suffering from having too long neglected the "porter," who can alone open the door, so that I may go in and out, and find pasture? Awful thought! am I on the verge of a spiritual declension? Oh! rather than this, let me be roused by the most acute pains that were ever yet experienced by mortal man. Gracious Saviour! suffer me not to turn back to those paths from which thou hast so graciously rescued me; but in thy compassionate love, remove me from this wilderness to thy throne, and let me soon see the answer to this prayer in some way or other; either by a bed of sickness, or a bed of death; or in any other way which thou mayest see best; but let me not continue in this living death.'—*Sept.* 4, 1821.

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'At length my wishes have been accomplished. A few nights ago, I took the opportunity which the silence of the night-season affords, for other purposes than sleep. I read a sermon on the coming of the day of God, during the grand and beautiful tempest on the night of the 6th. I trust that it was blessed to my soul, and that the solemnities of the occasion have produced an impression, not easily to be effaced. Still must I

complain that I do not enjoy that constant intercourse with God, after which I aspire. I am thankful to say, I am now in some measure roused to a feeling of dissatisfaction on this, as well as on other accounts. Oh! that I may be led more to see the utter impossibility of thinking or knowing aright without the aid of the blessed Spirit.'—*Sept.* 10.

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'I am thoroughly discontented and wearied with myself, and every thing else in this world. Oh! waves swallow me up, or convey me to a distant shore. Again, as usual, under the influence of weariness or disgust, I begin to be discontented with my circumstances and employments; or rather, not so much discontented with them, as foolishly imagining I might be more useful and devoted in those of a different nature. I do so long to change hypocrisy and profession, for idol temples, and open hostility, in such a form as to arouse all my powers to oppose it. Foolish blind mortal! Who art thou?

'A helpless, solitary worm,
That crawls complaining on the earth.

Oh! live to God in the situation in which he hath placed thee, and dream not of being made devoted to him in circumstances of trial and opposition, which thy ambition and disgust would lead thee to combat, and carry thee into, rather than love to Christ and immortal souls.'

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'Prayer is another name for communion, and its chief branch; persevere in one, and thou shalt enjoy the other. Oh! that I could begin this moment, and live a life totally different from that which I have yet lived. I mean, not a state of sinless perfection,—"I have seen an end of all perfection,"—this is unscriptural to expect; but it is scriptural to expect to live a life of intercourse with Jesus Christ,—"to have fel-

lowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." It is scriptural to walk with God, while we walk in this world. It is scriptural that the heart should be in heaven, while the feet are on earth. I can write these things from reading and observation, but not from experience. I have never realized such a life. Ah! happy Mary! to sit at those blessed feet and weep. Did she weep over those unwounded feet, and cannot I weep over those pierced feet, transfixed with nails for *me?* Arise, sluggish soul, and prostrate thyself at the cross! Look not at communion as a distant object; say not, "who shall ascend up to heaven to bring it down from above, it is nigh thee in thy heart, and in thy mouth,—the word of faith." Heaven is not a distant region: see the cross,—the ladder is easy of ascent. Gracious Spirit! guide my wandering feet to climb the sacred elevation; I see it is in vain to attempt what is apparently within my reach, without the assistance of the "guide," whom my Lord and Master has appointed. Here, then, lifeless, powerless as I am; nay, more, obstinately heavy, I put myself under the action of this lever.

> Thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
> On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.

It is the spirit of grace and supplication which I need. If I sought by prayer, a strength greater than my own, that strength, even in the very moment of temptation, would be afforded, and I should be "more than conqueror." His hands are filled with blessings for me, and I ask not for them.'

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'While such predominant pride possesses me, it is no wonder I am not made useful. I see others useful and beneficial to souls, but a Cassandrian fate seems to be mine. This verse will explain all,—"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble."'

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'Such torrents of abominable evil thoughts have for some days, at different times, inundated my mind, that I almost dread to have space of time for the free exercise of thought. These pestilential floods have, alas! beset me when I most wanted to attend to serious pursuits; for instance, while on my knees with the intention of praying, or when I had taken the Bible to read. I never remember to have found this the case so frequently as in the last few days. I wish I could say, that it was without the concurrence of my will, but indulged thought, can hardly be said to be without the will having any concern in the matter. My self-knowledge is too small to enable me to ascertain what share the will has in my sins; if it has no share, or but little, I must be very weak; if any, or a large share, I must be very wicked; I believe I am both. "Oh! God, I am oppressed; undertake for me." I am entirely weak and depraved; but if even in the moment of temptation I was to apply to him who is the strength and shield of his people; the adversary whom he vanquished himself, when capable of being assaulted by temptation; he would again overcome for me, now he is out of the reach of his attacks. Here I find myself brought to the usual source of all my troubles and sins;—a low intercourse with God; a distant and very restricted communion with him unto whom I may have free access at all times. "I am not straitened in him, but in my own bowels." Oh! that I could begin this moment, and live a life of near, holy communion with the blessed *Jehovah*; a God suited to all my needs, and necessities, and sins. How shall I begin this? "That which I see not, teach *thou* me." Teach me what to say to him, for "I cannot order my speech by reason of darkness."'

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I have frequently thought of a sermon which I heard a little while ago, from this text,—"Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not." I regarded not the

person, the manner, nay, not even the subject; I felt it as a message from God, and received it as such, displaying to me a point in my character, which I had not before discovered in myself,—self-seeking. Yes, it is too true, I have been "seeking great things for myself, against the express command of God,—"Seek them not." Why these ever-burning Missionary desires? Why is the thought of leaving my country, (comparatively speaking,) scarcely painful? Why am I so often wishing to be useful, and yet neglecting the means and opportunities of usefulness which God puts in my power? Ah! I have been "seeking great things for myself." Oh! may I be divinely taught to "seek them not."

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Oh! that my gracious Lord would send me a praying friend; one whose fixed devotion might rouse my languid desires, and kindle a sacred flame which should ascend heavenward. One in judgment, and real interest for me, like one whom I have lost: in lofty devotion, and seraphic ardour, like another also ascended: in warm and ardent affection, like one whom I trust I still possess at a distance. Yet different from all in this one particular—of being especially a *praying* friend.

'And dost thou, ungrateful worm, forget that thou dost actually at this moment possess one, in whom are united all these wished-for qualities? Did not the manger of Bethlehem and the garden of Gethsamene, witness a real interest for thee? Was not a lofty devotion manifested in those divine words,—"Not my will, but thine be done?" Did not that heart display its warm affections, when pierced with a sword, it sent forth a stream of precious cleansing blood? Yes,—

> 'All human beauties,—all divine,
> In my beloved meet and shine.

And "He ever *liveth*, *making intercession* for me."'

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Am I a hypocrite or not? Have I any scriptural proof that I am not a self-deceiver? How seldom is God in my thoughts: how many hours I pass without even directing a thought towards him. What an ensnaring world, are my duties and occupations. What tempers, at times, reign in my heart; what evil thoughts occupy every pore of my soul, and fill up every avenue of my mind, even at the most solemn seasons!' —*Feb.* 1822.

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'Yes, I see safety and happiness are two distinct things. With my heart's blood and tears, I can say yea, to this. "We are *always* safe by *believing* in Jesus, *always* happy, by living upon him." How easy to unite the two; yet the whole bent of my mind, the whole current of my affections, too plainly prove that this union is not perfected in me. A want of happiness may be always traced to this source,—not living the life we live in the flesh, by the faith of the Son of God; not drawing "out of his fulness, grace for grace." He contains an infinite sufficiency, not for me alone, but for all who are willing to make use of it. I cannot say, "I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep;" but must confess I am so stupidly wicked, as not to let down my empty bucket for an abundant supply of living water. When shall I understand the full meaning of a spiritual, lively, constant communion with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, through the Spirit; for through Christ "we have access by one Spirit unto the Father."'

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'It is useful sometimes to inquire, what lesson my Divine Master is especially teaching by his word, and his providences, which have a nearer connection than some seem to imagine. Is it not this, which he has so long been teaching, but I am so slow in learning; that I am but a sojourner, and therefore my rest cannot be *in this wil*derness of briars and thorns? He has lately

been teaching me this by illness, by interruptions in devotion, by peculiar weariness and loneliness of mind, which at times partially melancholizes me. But is not the temple of God opened in heaven? And may there not be seen in his temple the ark of his testament? "Return unto thy rest, oh my soul."'

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'I never understood the beauty and force of those precious words of our agonizing Saviour, in the garden of Gethsemane—"Watch and pray that *ye enter* not into temptation"—till I heard a sermon, a short time ago, preached from these words, by ———. I have since often thought upon the solemn import of the words with pleasurable awe. Oh, from how much should I be saved if I never forgot them. Let me especially supplicate for a spirit of watchfulness and prayer against *entering* into temptation.'

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'No: I will give no quarter. These empty, idle, vain, trifling, insignificant thoughts shall henceforth be an especial object of my warfare. Having been led to consider this subject in a profitable way lately, I have, I trust, at length discovered the surest remedy against both vain and evil thoughts. I find it in this reflection — Jesus was nailed to the cross, suffered, and died for these very thoughts. May this be deeper, and deeper impressed upon my mind; and let it rather be burned in with a red hot iron than forgotten. I shall ever feel thankful that I was led to view this subject in somewhat more of a just light, and bless the means which were made instrumental in opening my eyes, to behold the enormous wickedness of vain thoughts. Yet, alas! they have been so long suffered to remain undisturbed, and unmolested, nay, even unperceived and disregarded, (as if they were but the ashes which fell from the fire, instead of the dust which puts it out), that my difficulty is to know *when they* are still further laying waste

this wilderness. Do I ask when? Why always, when there are not better thoughts in my mind; and will not conscience declare that this is but seldom? Oh what a fearful account does this true confession present? Am I indeed such a wretch? Oh what reason have I to cry, "Cleanse *thou* me from secret faults."'—*May* 18, 1822.

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'How much there is in me still unsubdued. I can hardly define this: but this word conveys the exact feeling. The voice of him who commanded the winds and the waves, and they obeyed him, is alone sufficient to operate effectually.'

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'How beautiful is the kingdom of nature when spiritually considered. All natural objects are surely only interesting pictures of spiritual subjects. Of this, I think I am now convinced: but, as usual, find it difficult to know the truth *experimentally*, and to practise it. I would desire to find spiritual comparisons and associations for every object, so as to form a kind of magazine in my mind. I can lay a good foundation for these in scripture, in whose sacred pages rocks, seas, stones, rivers, streams, are all brought forward in order to illustrate the truths therein contained. And why is this? Not from want of other materials less connected with the senses, but in gracious condescension to bring them within the grasp of these agents, and to afford us an abundant and unfailing source of contemplation, as also to bring the grand and peculiar doctrines of Christianity nearer to our mind's eye. Regarded in any other way, the objects of nature become mere playthings for the imagination and passions. This degrades them from their proper office, for "the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are *clearly* seen, being *understood by the things that are made*; even his *eternal power and Godhead*." A large part of that interesting world, to every reflective mind, the world of our own associated

ideas, becomes spiritually vacant, or what is worse, unprofitably possessed, for want of these scriptural associations with the works of nature. The sweet voice of God is lost from the deafness of our ears; and the lovely pictures which he has drawn of his glorious attributes and perfections, are partially hidden from the blindness of our eyes. We need the Spirit of God, as much to enable us to understand the penciled or painted word of grace, as the written word of grace, oh! may this gracious agent unseal the seven seals for me, that I may read its wonders, which are yet hidden from my eyes. At present the principal association which I have found is, that the predominant colour of nature is *green*, and of the gospel dispensation, *love*. How delightful could I never look at the one, without contemplating the other; and what an interesting resemblance may be found between them. This subject has been frequently in my thoughts and prayers; and has assumed its present importance, in my mind, from gradual conviction, and not from men or books, concerning which I might indeed inquire, "To whom shall I go?"'

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'Last sabbath, not in public worship, but in private retirement, I had sweet views of Jesus; and much enjoyed the word, and the cessation from accustomed pursuits. I could have wished some of these hours to last: but, alas! I frequently experience that they are as a sleep, and as grass, which in the morning flourisheth, and groweth up, and in the evening is cut down and withereth.'

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'I take this opportunity of calling to mind the celestial night of August 2. In the solitary retirement of a garden, how delightful was the expanse studded with stars, and the gentle moonlight, to my soul. I felt, as I walked in solemn silence, that every leaf was filled with a present God. Never in my life did I so realize

his presence, nor is the impression yet wiped off from this sandy mind. There seemed something in me in fearful contrast to this sweetly solemn scene, which singled me out amidst it all, as the only piece of *sin* there; and how emphatically did this word belong to that piece. A mediator was indeed precious; and the only idea which emboldened me at that moment to cry "Abba Father." The impressions and feelings of that short hour, I ardently wish, might continue with me, all the remainder of my pilgrimage: but I had self-knowledge enough to know, that in a few minutes, a body of sin and death would oblige me to leave the place in which these reflections had been excited, and convey me again into human sounds, and into connection with human beings. Oh how painful became the thought of the difference of feeling, which would soon be as much mine as those better ones, which for a time I was enjoying. Oh that I may frequently recal this balmy night of exquisite celestiality which seemed as if only fit for the participation of pure spirits, freed from corruption and mortality. With painful emotion I now look upon it as *past*, and find it impossible to attempt to describe it, or its effects, upon my soul. Lord, it was good to be there, for I found thee whom my soul best loveth.'

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'Oh that my evening might be some such an evening as this has been; not passive, but active: the breeze moving my *green* leaves, and causing them to sound forth praises to his glory, to whom alone glory is due. I find that the thought that I should not live to grow old, which possessed me from my early childhood, is not yet obliterated.'—*August* 1822.

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'Oh thou my centre and source of true happiness—thou glorious object of my longing, aching desires, lift *me up from* this base earth, and this baser clod, to

thyself. Thou river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, I thirst for thee! Art thou graciously taking from me other streams to lead me closer to thyself? Oh, accomplish thine own work in thine own way. Gracious "breaker," burst the flood gates of my heart, rush in, with overwhelming force, and fill it with thyself.'

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'Let me no longer think whether any thing would be pleasant to me, or whether I should like it; but whether it is right, both as to itself and its attendant circumstances. It is time to give up my own likings and wishes. And as to crosses and disappointments, what does it signify in what shape they come, for I must have them. Nothing is more absolutely *necessary* for me. I must be *contented* with every thing—*satisfied* with nothing. Instead of pleasures which but cloy and dissipate, unto me is vouchsafed a rich, precious dowry of trials and mortifications. Oh sweet love, tokens from the kindest and tenderest Father, the jewels with which, in a larger measure, he adorned his beloved Son. Oh that this proud, stubborn heart, might at length be ploughed up, nothing less can break its massy clods.'

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'How gracious the dispensation which has again obliged me to pass most of the day in a reclining posture. My heart is so proud and rebellious that I feel I need continual chastisement. It matters not in what state my body is, if my soul be found waiting upon the Lord, if my weary head can recline on him, and his arm of love support me.'—*Nov.* 1822.

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'How true it is, that the "eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." This is what I can fully enter into. I feel dissatisfaction with every thing, yet I would be contented with all things. And, however strange it may seem, this very dissatisfaction produces contentment. Oh thou true and only source of

real satisfaction, give me to know thee, to be absorbed and swallowed up in thee. My God, I long after thee. "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God; my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." I now begin to understand something of the meaning of these expressions.

'May this affliction which, however painful, is not only necessary, but, I am persuaded, absolutely indispensable to the life of my soul, be the means of leading me into a nearer view of the character and offices of my Redeemer. I know that it is not good for me to be in health long, and therefore look upon every illness as a message of love. If I do not greatly deceive myself, I am not at all anxious for the removal of this illness: but I do indeed desire that I may profit by it. I desire that I may learn more of my weakness and need of dependance—know more of the deceitfulness and desperate depravity of my heart—understand more of the fulness of that love, whose "length and depth, and breadth, and height, surpasses knowledge." I rely on that promise, "To them that have no might he increaseth strength."'

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'I love, in the midst of fallen beings, to have something unfallen to look upon and contemplate.—And such is nature—beautiful nature—fairest image of the eternal. What is falsely named decay in thee, is but varied forms of beauty, preserving us from every feeling of satiety or weariness. Beautiful always in every time and season; only putting on and off the spring, summer, and autumn dress, to shew that thou art beautiful in them all, and beautiful without them.'—*Feb.* 1823.

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'I desire, with Paul, to "*know* Christ crucified:" all other subjects seem vain and trivial compared to this.—all other opinions but beguile souls, if they lead them from the contemplation of this. Oh that I could with-

draw my mind from every object, and fix the eyes of my soul simply and exclusively upon "*Christ crucified.*"'

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'Is another trial at hand? Am I again to suffer the rod? Oh may I have grace and strength according to my day, that I may endure whatever is appointed for me. Let me not be anxious about any thing, but only wish that Christ may be glorified, whether by my life or death. It is, I know, necessary that I should suffer lingering disease, to humble my mean, pitiful, inordinate pride."

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'What a beautiful parable is nature! "None of them that do wickedly shall understand: but the wise shall understand." Like the parables of its Creator, whose attributes and perfections it shadows forth, or rather reflects, as in a mirror, it is 'spoken in a parable that they should see and not perceive: but when he was alone he expounded all things to his disciples." Oh that more of this loveliest parable was explained to my senseless mind—that that voice which said, "Let there be light and there was light," and afterwards, when on earth, declared himself "the light of the world" would enable me in "his light to see light."'

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'If, though in a measure shut out from the beauties of the natural spring, this very circumstance should be the means of making a spring in my soul, and the "Rose of Sharon" therein shed abroad its fragrance. what a rich gainer should I be!'—*May* 1, 1823.

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'It seems to me probable that my present weakness will continue a long time, if it be ever overcome. Yet this is not the language of despair. It is hope taking a better direction—hope putting off the sandals, with which she has in vain traversed the pathless deserts, and with expanded wings soaring to that city, whose

streets are gold—hope wafted from the tumultuous billows, on which she has been so long tossed to and fro, to the sure haven of a Saviour's bosom of love—hope, leaving unsubstantial husks, and the broken cisterns, which can hold no water, to feed on the tree of life, and drink of that " water of life, pure as crystal, which proceedeth from the throne of God and of the Lamb." Oh that from henceforth I might indeed realize these things, then what matters it, in what way or manner, I have been enabled to do so.'

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'How little good I do to, or for others! indeed scarcely any at all for souls. I go on, just as if this were, as it appears to be, a world without souls. I neglect the opportunities which I have for usefulness; and then conjure up scenes and situations, in which were I placed, I fancy I should make an effort to be useful. Again are my thoughts wandering to foreign climes. A glance of the mind places me among the heathen, and I there fancy myself labouring earnestly in the good cause. Oh, remember, " seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." It is the same cause every where, and my own fault if I am not labouring in it. Oh, to have the preciousness of souls deeply impressed on my heart, even if branded in with a red hot iron. Fatal indifference! blind madness! when shall I cease from being a practical exemplifier of the sad reverse of those words, " He that watereth others *shall* be watered himself."'—*May*, 1823.

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'I ought to consider my weakness as a great blessing, though it prevents me from doing that which I would, it keeps me also from doing things I should not wish. If I look at my privations in point of justice, it is certainly just to take from me what were lent, and I misused; and also merciful to take them away from me, lest I should continue to do so. The blessings of public

worship I sometimes miss very much; but I used not such opportunities aright. I did not seek of God to bless them as much as I ought to have done. If I was going to hear a preacher whom I approved, I thought too much of him. If one I did not approve, I did not sufficiently seek, that notwithstanding this, it might be blessed to me. In short, I went not with the single intention, to meet God, to enjoy spiritual intercourse and communion with him. How little I understand the meaning of these words! This is the source of all my failures. I dare not say that I shall be different in future: but oh, that I may be different from what I have ever yet been—that I could have more habitual recollection of the Divine presence—a spirit of prayer and supplication. To sum up all in one word, a constant remembrance of the cross, impressed on my heart by that Spirit, who is "to bring all things to my remembrance."'

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'Oh gracious and blessed Spirit! I, who have supplicated thee before, yet thought too little of thine all-prevailing influence; again, I beseech thee, yet further, and more effectually convinced of my weakness and need of thee, to come unto me, in all thine offices, and especially this one of remembrancer, that I may not forget the things which I have learned, but give more earnest heed, lest at *any time* I should let them slip.'

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'I certainly have made no progress in any thing but in an increased sense of my ignorance and stupidity. Some would tell me that this is not to be despised; and so far as it is desirable to come to a knowledge of the real fact, I would not despise it. But it satisfies me not to know that I am ignorant and stupid, unless by that means I can gain more desires after knowledge and wisdom, and attain more of them. I am dissatisfied; for there is in me a restless longing that can never be satisfied, till I *am in* every respect entirely differ-

ent from what I am. A place in which Christ would be all, and reign supreme over every thought, word, or action; and I be lowered beneath the dust, would be indeed congenial to my soul. Yes, I feel it would be so, though I am a series of contradictions to the fact: for are not pride, impatience of opposition, contradictions? And why do I so repeatedly find these enemies triumphant over all knowledge and conviction? Do not these verses contain an answer? "Ye fight, and war, yet ye have not because ye ask not; ye ask, and have not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it on your lusts." Yes, I am again brought to my usual point, all my sins arise from this;—a low intercourse with God, if I have ever experienced any thing that deserves even this name. How sweetly, beautifully, and scripturally I heard this subject, which should be more preached about, talked about, read about, written about, set forth last Sunday evening, by ———, from 1 John i. 5—7. I did indeed, long to know more of what both the apostle and the preacher meant, and appeared to feel, by "fellowship with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ." Do we not hinder ourselves and others by talking and preaching mere doctrine, without bringing it to the object which is indeed the substance of religion—intercourse with God—fellowship with him—summed up in this verse, "through Christ we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father." Yes, every barrier is removed, but those which we ourselves place. Sin is pardoned and taken away. Faith is the victory which overcometh the world, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you;" "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." Oh to have the barriers of the heart and flesh all removed, and for the naked soul to rush into God! And again, this morning, I saw somewhat of this subject in considering that verse of the 6th of John, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me

and I in him." I seemed to wish to read no further. To understand, and really to enter into the subject upon which our Saviour discoursed in that delightful chapter appeared to be the substance, the all, of real vital religion. Here was the doctrine of a crucified Saviour, the life, sustenance, and nourishment for the soul. The personal application of the gospel, the consequences of it, I had a faint gleam of what I want to know and see more. I expect neither impossibilities nor perfection from myself; but I expect, and ought to expect, myself, to bear these subjects more in mind—to be the same in my occupations and pursuits among men, as I am at such times as this morning. I say not, as at my usual devotions, for I fear there is too much similarity between the former and the latter; and perhaps the coldness, indifference, and at times, carelessness and levity of spirit, in what I call my devotions, manifests and reflects itself in my temper and conduct. Yet I have seen those—sinful flesh and blood like myself—let the things of this world pass through their hands, and leave their hearts and tongues for God. And is not the same free, all-sufficient grace ready to pour down itself on me? Oh "Lord visit me with the favour which thou bearest to thy children." Pour down on me the healthful spirit of thy grace, so as irresistibly to break down, with a gracious violence, all opposing obstacles. Deluge and overwhelm my heart, at once to rid me of all things else, and fill me with thyself.'

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'Have I not seen and heard of something which is called a habit of mind towards divine things? This is I think what I require, and I suppose it is attainable even here.'

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'I have lately been discovering how fallen I am. I knew my soul was in a fallen condition: but I now find every faculty and power of mind and soul equally fallen. How degraded my condition! When man was first created,

his body was a suitable residence for his soul, and his soul the image of God. His limbs moved in the service, his thoughts were aspirations of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty, his words were utterances of the same thoughts, his actions in correspondence with them both. His heart was a temple of communion with his Creator and Friend. Its feelings and desires went forth towards him as their ultimate end and only object. His intellects were engaged in taking in fresh knowledge of the incomprehensible being. His senses, from the fair creation received and brought in varied and delightful and perpetually new ideas which filled his mind with adoring wonder. Oh sin! destroying monster! what devastation thou hast made! How fallen! How changed! But if sin has wrought this ruin, will not grace restore, in some measure here, and more than restore hereafter, all that has been lost? And is not the full reception of religious truth, and a contemplation of the noblest object—an eternal and immortal deity—incomprehensible, yet manifested—past finding out, yet revealed, the fittest way to enlarge the intellects, and renovate the faculties of the mind, as well as to save the soul? All was lost by sin: therefore what is gained is most effectually gained by righteousness, "And as sin hath reigned unto death, so shall grace reign unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."' —*Sept.* 1823.

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'Society is allowed to have a great effect on the character. What then might be gained by intercourse with the God of knowledge? By converse with invisible realities? By vital communion with the eternal, inexhaustibly wise Jehovah?—Wisdom itself! Oh, my soul, thou wast complaining justly of a degraded intellect, as well as of a fallen soul. Seek this intellectual enobling, the society of perfect wisdom, willing *freely*, and without measure to impart Himself—His very self,

to thee. "He that is perfect in knowledge," is ready to rush into thee, and fill thee with himself; with thyself is the hindrance. "Ye are not straitened in him, but in your own bowels." Oh, all gracious, as well as all wise, break down every barrier that keeps me from receiving thee; enlarge me and fill me with thyself. I ask not even for spiritual gifts and graces, for the most abundant communications; nothing but thee will satisfy this longing aching heart.'

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'Thus far of another year have I passed. What should be the predominant feeling of my mind? To live this year to the glory of God, not doing mine own pleasure, nor following mine own ways. To live to the glory of God, in thought, word, and action; exalted state! Truly then, even in this world, there would be some affinity to the heavenly kingdom. How much hitherto have I lived to myself! how little have I done for souls! In looking back on the past, I see much, very much, to humble me. What pride occupies my heart, and influences all my thoughts and actions! What impatient want of submission, resentment, and other bad qualities, it produces and occasions? I want religion to have more influence over me—to extend over the whole breadth of my whole self, so as to include every particle. Things of the most solemn nature do not make that abiding impression on me which I desire. I feel at continual strife with myself, an unceasing warfare: and thus it must be. Let there be any thing but a state of carnal security, and let me make up my mind that all that is worth having must be fought for, yea, and desperately too. May I be willing to "resist unto blood, striving against sin." I ought thus to settle things in my mind, all that I really want cannot be obtained or maintained, without earnest contention; then let this be the settled habit of my soul, concerning all that is desirable, separately and collectively. One

great cause of this warfare is owing to my conscience being more subdued than my will; my will remains averse; I wish it were utterly destroyed, nor do I care what crucible is employed to effect it. What a blessed state is that, to have no will but the will of God! and a state very possible to be attained. How is this living to the glory of God to be effected? By communion with him. How is this fight to be maintained? By intercourse with that "man of war." How is conscience to be more perfect in its operations and impressions? By being "purified" and "sprinkled." How is this will to be subdued? By his power, who said, "Not my will, but thine be done." How shall that pride, and its attendant evils be overcome? By him, who "humbled himself." —*Jan.* 1824.

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'If any person has a justifiable ground for concluding against himself, I indeed have; not because I sin, but because I seem not to be making any progress in the divine life, except it may be called any, that I see more and more what I ought to be, in temper, disposition, thought, word, and action, but I am no nearer to the reality of my perceptions. Still I feel I must go on; I have nothing to look to in this world, or in myself; no dependance on any thing but the cross, no hope of salvation in any other way than the blood and righteousness of an almighty Saviour. I fully, cheerfully, and thankfully acquiesce in God's plan and method of salvation; I know no other that deserves the name, and believe no other could save me. These are the truths on which and in which I would live and die, and these truths I wish to have more deeply impressed on my heart, by that "Comforter" and "Convincer," whose office it is "to bring things to remembrance;" and then, being impressed on my heart, they will influence my conduct. O, gracious Redeemer,

"To whom, or whither, should I go,
If I should turn from thee?"

"Nothing besides my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven."

*Jan.* 14, 1824.

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The interval of eight months which followed the writing of the preceding paper, abundantly proved the efficacy of the trust expressed in that meditation. A messenger from the God of love was sent to the writer, charged with the commission to raise her yet nearer to the world above. Nearly two years indeed passed, before she reached the rest where her soul longed to be; but from this period, her life more than ever hung upon a thread. The state of her mind at this time is best described by herself, and more need not be said, than that it was evident to all around her that the promise was fulfilled to her in a more than common degree, "thou shalt keep him in *perfect peace*, whose mind is stayed upon thee." She thus writes:

*Sept.* 18, 1824.

'The space of time which has elapsed since I last made a record in this picture of my heart, has been the season of a dangerous illness. This period, has as usual, manifested the loving-kindness of my covenant-God and Father, and my own folly and ingratitude.—On *Easter Sunday, April* 18, 1824, I rose before six in the morning, earlier than I had been able to do for a month before, on account of indisposition, but not so early as was my usual custom. I kneeled down a minute or two after I had risen, and completely resigned myself to God, giving myself up to him in a way which I had never been able to do before. I rose from my knees with a sacred feeling that "I was not my own, being bought with a price," but the actual property of another, who, I was perfectly willing, should do what he pleased with his own. I

had a peculiarly calm and composed state of mind all the day. In the evening I coughed twice, and suddenly broke a blood-vessel. From that time I have been dangerously ill, sometimes worse, at others better. How gracious the previous preparation of him who "will prepare the heart." I am thankful to say, that by his grace, who implanteth every right feeling, I have been more resigned, whether for life or death, during this illness than in any other. There have been moments when heaven has appeared so sweet and desirable, that I have longed to be "absent from the body, and present with the Lord." And there have been moments when my thoughts have been so occupied with the idea of leaving the two little sisters, who have been my chief object for the last ten years, that I have wished to stay in the wilderness for their sakes; but generally I have had neither choice nor wish, but that the will of God may be done, and I have felt a perfect acquiescence in whatever it shall please him to appoint. I have also seen much pride and vanity in such thoughts, and find it is better to leave my little girls in his hands, who can do for them "exceedingly abundantly above all I can ask or think." Oh, may I be thoroughly humbled at the great loving-kindness and tender mercy of my gracious and long-suffering Lord and compassionate High Priest!'

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'With regard to my own illness, I may, in looking back on past wishes, consider it a gracious answer to prayer. I think I may say with thankfulness, that it has been useful to me in subjecting my will; and also the various events through which I have lately passed have aided this object. I also trace the correcting hand of him who chasteneth in love; mercy is mixed with judgment, and a truth explained to me how God corrects us for our sins, and yet, in love, causeth "all things to work together for good to them that love

him." The remembrance of these things has caused great searchings of heart, and adoration to him who so graciously leaveth me not to go on frowardly in the way of my own heart. From the time I first knew him this dread was uppermost in my mind, beyond all other fear, that he should leave me one moment to myself; and I have always said, with Luther, 'Strike, Lord, strike, any thing but leave me.' This prevailing impression of my mind seems to have been answered by my dangerous and long-continued illnesses, by the removal of my dearest friends at the time I thought I most needed them, and by various other trials. Oh, may it yet be answered, though in a more severe manner; for, my God, though I have many blessings, many momentary and repeated and continued blessings, which are outwardly admitted as such, and for which I would thank thee, I thank thee most of all for thy severest dispensations towards me. These, if I may use such an expression, have indeed contained most love, since by them I have been taught to know myself and thee.'

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'I have said that I hoped my will was more subjugated, still I would desire to remember, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" I have been led into reflections on the old and new nature, a subject which has sometimes puzzled me. It now appears to me that the old nature is not regenerated, but still remains. Faith which worketh by love, is a new principle, the gift of God, implanted by the Holy Spirit in the heart. As this principle is in strength and action, it keeps down the old nature, and brings it into subjection. In proportion to the weakness or strength of the new principle, so is the weakness or strength of the old. What a comprehensive prayer is included in the short but emphatic words—"Lord, increase our faith." All the trials and various dispensations of God towards us, are to give energy and power to the new principle, and all

the plans and devices of Satan are designed to give force and action to the old. Thus a perpetual warfare is kept up in the heart. O Lord, increase *my* faith.' *Nov.* 1824.

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'The dying and the dead are all around me. Another of those most justly and truly dear to me is added to the number of the heavenly inhabitants. One of my earliest and most sincere friends no longer prays for me —no longer shames me by her Christian example, her walk of faith, amidst trials and difficulties. She has peacefully ended her warfare, and is at rest. She perfectly knows that incomprehensible Being, of whom I cannot form one right idea. She dwells with him whom I long to behold; she perfectly loves and perpetually engages her thoughts on him, towards whom my heart is so basely cold, and whom I am constantly forgetting. She enjoys blissful communion with her adorable Saviour, of such a nature that I could not understand even the faintest mention of its ineffable delight. Since she left this earth, August 13th, how great may her love and knowledge be! Oh, how very little, how nothing, we know of a spirit in the spiritual world! The subject is invested with awful obscurity, yet it so vividly inflames our wishes and desires, that the soul stretches forward in contemplating it, as that to which it has an unknown yet full affinity. My dearest friends have been indeed removed to a sphere in which I can no longer behold them. Looking around, out of my own family, I see none left that can in any way or measure be compared to those which are gone; none whom my heart acknowledges, as calling forth in any degree the same affections and feelings. Oh, that they really winged their flight to the region of my translated ones! Surely each friend that is removed to that heavenly rest should be considered by me as something more of mine placed there, which should take some-

thing more of myself with it. How delightful, how cheering, to reflect that they are really "before the throne, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," ascribing praises to him who "hath loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood." This must be all *my* praise and song, and thus we are still united, and the more simply and exclusively my thoughts are directed to that dear Redeemer, to whom I and they owe all our hopes, the closer will our union be, though the place of celebrating his glories is so widely different—I in sharp warfare and bitter conflict, they in peace and rest; I in sorrow, they in endless joy; I in weariness and pain, they in activity and pleasure; I amid distracted thoughts and wanderings, they in one absorbed contemplation and fixedness; I in coldness and indifference, they in the unremitting warmth of pure love and holy zeal. Still our song is, and for ever shall be, the same. Oh, blessed day, when a poor sinner, such as I am, shall unite my song with theirs, at the feet of our crucified Saviour.'—*August* 1825.

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'I pant after a more enlarged sphere of usefulness, I long to be more actively engaged for the glory of God, to live more to him who died, "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died and rose again." In a comfortable home, with my time, though busily occupied about my little sisters, and various other pursuits, yet partly my own, there is more of self, and less of self-denial, than is consistent with the life of a Christian. I want to see this self more crushed, to be engaged in some work which requires at the onset, and progress, perpetual self-denial. I trust I shall proceed in it, and to it, with a sense of my own weakness, and with a humble reliance on promised divine strength. And, oh, that all vain glory may be excluded; that I may never think—Now I have *done something*! but ever feel myself an

" unprofitable servant." The subject of Infants' Schools has lately much engaged my attention. I should like to engage in one for the superior order of infants, and am seeking divine direction on the subject, and waiting to see a plain path before me, in which I might walk without fear. Perhaps my kind and wise Father sees further discipline and chastisement to be needful, ere I am permitted to be exalted into a station of usefulness. Perhaps he sees vain-glory and self-seeking in my desires. Let me leave all my desires in his hands, even those for the promotion of his glory. This work will be done by other instruments, if *I* am not favoured with being employed; and instead of wishing for another situation than that in which he has at present placed me, let me endeavour to exercise self-denial, and seek self-annihilation therein. Let my work be, by his assistance, to subdue evil tempers and dispositions and corrupt habits, and to live " redeeming the time." And, oh Lord, make, I beseech thee, my present labours, in various ways, blessed to the good of souls; and to thee be all the glory and the praise, for ever and ever. Amen.—*Nov.* 16, 1825.

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## LETTER TO A FRIEND

*On hearing that Mr. ——— had renounced " the faith once delivered to the saints."*

' My dear Friend,

' Most sincerely do I sympathize with you in the sorrow which T——'s departure from the faith has occasioned you. I thank you for communicating to me the particulars of this grievous event, for I had long been anxious to know how you do, and how your soul prospers.

'You must indeed feel keenly what has happened, next to your minister, you valued and relied on this Christian friend perhaps more than on any one else. I have often told you my fear lest you should lean partly on this human arm, instead of wholly on the Beloved. You have now found this Egyptian reed break and pierce your hand, which clung so fast to it; and I am not surprised to see the blood flow.

'From henceforth trust entirely to him who while he removed your staff, sustained you in his own arms, that you might not fall with it.

'You say, that in comparison with your present feelings it would have been pleasant to you to have seen your dear friend resign his soul into the hands of his divine Saviour, while his last breath acknowledged him to be "the true God and eternal life."

'I believe you, my dear, though you know not what it is to have the tree which grew, flourished, and struck its deep roots into every affection of the heart, torn up by the iron grasp of Death. You are yet ignorant of what it is to see the whole world darkened by the removal of one beloved object. You have never looked around and said, The earth no longer contains him to whom I looked up with reverence, leaned upon, loved, idolized. But, my God, I thank thee. You and I, my dear ——, have both, though in different ways, been made to write, with our tears, a yea to that solemn declaration of the word of God—"Thus saith the Lord, Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." Let us remember that the Lord our God is a jealous God, and let us pray that the blessing of those whose hope and trust is Jehovah, may be ours. And I pray God that we may both find at the bottom of the bitter cup the sweets of a simple looking to Jesus, a simple cleaving to him, and an entire dependence on him alone.

'I cannot but hope that your dear friend is reserved;

that with his living breath he may spread the praises of the God he now denies, far and wide around. "Though the righteous fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand."

'I am glad that the poor efforts of my pen have afforded you some consolation in your distress. I cannot, especially in your present circumstances, deny your request to send you some more productions of the same kind; therefore, waving all ceremony, that canker-worm of friendship, I will hasten to comply with your wishes.

'Soon after the receipt of your letter, whilst meditating on a favourite passage of scripture, I could not help applying it to the circumstances of the case you presented to my attention. Though sorrow is usually selfish and personal, yet the application of this passage may have escaped your attention.

'I refer to that part of John xi. which contains the account of the resurrection of Lazarus. Let us consider it together.

'"A certain man was sick," says the Evangelist, "named Lazarus of Bethany;" even Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary. It seems that Jesus had a great affection for this family, and honoured them with his friendship. The sisters of Lazarus therefore sent to him, saying, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick."

'They knew that his benevolence had often manifested itself in curing many diseases, and doubted not that affection would now lead him to exert his power.

'We may suppose after they had sent this message that all their anxiety about their brother was ended, and that they waited in confident expectation for the moment when the arrival of the Great Physician would restore their beloved to health. As they saw him afflicted with pain, they would cheer him and each other with the thought that the voice of Jesus would soon cause that pain to cease.

'Much as they loved their Lord, and prized his words, I should think that they never more longed to see him than on the present occasion.

'Imagine, then, their feelings at the delay of Jesus; each moment must have seemed an hour. How eagerly they listened to every sound! how often they ran to look whether any thing betokened the coming of Jesus! how many persons they sent to traverse the road by which he was expected, and to inform them of his approach. But their expectations were disappointed. They beheld the object of their tender solicitude sinking from increased disease; still they knew that this would present no obstacle to him who had cured, with a word, infirmities of many years' standing.

'They would remember, too, how the dying had obeyed the distant voice of Jesus, and lived; and they perhaps expected this miraculous influence to restore Lazarus.

'But it was not long before they received the last look of their dear relative, and beheld him expire. Now indeed they must have felt bitter anguish, yet they would still hope that he who had bid the dead arise, would awaken his friend to a second life. And even when accompanying the body to the grave, they would recollect that Jesus said unto the widow's son, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!" and made the mother rejoice in her living child.

'But after they beheld the body of him they so tenderly loved laid in the grave, all their hopes were at an end, for *there* had never been an instance of a buried body being raised from the grave.

'Now perhaps they began to entertain some doubts of the affection of Jesus for them and for their brother; at least, they would fear that he was forgetful of them.

'If we may judge of the subsequent address of Martha to Jesus (v. 22), they did not doubt whether Jesus was able even then to raise their brother, but they

doubted whether he would perform an unheard-of miracle. They had not the unexampled faith of Abraham. Thus it is that sinners have in all ages distrusted the faithful, loving Jesus; when all is bright and prosperous, they sing hallelujahs of praise; but when darkness and trials surprise them, their songs cease, as if Jesus was not God of the night as well as of the day. Blessed are they who sing as loud in darkness and tempest, as in the calm and sunshine. Yea, blessed indeed, for the voice of Jesus has blessed them. (John xx. 29.)

'Does not the heart of my friend reproach her here? When will you learn to believe the word of God? "I am the Lord; I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

'Had no further account of Lazarus reached us than his death, we must still have concluded that He who doeth all things well, had wise reasons for not immediately attending to the message of supplication.

'But we may learn from what is here recorded, never to judge Christ's love by his delays or seeming forgetfulness, for what appears to us neglect, is the strongest proof of his care for us.

'The Evangelist tells us the reason why Jesus did not immediately hasten to the house of affliction: "Now Jesus *loved* Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he heard *therefore* that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was."

'He determined at this time to prove his almighty power to his disciples (v. 15). He likewise strengthened the faith of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, by performing a wonderful miracle, which he caused to become instrumental to the conversion of many souls. It was also a powerful witness to the Jews that he was indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world, and left them without cloak for their sin.

'But it was not for persons in that age only that Jesus

acted thus. The miracle, which this delay caused him to perform, has left all unbelievers without excuse. It is a proof to his disciples, in all ages, of his divine power, and of his love and sympathy. The tears which he shed at the grave of Lazarus, say to each heart, "I *know* your sorrows."

'The disciples who witnessed the tender scene, as they called it to mind in after sorrows and sufferings, would have a realizing consciousness that their Lord *felt* for them.

'The tears which flowed beside the grave would drop like balm into their wounds, and heal them. Yes; upon the bosom of the feeling, suffering Saviour, every weary, wounded, heart-broken sinner may recline in peace and safety. Can a doubt exist that he cares for us? Let us turn our eyes to the grave of Lazarus, and weep with the Saviour there, that we were base enough to distrust his love. May we not say that it was because Jesus loved all his people, because he loved you and I, that he abode two days still in the place where he was? I should think there were few believers who would not rather part with almost any portion of the sacred volume, than this sweet record of the love and sympathy of their Lord. But another reason will suggest itself to the contemplative mind, why Jesus delayed his visit to Bethany. When our Lord raised Lazarus from the grave, faith almost became sight as to the fact of his raising the bodies of all mankind, at the final consummation of all things. And if greater security were needed, the dying saint may now more confidently commit his body to him who said, "Lazarus, come forth!"

'How much Christ in every way tries to remove all obstacles to our faith. Oh! how can redeemed sinners doubt the God of love?

'We have in this chapter a striking instance of the divine foreknowledge and omniscience of our Lord.

'After the sisters of Lazarus had sent to him, he said (v. 4), "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God;" and again (v. 14), "Lazarus is dead." Yet no one appears to have informed him of what had taken place.

'His invisible presence silently occupied the chamber of his dying friend. His divine arm supported the languid head of Lazarus. He kept the soul safe in his hands, and guarded it, that no enemy might approach to injure it. Lazarus expired on the bosom of his Master.

'The conduct of the disciples (verses 7—16), affords a remarkable proof of the short-sightedness and ignorance of mortals. They endeavoured to dissuade him from going to Jerusalem, lest the Jews should stone him.

'Jesus answered, that he had an appointed work to perform, and till he had accomplished it the Jews could have no power to destroy him; but that when their hour, and the power of darkness, was come, he would fall into their hands.

'The disciples were completely ignorant of the work Jesus was now going to accomplish. They knew not that eternal justice was now about to lead this Lamb to the slaughter. They discerned not in this Friend and Teacher, whom they dreaded to see exposed to danger, the crucified Saviour of a guilty world. Could they have imagined that those hands which had miraculously administered to their wants, would be nailed to the cross for their sakes—could they have imagined that that head which had often bent forward to listen to their questions, would be bowed down by the wrath of God—oh! with what feelings would they have followed Jesus to that city from which they now tried to detain him! But above all, if they had known the share they would have in the great transaction—if they had known that their sins needed such an atonement—needed that this dear friend should bleed and die—if they had been aware that he whom they looked to as

their guide, was about to mark out with his blood a safe and secure way by which they might enter the holiest of all—they would not have dissuaded him from going into Judea, from the fear that the Jews should put him to death. They would indeed have felt awe, admiration, and love, at the magnitude of the work, the extent of its benefits, and the willingness with which the great Surety undertook it; but they would have so forcibly felt the necessity of it, that they would not have attempted to oppose its performance.

'How far from the thoughts of Judas, at this time, was the idea that he would ere long betray his Master. How little he imagined, when he and the other disciples endeavoured to persuade Jesus not to go into Judea for fear of the Jews, that he would be the person to deliver him into their hands. It has been the lot of most royal conquerors to have followers about them, who could in some measure enter into their designs, and willingly forward their enterprize. But the case was far otherwise with our Lord. The most lofty design ever undertaken in our world, was now hastening to its completion. The decisive battle was now about to be fought, which was to decide the fate of a vast race. The mighty warrior marched to the conquest, and the numerous hosts of his enemies prepared to meet him; legions of invisible foes were waiting at Jerusalem to receive him, and were drawing together all their forces for this last grand effort. Yet none could in any way participate in his feelings. His disciples, so far from being able to understand the object he had undertaken, endeavoured to hinder him from using the only means which could accomplish it, if he had but alluded to it to them.

'He was in Galilee, and was now going to Jerusalem to be crucified. We may conjecture, but can never comprehend the feelings which occupied the mind of Jesus in this memorable walk. All that he had to undergo

presented itself to his mind, yet he willingly undertook it; for "he stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."

'As he walked along, he would see on one side, troops of demons flying to the scene of contest, resolved to oppose him. On the other, the souls whom he loved, bound with chains, and utterly unable to free themselves. Around him were angels, who accompanied his footsteps with admiring anxiety. Near him were his disciples, who in a manner represented all the chosen race. Each person he met, who was, or who he foresaw would be a believer, must have reminded him of the sufferings he was about to endure to redeem that soul.

'His meditations on the mysterious work he was going to accomplish, communicated a fearful awe to his deportment, for as they were in the way going up to Jerusalem, Jesus went before them, and they were amazed, and as they followed him, they were afraid.

'While the mind of Jesus was thus engaged, we cannot be surprized that he should take unto him the twelve, and say unto them,—"Behold we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished. For he shall be delivered to the Gentiles, to be mocked, and scourged, and spitted on, and be crucified, and the third day he shall rise again." But we find that "they understood none of these things, and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken." So different were their feelings, that they were contending for temporal power, whilst he was hastening to procure for them eternal dominion. They were disputing for the honours of this world, while he was going to procure for them the everlasting rank of being "kings and priests unto God." They were striving which should be most burdened with cares and troubles; he was anxious to procure for them heavenly rest and peace. What conversation could be more unsuitable to him at this time, than theirs? Yet with a won-

derful forbearance, he gently replied, still alluding to the solemn event which engaged his attention,—" Ye know that they which are accounted worthy to rule among the Gentiles, exercise lordship over them; but let it not be so among you; but he that is greatest, let him be your servant," &c.

' He had a baptism to be baptized with, and he was straitened till it was accomplished!

' Each step he set during this wondrous work, echoed " Lo! I come!"

' Had the disciples understood the purpose of Jesus, they would have almost worshipped the footsteps which were walking out their redemption. We may suppose that after they were better informed, they went over this memorable ground with no common feeling.

' When Jesus had almost reached Bethany, Martha, hearing of his approach, went to meet him; but Mary sat still in the house. We would hope that this backwardness did not arise from any feeling of displeasure towards Jesus, because he had not come sooner to save his friend. We must, however, suppose that there was an unseemly compliance in Mary towards her Jewish visitors, on this occasion; she did not like to say to them, ' My Lord is come, and I must leave you all to go to him. Mary,—" let him that is without sin cast the first stone " at thee. As for me, with blushing face, and on my knees, I ask, ' Lord, for the time to come, make me willing rather to die with thee, than in any wise to deny thee.'

' The conversation of Martha with Jesus was expressive of her faith in him. In his replies to her, he presented himself under two of the most beautiful characters by which he is known to believers,—their resurrection, and their life; and then added these remarkable words,—" He that believeth in me, though he were *dead*, yet *shall* he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." What a blessing

for us, that Jesus is "the true God and eternal life!" That he is our life, and that those who live by faith in him shall *never* die. For did our spiritual existence depend on ourselves, we should infallibly lose it. The first moment it was placed in our hands, we should part with it, as Adam did in Paradise; for he was perfect; but we have all sinned. Except on the cross, no recorded scene in the life of Jesus is so interesting to me as this at the grave of Lazarus. Nowhere was the God-man so completely manifested, at one and the same time, as in this instance, (ver. 33 to 44). It was not mere external grief that Jesus felt; his soul was moved, he groaned in the spirit. His were not the tears of example, but the sympathy of the feeling heart of the man of sorrows. These precious tears will speak to the solitary mourner, and tell him that there is one who pities him; they will shine as brilliant gems upon the beclouded soul, and lighten the dark valley with a celestial radiance. Never did such a mourner appear before, at the tomb of a friend! When kings and princes have wept over the grave of a distinguished individual, the friends of that individual have boasted of the circumstance; but "the King of kings," "the Prince of the kings of the earth," wept at the grave of Lazarus. It has been reckoned a thing worth recording, when multitudes have lamented the loss of one person. Jesus was himself a multitude. Oh, wondrous mystery! It was thy Creator, Lazarus, who shed tears at the cave where thy sleeping body was laid. The tears of human nature wetted the cheeks of Jesus, but the voice of the God was heard to say,—"Lazarus come forth!" And at this command,—"He that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes." Thus did Lazarus receive a second life from his Maker.

'Who that contemplates this scene, can avoid reflecting on the time, when all that are in the grave shall hear his voice and come forth.

'We esteem the resurrection of Lazarus a wonderful miracle; but how much more wonderful the miracles which are daily taking place; the quickening of souls who were dead in trespasses and sins, and the gift to them of spiritual life. Then we see, as in the case of Lazarus, some believe, but others go to the Pharisees, and tell what things are done.

'Now, as you say you always expect some good advice from me when I write, I will ask you whether this miracle we have been considering, does not powerfully instruct us never to doubt the power of Jesus, or his willingness,—much less his love,—though we may be in the most trying circumstances, and though all occurrences seem to say he hath forgotten us. Judge him not by providences, but by promises. Rely on *his* faithfulness, whatsoever is passing *in* you, or around you. Aim, earnestly desire, pray, entreat, and rest not satisfied without the faith of Abraham, who against hope believed in hope. Believe as he did, against reasonings, evidences, and precedents. Now, my dear, to apply these more individually. You, like the sisters of Lazarus, saw your brother in Christ Jesus possessed of a healthy flourishing soul; you beheld the poisonous blast of error reach that soul; you saw it sicken; you went, as you were wont, to Jesus, and said,—"Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick,"—imagining that he would speedily restore him. But after waiting in vain, you saw him die, and he was soon buried in error. In anguish of soul you ask me, why Jesus did not exert his power and deliver him? It is because he loves you, and loves our dear friend, that he delays for awhile to appear. He is willing to try your faith.

'My ability to pray for him, I take as earnest of good things: for whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye *shall* receive; and, "if two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything ye shall ask, it shall be done for them by my Father who is in heaven." Fear

not, he *shall* be made whole. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." This sickness is not unto death, but "for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby." See how intimately the glory of the Father and the Son are connected; what is for the glory of the Father, is also for the glory of the Son; for Jesus said,—"My Father and I are one." Yes,—your friend shall "yet praise *Him* who is the health of my countenance and my God,"—even Father, Son, and Spirit.

'Though you cannot yet see any reason to suppose that Jesus is on the road to Bethany, only believe and hope, though it may be against hope; and "He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry longer than he sees right." You, I trust, have learned the vanity and nothingness of the creature sufficiently to lead you not to sit still in the house, and be satisfied with the sympathy and condolence of mortals. But, like Martha, you have hastened to Jesus, saying,—"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died; but I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." Now, mark his answer,—"Thy brother shall rise again!"

'Do not, then, merely say in reply, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day," for Jesus says,—"I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." He says to you, as to Martha of old,—"Believest *thou* this?"

'Think, my dear, who it is that asks you this question. You do, you must, believe the word of your Lord. Our dear friend does possess a life in Jesus, which shall never be taken from him; for Jesus says,—"He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life." "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son." "He that hath the Son, hath life." Jesus gives to all his sheep eternal life, and "they shall

never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of his hand;" because, "as one with the Father, he is greater than all." John x. 28—30.

'Your friend does believe in Jesus, though his views of him, and ours, now differ. The word of Jesus is passed, never to be recalled,—"He shall *never* die." "That which cometh into his mind shall not be at all, that he says, I will be as the heathen, as the families of the countries to serve wood and stone. As I live, saith the Lord God, surely with a mighty hand and with a stretched-out arm, will I rule over you. And I will bring you out from the people, and gather you out of the countries wherein you are scattered, with a mighty hand, and with a stretched-out arm."

'Yes, I am persuaded that "neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, are able to separate us from the love of Christ."

'Our friend "is not dead, but sleepeth." Can you not believe this?—then let your prayer be,—"Lord, increase my faith!"

'Leave it to the unbelieving Jew to say,—"Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" It is enough that he did not see fit to prevent it. What, then, remains for you now, but to say to Jesus, "Lord, look on him where he is now laid."

'What can more exactly answer the description you have given me of your friend, than this,—"It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it;" and this cave contained a body in a state of decay, and, consequently, in an infectious state. Alas! not only does he lie buried in error, but he diffuses the pestilence of it around. He lies in a deep hollow place, yet not too deep for the voice of Jesus to reach.

A stone of unbelief and opposition closes the entrance, but the Almighty can remove it. "Only believe, and thou shalt see the glory of God." Let us continue in

patient persevering prayer till the stone is removed. We will not cease to entreat Jesus till he shall speak with the voice that must be obeyed, "Lazarus, come forth." Then we shall behold our beloved Lazarus emerge from his dark dwelling place, and, though restored to life, yet he will be in some measure fettered by his grave clothes, and not able to see distinctly the glorious person by whom he is restored to life: but at length he will be loosed, and then we will sup together in Bethany, as we were wont in better times to do; and our food shall be the crucified Saviour, and our Jesus shall be one of the company.

'You say this is a pleasant prospect, but that you fear we shall never realize it. Oh, my dear friend, remember the words of Martha, "I know, *even now*, whatsoever thou shalt ask of God, he will give it thee." The Father hears him always, and all that the Father was to him on earth, Jesus is to us now he is in heaven.

'Doth he not say unto *thee*, that if thou wilt believe thou shalt see the glory of God?

'It may be some comfort to you to hear that I have been an inhabitant of the cave where F—— now lies, and in some respects I was in a worse condition. Others have influenced him to adopt his present sentiments, but it was my own proud heart that led me into them. There is, therefore, if we may so speak, less inward opposition in his case. The stone is not quite so large.

'I can tell you from experience that nothing more exactly describes the situation of a person in these errors, or than first coming out of them, than these verses. "It was a cave, and a stone lay at the mouth of it." And afterwards, "He that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes, and his face bound about with a napkin.'

'I have extended these desultory remarks to an unconscionable length: but I will not insult your friendship by offering any excuse.

'Farewell, my dear. These are times when we have need to use the parting words of a pious clergyman, 'The Lord keep us in the truth.'

'May he draw you very near to him with the cords of his love. Make him your strength, your dependance, your rest, your refuge, your all. This I daily pray for you, and entreat you will ask the same for

'Your affectionate and sincere friend.'

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'My dear friend,

'I do not intend the following remarks as an *answer* to the paper which you sent me on the subject of the law; but merely as acceding to your request, that I would give you my opinion concerning it. I must first endeavour to clear my way by stating that I consider the point in debate as relating exclusively to the moral law. The ceremonial law was evidently suited to the circumstances of the Jewish nation. It was an outward dispensation addressed to the outward senses. The church being then in an infantile state, a dispensation addressed to the outward senses was more suitable. Such a plan would be pursued in all judiciously conducted education, and it may indeed be said to have the solemn sanction of divine procedure. But, "when that which is perfect is come, then that which was in part shall be done away." "When I was a child I thought as a child, I spake as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." The Jewish ceremonial law also "prefigured things to come;" Heb. x. 1, and its rites and institutions all indicated the need of the Great Atonement which was not yet *actually* made. But

the gospel dispensation, the manhood of the church, is purely spiritual. Its simple and sublime rites, though in a manner addressed to the outward senses, are spiritual in their nature, and signify or represent a finished work; yet having an aspect towards the future; for "as often as ye eat the bread and drink the wine, ye do show the Lord's body *till he come.*"

'I would also exclude from the question all that is purely national and relating to the civil government of the Jews, under that peculiar form, theocracy. The question must then merely refer to the moral law; and by this I do not mean exclusively the law of the ten commandments: but, to come at once to the point, I mean by the words divine law, a command or an expression of the mind and will of God to man. A definition of the word is of great importance; for much error has arisen in consequence of deviating from plain terms. Hence the mystical applications of the terms faith, experience. I feel thankful in the consideration that God has kindly and wisely adopted language (or rather the expression of his mind and will to us, which he has condescended to bestow on us in his revelation) suited to our understandings, by making use of those terms and expressions, which are in common use among us, to convey to our minds and comprehensions the most sublime truths. Though such terms and expressions are to be understood in a far higher sense than when applied to common subjects, their original meaning should never be lost sight of; else confusion and perplexity must necessarily arise. Persons depart first in a slight degree from the original meaning of the terms employed, then another succession of persons, still more, and so on, till vague, uncertain, and erroneous acceptations are affixed, and Scripture, in which the word has been used, is quoted in support of their truth. In elucidation, I would just refer to the term experience, which in the scriptures appears uniformly to mean

that conviction of the mind which is the result of something tried and proved, Rom. v. 4; but what is the common meaning of the word, used by serious persons in a religious sense? A certain set of convictions, doubts, and fears which, after having run through a succession of, is termed your experience; which experience is to be adduced to yourself and others, that you are in a converted state. But you will say, what has this to do with the subject before us? Simply this: that it appears to me, in the discussion of the question concerning whether the moral law is the rule of life to a believer, persons mistake each other by not defining what they mean by the moral law, and by departing from its scriptural meaning. Whenever I use the word moral law, in the course of these remarks, I shall always mean a divine command, containing the expression of the mind and will of God to his creatures—surely a very important part of the revelation of Himself to them.

'I do not pretend to any argument on this subject; merely a few random remarks in the shape of a letter. By the moral law I do not mean merely the ten commandments: for it appears to me that from the beginning of the Bible there is a law run throughout the whole, and a gospel throughout the whole. I cannot admit the distinction of calling every command in the Old Testament law; and every command in the New Testament precept: neither do I see on what it is founded. The law I consider the same, only promulgated in a different manner under the two dispensations, suited to the nature of each. The one outward in its administration, the other spiritual. The first law given to man was, "Thou shalt not eat thereof; for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The first gospel given to man was, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." From these respective words, I conceive that the law and the gospel have spread

through the Bible; root, trunk, branches, twigs, ramifications, presenting a complete and perfect whole. It would be as impossible to be saved by that portion of the law which we find in the New Testament, as by that portion which we find in the Old Testament; and it is equally impossible for fallen creatures perfectly to fulfil the one part as the other: yet God, as a God of holiness cannot, on this account, retract from any of his demands. The portion of the law which is contained in the New Testament, is indeed more full and comprehensive than that portion which we find in the Old. The ramifications from those ancient branches are more numerous and distinct, suited to the spiritual character of the dispensation. But I would here remark, that I do not consider the believing Jews, under the Mosaic dispensation, were under a covenant of works, though the character of their dispensation was outward. Their views were perhaps not so clear, inasmuch as their whole economy referred to something yet unfulfilled: but I think that I may venture to affirm that, with regard to many of them, their trust in the "Lamb slain (in the purposes of God) from the foundation of the world," was as implicit and firm as that exercised by those who have believed in the same Lamb, whose blood, shed on Calvary, "cleanseth from *all* sin," and who died for the remission of the sins of those under the first dispensation.

It was much the same then as now; some looked to the mere outward observances: but "he that was spiritual discerned all things." In a human government law and justice are frequently opposed, indeed directly contrary to each other: but this is not the case in the divine government: by its peculiar economy the offices of lawgiver, law-fulfiller, and mediator, are united in the same person, who has perfectly satisfied the demands of justice. "The *Lord* is our *lawgiver*, the Lord is our *king*; he will *save* us." Here, united in the person of

Christ, are the characters of lawgiver and Saviour, and under the laws of this royal lawgiver and Saviour are his subjects placed. From a comparison of many texts, I have long considered that the Son gave the law from Mount Sinai. I therefore think that the expression, 'He came to fulfil the law which himself had made, and the demands which he therefore perfectly knew,' is quite scriptural. I am induced to think that the Son gave the law from Sinai, by observing the manner in which Stephen speaks of "the angel which appeared to Moses in Mount Sinai." Acts vii. 38. Yet in Exodus xix. 10—20; Psalm lxviii. 8; Deut. iv. 10—15, all the characters, titles, and manifestations of divinity are ascribed to, and are evident in that being who gave the law from Sinai.

'By a comparison of various scriptures, it will appear on many occasions, that this angel was invested with all that belongs to divinity; yet "God will not give his glory to *another*." When this same being who had given the law, came on earth, he declared that "he came *not to destroy the law*, but to fulfil." In his exposition of the moral law, (Matthew v.) he speaks not of it, as a thing abrogated, or done away with, neither as about to be; but he spiritualizes it, shewing its extent and real meaning; and explaining to those, who considered it as relating merely to the "outward appearance," that its demands reached the heart. It is somewhat remarkable, that in this divine exposition of the law, Christ ordains some alterations in the ancient law; and only these; though, if he had seen any others to be necessary for "*His* disciples," (to whom it appears this sermon, as it has been called, was addressed, though it might be more properly called an exposition,) he would, doubtless, have mentioned them also. These permittances, rather than injunctions, of the ancient law, which were for wise reasons allowed, as suited to the state of the Jews at that time, (as on one occasion

Christ remarks,—"Moses, for the hardness of your hearts suffered this, but from the beginning it was not so,") he condemns, as contrary to the spirit which ought to be the sole influence of his professed disciples, that of love. Our Lord's beautiful and comprehensive condensement of the law and the prophets, on which he says they both hang,—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself, for on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets,"—does indeed include them all; and were love perfect, there would be no need of any commands whatever, but all would be perfectly fulfilled.

'Since sad experience must testify that right love is the most deficient passion in the heart we need; *you* would say, the precept of the New Testament, *I* must say, the whole moral law as revealed in the Bible, that expression of his mind and will toward us, which is like himself; as being a transcript of his glorious perfections; immutable and holy: and which he cannot lower, because it is impossible for fallen creatures to perform, without lowering his own character and perfections. "The law is holy, and the commandment is holy, just, and good." Was, then, that which is good, made death unto me? God forbid! But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me, by that which is good; that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful. For *we*, (that is believers,) know that "the law is *spiritual;*" that its demands extend not merely to the regulation of the outward life, but to the thoughts and intents of the heart; and that the first demand it makes in the name of the Saviour-Lawgiver, (for there is "one Lawgiver able to save," as well as to "destroy,") is "My son give me thy heart." It was this spirituality of the law, which that Saviour enforced, who "hath *magnified* the law and made it *honourable*." The life of Christ was a perfect fulfilment

of the law. His example was an embodied law. He was a walking, moving, and thinking law, which is presented to all our outward senses, and to which we may refer as the best and clearest manifestation of it—he being the "word of God," or the revelation to us in every sense, of the mind and thoughts of God. The law is thus presented before our eyes, subjected to our touch, brought in an endearing and palpable form to every faculty of the heart and soul of those who, feeling his constrained love, would press forward, knowing that "he has left us an example that we should follow in his steps." I cannot see that the apostles of Christ, any more than their Master, speak of the moral law as abolished; neither can I believe that in any respect Christ and his disciples promulgated different doctrines, for "the gospel was first spoken by our Lord, and afterwards confirmed unto us by them that heard him." The manner in which the apostles quote the moral law in many instances, seems as if they considered it still in force. Acts xxiii. 5; 1 Cor. ix. 8—14. Also their frequent applications of the law to the Gentile churches, which, if superseded by the gospel, there would certainly be no occasion to do, but it would be only leading them into error.

'But you will ask, if I consider the moral law still in force, how I understand the numerous texts and passages which speak of the believer being delivered from the law? for I do not consider any believer as being under the law, strictly so speaking; for considering it as a rule or directory, is not being under its curse or condemnation. I might here observe what indeed I ought to have done in another place,—it appears to me that the moral law was never intended to be a covenant to *believers*, though it was to the Jews *nationally*, but that it was always designed as a rule or directory of conduct. And one proof that the moral law was never a covenant of works to the believing Jews of the old dispensation

is, the delight which David expresses in the law, for instance Psalm cxix. 72, 113, 165—his description of the righteous, Psalm i. 2; xxxvii. 31. Now, though we may admit the justice of that which condemns, we can never, regarding it only in this light, have love to it, or delight in it. And I cannot separate the idea of curse and condemnation from the law, as a covenant of works to fallen creatures. In all the instances which speak of being saved from the law, delivered from it, &c., I do not see one which refers to the abolition of the moral law, and which may not be understood as relating to the ceremonial law, which, as being merely appointed for a time, was, like every mere appointment, to cease when its designed end was accomplished, or, as relating to the removal of the *curse* and *condemnation* of the law. "Christ having redeemed us from the *curse* of the law" (the Apostle does not say from the law itself,) "being made a curse for us," and there being "now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," I really cannot see why those are under more bondage who consider the whole moral law, as revealed in the Bible, their directory or rule of conduct, than those who consider the precepts of the gospel *only* as their directory or rule. The precepts of the gospel are nothing more than the moral law of the Old Testament, enlarged, and extended, and added to, so that the law is like Jeremiah's roll; if you take it and burn it, the same words shall be written again, and more added thereto. Some rule or directory we must have, as imperfect creatures, else a very important part of a revelation from the Holy and Almighty God to his creatures and subjects would be wanting. There was never a well-constituted, well-arranged government without laws; neither, I believe, will there be on earth. In the heavenly kingdom, they will indeed be no longer needed, for that love, which is the fulfilling of the law, being perfect. If believers had no need of laws, then

why all the precepts to the churches given in the epistles? Surely the greatest bondage of all would be to be without law. The people of God, Isaiah li. 7, are described "as the people in whose heart is the law," and the promise of God to his people is, "I will put my laws in their hearts, and in their minds will I write them." A disposition to wish, and strive to obey them, not to consider them as done away with; yet not as the Israelites, who were compelled to make brick without straw, yet deliver their full tale; but motives are given, desires implanted, and imperfect performances forgiven, through the Mediator and Law-fulfiller. That "faith which works by love" leads them to love, and desire to obey, the commands of their gracious King; not to *be* saved, but *as* saved; not to *be* accepted, but *as* accepted. The difference between a person who strives to obey the law in a legal spirit, and one who is desirous of obeying it from the constraining love of Christ, is thus well described—

> 'What shall I *do*, was then the word,
> That I may worthier grow!
> What shall I *render* to the Lord?
> Is my inquiry now.'

The following extract I think so well explains this principle, "faith which worketh by love," that in transcribing it I shall express my sentiments on the subject better than I could in my own words. 'Faith works by love, and love is the seminal principle of all holy obedience. The "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus" is the revelation of the will of God; not written on tables of stone, but on the fleshy tables of the heart. It is the new nature, the holy disposition to love and obedience, of which the Spirit of God is the author, and faith in Jesus the instrumental cause. It is called a law, not only because it is a directory of faith and practice, (which is the primary meaning of the Hebrew

word,) but also because it has all the force and sanction of a law.' But as Christ has fulfilled the law, is it not then abolished? The yoke and curse are done away; but for this very reason, that the yoke is taken off, the believer feels that the "commands are not grievous," but that "his heart being enlarged," "he runs the way of God's commandments," exclaiming with one of old, "Oh! how I love thy law!" and with another, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man;" "with the mind, I myself serve the law of God"—finding it to be indeed grievous that he performs them so imperfectly, and longing for the time when love being perfect, all his service will be so also. I should before this have remarked, that it appears inconsistent to me that persons who reject all the moral law of the Old Testament, retain its promises, and apply them to themselves: yet they were delivered at the same time, and by the same authority. We need the law and gospel as sinners, and also as believers. I will conclude these observations with stating what I consider the uses of the law to these two divisions of our race. First with regard to sinners: It is perhaps an idle question, and might come under the injunction of St. Paul to Timothy, "Avoid foolish questions;" whether sinners are to be condemned by the law, by their rejection of the gospel, or by their own personal transgressions. If they had received the gospel testimony, their personal transgressions would have been pardoned, and "drowned in the depths of the sea;" but by their rejection of the gospel, and consequently of the Mediator and Surety, their sins remain upon themselves. Refusing the Law-fulfiller, that law, from which God cannot retract without violating his word, character, attributes, and perfections, remains in full force against them; bearing, therefore, on its awful front, curse and condemnation. These things, therefore, appear to me so interwoven, that I see not the wisdom of endeavour-

ing to separate them. Every sentence of the law contains the condemnation of the unrenewed sinner, both now and for ever. It might perhaps with truth be said, that all are under the law who are not under the gospel. The law, I think, is sometimes, indeed frequently, used in turning a sinner "from darkness to light," "from the power of Satan to God." The sinner sees in the law the holiness and majesty of its Author, and the impossibility of his having a righteousness thereby, in which he can stand before God. He reads the demand for a perfect obedience, without retracting an iota for an imperfect nature; he sees no pardon revealed; for—

> 'To convince and to condemn,
> Is all the law can do.'

Hence he is led to see that "now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets;" and that "if righteousness came by the law, Christ has died in vain;" that there is one who has fulfilled the law, while "he has magnified it, and made it honourable." The law is thus his "schoolmaster to bring him to Christ," believing in whom, he finds a righteousness, pardon, and acceptance. But though the law is often made efficacious in the hands of the Spirit, to strip and lay the sinner in the dust, this is not always the case; for sometimes the message of love, announced in the gospel, at once enters into, and softens the hard heart; it distils as the rain moistening and causing the seed sown to take root. Often, in such cases, the heart is so engaged with the love and mercy of a reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, that it may have afterwards, by a clearer manifestation and perception of the holiness of God, to discern the force and spirituality of the law. I do not consider the law always the cause of the conversion of a sinner.

But it now remains to close these considerations,

(which I have extended far beyond what I at first intended, and have thus made a formidable assault on your kindness and patience,) by stating what I consider the uses of the law to the believer. He is not any longer under the law as a schoolmaster, of whose strictness and severity he could complain, while escape was impossible, but he is rather like the grown-up young man, who respects and reveres the instructions and counsels of his former-dreaded instructor. Contemplating the moral law, as exhibited on the cross, we see its inviolable, unchanged holiness; the impossibility of imperfect creatures perfectly performing its smallest injunctions; its spirituality; its breadth, depth, and height, length and extent. The immutable and eternal holiness of God are there clearly manifested in this transcript of his mind,—"The righteousness of God being witnessed by the law." "By the law is the knowledge of sin." And we see what sin is, a "transgression of the law;" and therefore "against God." "The exceeding sinfulness of sin" is thus shewn by the law, and its extent and deep malignity;—a use of the law which St. Paul points out in Rom. vii. 13. The necessity of a Mediator and Law-fulfiller is there forcibly felt; and our vast obligations to him in having delivered us from the curse and condemnation of the law. We there also learn the full force and meaning of the word *surety*.

The soul who there and thus reads the law, will find his faith strengthened; and that "faith which worketh by love" will prove the 'seminal principle of all holy obedience.' The law and the gospel act and rest upon each other. The law shews the believer more fully his need of Christ, and his obligations to him; and the increased love thus produced in his heart constrains him to a willing and cheerful and free obedience. The law quickens our steps to run to Christ, and makes us cling closer to him, and more firmly grasp his cross.

These nearer approaches to Christ, and beholdings of him, incite and animate the desire to "follow his steps," and "as we have received Christ Jesus the Lord, to walk in him." "Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid!—yea, *we establish the law.*" If I could think that the moral law, that utterance of the mind of God, was taken away or changed, it would give me an idea of the changeableness of that mind, "which changeth not;" and "in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning,"—which would weaken my confidence in his every declaration. In accordance with the sacred Scriptures and with the character of God therein revealed, I must believe that the moral law, as declared throughout the Bible, is the rule and directory of conduct for a believer. As I write, the importance of the subject rises before me, and, with a sense of its importance, my inability to do it justice. Indeed, these observations appear to me, to be but like the notes of a sermon, (though I should be sorry to tax you with reading my enlargement,) so comprehensive is the point in question, and so much more might be said concerning it. I wish it were in better hands; for I cannot but believe, that *much* error is produced by the rejection of the moral law. I have not written, I trust, without sincere prayer, to be led to believe and write according to "the lively oracles of God." For any sentiments advanced in the statements, I alone am responsible; for I do not know that I have read anything on the subject, at least scarcely anything, except the Bible. In writing on any subject, I have only the Bible before me; for it would perplex and confound my ideas, to consult the works of human authors on the question, whatever it may be; though I refuse not the application of any recollected passage from their writings. But to surround myself with books, would be like David going forth in Saul's armour, which he had not proved. Some would call this pride, arrogance, and presump-

tion; but I trust to your kindness, to make allowance for a mind of somewhat an independent cast, which has always been in circumstances to strengthen, rather than counteract its natural tendencies.

'I think not with any set of persons, neither do I think a prescribed set of thoughts. It has often been said to me, How, believing such a doctrine, can you hold such opinions of another? With this sort of reasoning I have nothing to do. I must be convinced, and receive each truth separately; and if they do not harmonize at once, I must wait for a clearer understanding of one or both, to cause them to unite. It would be as effectual to bring forward the Articles or Liturgy of the Established Church to a dissenter, as the rules of his faith, as to make one truth necessarily dependant on another with regard to its reception by me. I desire to keep my mind as perfectly open to conviction as the frailty of my nature will permit, and "to be free from all, yet serving all." But you will ere this be ready to say, as you have doubtless often done before, 'I have had enough of the law; how tiresome and how prosing she always is.' If you should feel disposed to give me your sentiments on the subject of these pages, I shall be ready to attend to any suggestions you have to offer; for though we are commanded to "avoid strivings about the law, for they are *unprofitable* and *vain*," yet we are to be "ready to give every man an answer, who asketh us a reason for the hope which is in us, with meekness and fear." And with earnest desires that we may both be "guided by the Spirit of truth into *all* truth,

'I remain your sincere and affectionate friend,

'ANNE.'

## PSALM XXII. 26.

*"The meek shall eat and be satisfied."*

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WITH what solemnity is this Psalm invested, when considered as the words of the dying Saviour, suffering on the cross for the sins of his people!

This idea seems to be justified, if we observe the verses which are quoted from it, in the account of the crucifixion of Jesus. So remarkable is the manner in which they are introduced, that we may consider this precious Psalm as conveying to us the various thoughts and feelings which occupied the mind of our Lord, on this most interesting and awful occasion.

In the first two verses, our Lord seems exclaiming with agony, under the bitter sense of the hiding of his Father's countenance. The apostles quote these as his very words,—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" See Matt. xxvii. 46; Mark xv. 34.

In the third verse,—"But thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel,"—he acknowledges the justice of this withdrawment, from the holy nature of God, which abhorred the sin he was then bearing for his people. "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

In the next three verses, our Lord contemplates the support which all those who trusted in God found in the time of trial; and contrasts it with his own degraded and forsaken condition.

In verses 7, 8,—he complains of the taunts and reproaches of his cruel enemies the Jews. Compare this

with Matt. xxvii. 39—43. Mark xv. 29—32. Luke xxiii. 35—37.

In verses 9 and 10,—he expresses his confidence in God.

From verses 11 to 17,—he describes the agony he endured from bearing the sins of his people, which compassed him about, added to his weakness and bodily suffering.

The 18th verse we find in Matt. xxvii. 35. Mark xv. 34. Luke xxiii. 34. John xix. 23, 24.

The 19th verse is a pathetic prayer to God, in which the Saviour, feeling conscious that he had laid aside his power, and had given himself up to his enemies, calls the Father his strength. 2 Cor. xiii. 4. Lam. i. 14.

He seems, in verse 20, to pray for his people, that they might be delivered from Satan, and from ungodly men, and from the sword of wrath, which was now awake against the man who was the fellow of the Lord of Hosts, (Zech. xiii. 7.)

Again, v. 21, he prays for himself, that his Father, who had so often heard him in times past, would now deliver him from Satan; who was bruising the heel which was soon to crush the head of the mighty enemy.

These prayers of Jesus seem to be wrung out of him by his bitter sufferings. We know, from Luke xxiii. 34, that the mind of our blessed Lord was occupied for his people: but from the 22d verse, to the end of the Psalm, we see what were the particular thoughts which passed through it.

"I will declare thy name unto my brethren," said the Captain of our salvation: and in v. 23, he exhorts them to praise, fear, and glorify the Lord.

In verse 24, he refers to the benefits arising from his death; for he knew that by dying, the just for the unjust, he should bring us to God. He knew that he was experiencing these trials, that his beloved might rejoice. He knew that he was forsaken of God, that they might

never be forsaken; and that he was afflicted without support, that the everlasting arms might be underneath his people.

He then goes on to say, verse 25, that he would cause his people to understand the engagements he had fulfilled on their behalf.

From verse 26, to the end of the Psalm, he seems to have been contemplating the effects of the great work he was accomplishing. "The meek shall feed on their dying Redeemer, and be satisfied."

One gleam of joy gilded the dark solemn scene of Calvary, one ray of triumph shone on the forsaken soul of Jesus; for when expiring on the cross, he had a distinct view of the *conquests* of that cross. He saw the glories of that day, when the whole earth would worship him; when the ends of the earth would look unto him and be saved; when at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess him as Lord.

That seed which should serve the Lord, verse 30, though then it consisted of few, Jesus prophesied, verse 31, "should declare his righteousness unto a people that should be born," that *he had finished* the work of our redemption.

And with this "it is finished:" we read John xix. 30, that Jesus "bowed his head and gave up the ghost."

Having thus taken a cursory view of this precious prayer of our dying Saviour, let us now consider part of verse 26.

"The meek shall eat and be satisfied." Our Lord, when contemplating the effects of his death upon the cross, particularly notices "the meek" who would feed on the truth of a crucified Saviour, and be satisfied.

Let us then first consider the character of these "meek," that we may discover *who they are*.

Secondly. On what they feed.

Thirdly. The effects of this food.

There are several particulars which distinguish the meek. They bear injuries without seeking to revenge themselves; they are of a forgiving temper, and easily reconciled to those who ill-treat them.

Nor are these the only qualities by which they are distinguished: for it appears that *the state of their minds as to the humble reception* of God's truth, is particularly signified by the appellation given them.

Now, these "meek," are despised by the world, disesteemed by the daring speculators, reproached by the lofty ones of the earth, persecuted by the bigot, yet they are dear, very dear to the heart of their lowly master. For Jesus said, "Blessed are the meek," and "Come" saith he, "and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

The first thing that strikes us, with regard to the meek, is the humble opinion they entertain of themselves, not merely of their attainments, but of *their limited powers of mind* in this state of being.

Conscious of possessing a *finite* understanding, they know they are incapable of comprehending THE infinite, THE unsearchable.

Such persons say, God has graciously revealed himself in his word, to our finite conceptions, and we will wait, till in heaven we are possessed of a perfect understanding, before we inquire into the nature of our Jehovah. With glorified eyes we shall then see, face to face, that God whom we have here viewed "through a glass darkly." With glorified powers we shall then *comprehend* what we have here received upon God's word as MYSTERIES; and with glorified thoughts we shall then adequately conceive of that great Being whom *here* our loftiest ideas, and most towering imaginations, have but degraded. But till then, we will humbly bow before him, and believingly adore our *unseen, uncomprehended,* and yet worshipped Jehovah.

With such characters, a "Thus saith the Lord," or "Thus it is written," is amply sufficient.

On this they build their faith, for time and for eternity; and to all the declarations of God they reply, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!"

They complain not when the Scriptures are obscure, or beyond their reason; for they regard proud human reason as the enemy of God, the offspring of Satan, and the curse of the world.

So far from saying that they must reject what they cannot clearly understand, taught by the blessed Spirit of Truth, they discern light enough to shew them what they should believe, and that is all they require: for were the Scriptures a thousand times more above their reason, and were there a thousand times more obscurities in them, yet, regarding them as the word of God, they would receive them, thankful that they are so plain, and content, even were a more impenetrable veil to conceal the Almighty from the gaze of mortals.

All this arises from the low and humble ideas which these meek entertain of themselves. Some say, there is nothing in Scripture beyond our comprehension; and that whatever our reason revolts at, cannot be divine truth.

Not so the meek. They consider God so far above them, that when he condescends to give a revelation of himself, they expect to find some truths which are beyond their understanding.

If, say they, a man, far surpassing in talents all his fellow men, were to publish a book containing a full account of his thoughts, designs, and character, we should meet with many things which we could not comprehend.

Why should we then be surprised to meet truths far above our limited capacities, in that book which was dictated by God himself, and which contains an account of his mind and will? If we cannot account for earthly

things, how can we, in this state, explain what relates to a heavenly world, with its inhabitants and its glorious Possessor? Let us then contentedly leave to an hereafter what we know not here, and feed upon divine truth and be satisfied. The word of God is sufficient. Let us not add to, or take from it.

Oh, happy souls! who thus simply *live* on Jesus, undisturbed by reasoning speculations! Feed sweetly, blessed ones! and may none disturb you at your heavenly feast.

Their lowly views of themselves produce exalted ideas of Jesus; therefore they simply trust his word, and thus they glorify the Holy One of Israel. They glorify him by renouncing themselves, by submitting simply and entirely to him; therefore, their minds being *at rest in a peaceful state*, they glorify God before their fellow men. They have cast away all trust in themselves; they have cast themselves completely on Christ. Not only their sins, their own righteousness, and what men call their good works, but they have likewise laid their reason at the foot of the cross. This is the last and hardest part of casting away self. But the Redeemer's dying love has prevailed, they have "overcome by the blood of the Lamb."

Such persons no longer see with their own eyes, hear with their own ears, or understand with their own understanding. They look wholly to the Divine Teacher, and so completely are they under his direction, that they may be said to hear with God's ears, and to see with God's eyes, and to believe exactly what he reveals; for "the meek will he guide in judgment, the meek will he teach his way."

Whatever the Spirit of Truth shews them to be truth, they unhesitatingly and undoubtingly receive with joy and gladness, though contrary to reason and preconceived notions; for with them, "Christ *is all*," and their faith in him, and confident reliance on him, "casts down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth

itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

Their souls are so simply given to Christ that they think it dishonours him to doubt either his love, or any of his gracious promises. They leave it to those who form mistaken notions of humility, to exercise the proud idea that they are not in a fit state to come to him who "died for the ungodly," who doubt of his love to them, because their love to him is variable and weak.

To think that Christ's love to us can alter from any thing that passes within us, is neither Christian humility nor Christian meekness.

The *meek* know that there never was, and never will be, any thing in them that God can love. They know that God chose them when sinners, justified them when sinners, sanctified them when sinners, because he loved them in Christ with an everlasting love, a love from which nothing can separate them. They trust solely to Christ's promises and word, because they are his. They do not reason upon them, as it respects themselves individually, or the truth which their faith receives; for their faith is founded, not upon themselves, but upon Christ; and on him, as the Almighty One, have they cast all their concerns, whether temporal or spiritual.

Such may indeed say, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

They glorify God before their fellow-men, by trusting him in dark providences; for "they are not afraid of evil tidings, their heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." They are not only resigned, but thankful, under every afflictive dispensation, for they discern the sweet hand of love, where others imagine a rough stroke. They know that "all things work together to those that

love God," therefore they say to each thing as it happens, this is a *good*—this is for my good.

They also esteem others better than themselves, and therefore avoid censoriousness and harshness; they are tender to the failings of others, yet deeply sensible of their own; kind-hearted, forbearing, and forgiving, they always put the most favourable construction upon the conduct of others.

Lastly, knowing that they are "not their own, but bought with a price," the dying love of the Redeemer constrains them to be devoted to his service. And surely they whose souls are at peace and rest, may well invite others to the same peace and rest of the gospel of Jesus.

We were, 2ndly. to inquire, on what they feed.

They feed on a crucified Immanuel. "My flesh," (said the Holy One) "is meat *indeed*, and my blood is drink *indeed*." This "nourishes up unto everlasting life;" for Jesus said, "My flesh will I give for the life of the world."

It is not because they have proved, by a chain of argument, that unless they feed upon this, they cannot live; but "I perish with hunger," has brought them to eat or die.

Eating must imply previous hunger—a need, a necessity for the act. Now if a person had tried various methods to procure food for himself, and found them unavailing, and was on the point of starving, and one was to say to him, "Why will ye die?"—at such a place there is food to be had, "without money and without price,"—only ask, and you shall obtain; none were ever refused, none were ever sent empty away—would he not eagerly start up, and run to the place? And suppose another person should stop this poor perishing creature, and say, Wait a little; let us inquire how this food came to be placed there—what it is made of—and how the different ingredients are put together?

Nay, he would exclaim while I am inquiring about these things, I shall perish; and then what use will the knowledge be? Let others *talk* of these things, but I will thankfully receive the sustenance which will save my life.

Just so it is with him who knows that "the soul that sinneth it shall die;" he has tried many Saviours, but they have all failed; yet just as he thinks himself perishing, he hears of a divine Saviour; he says, That is the Saviour for me, on him I can *rest;* I saw no hope before, because my sins were so great that I knew not who could bear them. I dare not cast them on any less than God; but HE who is "mighty to save," is an all-sufficient Saviour, even for me.

He makes no idle inquiries concerning the manner in which the divine and human nature were united in Christ. He rejoices to behold Jesus, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and he glories in calling him Immanuel, God with us.

It is a sense of want that has driven his soul to seek refuge in the hope set before him.

Abstract speculations are useless, when the alternative is, "Lord, save me, or I perish." A person thus convinced, does not confide in what has been done, unless he is sure a Divine atonement has been made for his soul, and that God himself has purchased him with his own blood, and blotted out his sins, for his own name's sake.

This soul *really feeds* on the Lord's Christ; others eat an argumentative Christ, a philosophic Christ, a Christ of their own making; but he feeds on *the Christ of the Bible*, the Bread of life, the life of his soul. There need no laborious deductions, no reasons weighed against reasons, to convince him that Christ is really "Jehovah our Righteousness;" his experience and the declarations of the word of God exactly agree. He sees in the Saviour, as he is revealed in the Scriptures, one

exactly suited to his wants and necessities, and the beauty and the glory of the object commands his love and admiration.

We have observed that the meek feed upon Immanuel—let us now observe, that it is a *crucified* Immanuel. It is the death of Christ upon the cross, upon which all the hopes of a sinner must be placed. It is his dying, "the just for the unjust," that must "bring us to God." "We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

There was but one atonement ever offered for sin; but one ransom ever given for the guilty; but *one* Lamb of God, whose blood was ever shed to redeem lost souls; and this was when he, who "came to give his life a ransom for many," "bore our sins in his own body on the tree," and put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, shedding his blood for the remission of sin. And this great work was completed, when Jesus said, "It is finished, and bowed his head, and gave up the ghost."

The man who feels that he has broken the perfect law of God, and therefore is subject to the wrath of the Holy One, yet who sees the utter impossibility of averting the wrath by any thing *he* can do, because all he does is sinful—who groans under the weight of the debt which he knows he cannot pay—who hears the avenger close behind him, and sees the glittering sword of justice suspended over his head—will gladly receive news of the city of refuge.

He will hear with joy that another has fulfilled the law for him; that one who was *able*, has paid the debt, that the sword of justice is for ever sheathed in the body of Jesus, and that from his sacred side flows a stream in which the sinner may wash and be clean.

He will rejoice in the finished salvation of Jesus: for he knows that if an iota were left to him to perform, he

should fail in the act, and all that Christ had done would be in vain.

A *crucified Immanuel* then is the food on which those feed who have cast away all other dependance. Upon this they live, upon this they grow, upon this *they die,* and this will form their song of praise in heaven.

Oh, come, ye poor starving speculators! leave your barren speculations, to feed upon this "living bread." "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not. Hearken unto me, and eat that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." It becomes not the children of a king to live on beggarly elements. Why do you slight the royal bread which your Father has provided, and seek instead the husks which the swine eat? Behold the Paschal Lamb—roast with fire; but you would bring *leavened* bread, to eat with it, instead of the herbs which God has provided. "His ways are not as our ways;" and not *strictly* to follow his injunctions, is to reject them altogether.

It now remains to make some remarks upon the *effects* of this food: "the meek shall eat, and *be satisfied.*"

"I am the bread of life," said our blessed Lord, "he that cometh unto *me* shall never hunger." "I am the living bread that came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever, and the bread that I shall give him is my flesh, which I shall give for the life of the world." "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me;" for "he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." "This is the meat that endureth to everlasting life," but except ye eat the flesh, and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you."

Why need we wonder any longer at the deadness and carnality of men, since so few live simply on a crucified Saviour? Why should we be surprised to see so many

shrivelled souls, when they adulterate the bread of life before they take it into their mouths?

The meek are *satisfied*. They never hunger, never desire any other food, because they find this nourishing, and it sustains them. They find life in this, yea, an everlasting life.

Should any one say to them, 'How do you know what you eat to be the bread of life? You may be mistaken: try some other food; at least inquire whether better is not to be obtained;' they would reply, It was this bread which, when we were perishing, gave life to our souls; it is this which has preserved us alive: we have hitherto found nourishment from it, nor has it failed to administer support to us. We long fed on unsubstantial food, which only created hunger, and left us famishing. We can entertain no doubt that this is the true bread from heaven. We have seen others eat manna in the wilderness, and *die;* but "he that eateth this bread shall live for ever." When it ceases to supply our wants, then will we seek other food. Do not "devise deceitful matters, to disturb them that are quiet in the land;" but leave us to the peaceful enjoyment of our satisfying food, and you, who are dissatisfied, seek other food elsewhere, *if you can obtain it.*

In another respect the meek are *satisfied;* they find themselves always filled with good things.

The meek "delight themselves in fatness;" they have a sufficiency. "He that gathers much hath nothing over, and he that gathers little, hath no lack."

Such an abundant supply do they find, that they desire nothing to be added to their nourishment; they feed on a crucified Immanuel, and are *satisfied.*

Let us then each ask ourselves whether we belong to the meek, whom Jesus blessed? Do we desire to be one of this company, or do we desire to spend our lives in vain speculations? in empty inquiries?

The apostle Paul was content to be a fool, that he

might be *really* wise; but vain man would be wise, though he be born as the wild-ass's colt.

Oh! happy, happy company! from afar, from the mount of proud speculation, I behold you! I see you sitting at the foot of the cross; peace and satisfaction are visible on your countenances, as your glistening eyes take in fresh views of your crucified Lord.

He, who once bled there, but is now reigning above, has his glorified hands full of blessings, to shower down upon you.

These restless desires tell me that I belong not to you; these daring thoughts admonish me that I am of another society. Oh! may I be snatched from the unhallowed spot to which I have wandered! "Return unto thy *rest*, oh my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Beloved of God! whom the Lord has blessed! if ye need any other benediction, I will bless you. If the prayers of a wanderer will benefit you, I will pray for you. I will pray that none may entice you from your place of rest. I will pray that your hearts may not be rent by losing one from your society, but may each day increase your numbers, till in the likeness of him you love, you are eternally *satisfied*.[1]

*Sept.* 26, 1818.

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## MATTHEW XXVIII. 1—10.

THE period of day in which these troubled mourning souls came to the sepulchre of their Lord, strikingly corresponded with the state of their minds. The day "began to dawn," that blessed glorious day, in which they were to behold the risen Sun of righteousness—that

[1] Written in consequence of being arrested in the midst of a speculation upon some of "the deep things," by a consideration of the text.

bright Sun whose presence chased away those misty fears which overwhelmed their minds, and taught them to rejoice in those heavenly beams which he shed abroad in their hearts. They needed not a star to point out the way; they had a soulward direction to the sacred tomb. In the four following verses, we have a beautiful miniature picture of the day of judgment presented to our view. And we manifestly discern the different effect which that day will produce on the two classes of men into which the Scripture divides all mankind—believers and unbelievers. In the keepers and the women we may see the whole world before us, and we observe that the same appearance, which caused the former "to shake and be as dead men," afforded joy and consolation to the latter. How sweet the voice of the angel to the women, "Fear not, for I know ye seek Jesus which was crucified." This was the reason why they were bid not to fear, because they sought Jesus, the crucified Saviour. They felt that they could not enjoy life without him; they knew they had no other refuge, and therefore could not rest till they had found the Friend of sinners. It was not because their characters had been moral, because their outward conduct was comparatively good, that they were told they had no cause to fear, for all we know, this might have been the case with the keepers, to whom no such consolation was afforded. But an everlasting promise was here given, that none who seek Jesus as a crucified Saviour have any reason to fear; "Come unto me *all* ye that are weary and heavy laden, and *I will* give you rest;" for "him that cometh unto me, I will *in no wise* cast out." As well might these keepers have prevented the Lord's rising from the grave, as men or devils withhold the Sun of Righteousness from rising on a seeking soul. Why then, beloved of the Lord—you who are longing after him, yet dare not think yourselves warranted to come to him—why affront your Lord by

doubting his gracious word? "My thoughts toward you are thoughts of good and not of evil, saith the Lord." Oh! can you indulge despondency when an angel from heaven has declared that you have no cause to fear? When the "Lord from heaven" left his throne of glory, sojourned on earth, and died, that he might bear away all cause of fear from those who seek him, knowing they need a crucified Saviour; you who eagerly desire to find your crucified Saviour, you say, "Oh! that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his mercy-seat." If this is your wish, let me tell you, you are already at his cross, which is *the* propitiation, *the* mercy-seat. You do not want, like the blind man, to pray that your eyes may be opened, for that is already done; only turn your eyes from the ground, or from looking at your evil hearts; direct them upwards, and you will see the "Lord of glory bleeding for the ungodly. Let us now mark the next words of the angel; "He is not here, for he is risen as he said, come, see the place where the Lord lay." "He is not here." Look not for him on earth, nor in any earthly thing, nor in yourselves; "he is risen," "he is ascended on high," "for ever to sit at the right-hand of God," to plead his finished work for his ransomed people, to gather his elect from the four winds of heaven." "He is risen," and as "we are risen with him, let us seek those things which are above." Believer! whosoever thou art, thou hast ascended with thy Lord, as a member of his body; where he is, there must you be also, for God hath raised us up together, and hast made "us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Turn thine eye of faith to heaven, and behold thyself already in glory. We are all too apt to indulge proud thoughts of what we are in ourselves, but not one of us has views sufficiently exalted of what we are in Christ. Blessed truth that he is risen! for them he has accomplished *all* the work of redemption. Then

it is a complete and finished salvation, which the Spirit enables us to receive by faith. By this we know that the Father has accepted of the atonement which was made on the cross, and that we are "complete in him," "accepted *in* the *Beloved*." The Lord Jesus would not have risen until he had fully accomplished the work of redemption, but now hath he "entered in once into the holy place, having obtained *eternal* redemption for us." Therefore, since our Lord is "for ever sat down on the right hand of God," let us "rest in his *love*: "let us labour to enter into *that* rest," "for he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, *as* God did from his." Now all ye who love the Lord Jesus, come, let us follow our angelic invitant, and "see the place where the Lord lay." Behold the place of the burial of sorrow, the resurrection of eternal joy. Let us contemplate this wondrous scene of love, and believingly view how low the Lord of Life and Glory laid for us. What! did he who is "life eternal" submit himself to die, to be buried, to lie in the grave, for sinners? Oh! richly endowed spot—

> 'Where the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
> And left a long perfume.'

Let us meditate on this *really* consecrated ground, till, instead of looking with fear or terror to the time when our bodies will own the same dwelling, we rejoice in the thought that the time may not be long ere we shall rest in the grave of our beloved Lord; and, sometimes may we be able, in anticipation, to recline at his side, for—

> 'Where should the dying members rest,
> But with their dying head.'

Oh! how eagerly these women ran to proclaim the tidings of a risen Saviour; with what joy did they declare that those who sought him in his appointed

means, would find him and be refreshed by his presence. They had come seeking a dead hope, but they went away believing in a living joy; and immediately they hastened to declare to others that Jesus lived; the gracious Saviour of seeking souls. Blush, my soul, at thy tardiness to spread the glad tidings! What! is there no Galilee where he has appointed to meet his disciples in these days? Does Jesus now slumber in the tomb? If this were oftener our employment, we might perhaps "meet Jesus as we went," and hear him say to us, "All hail! be not afraid." Let us who profess ourselves the friends of Jesus, never be ashamed to own our dear and near relation to him, but boldly tell his disciples, that they shall see him here with the eye of faith, and above with the eye of glory.

*August*, 1818.

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*And every man went unto his own house. Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.*—John vii. 53, and viii. 1.

"Heir of all things!" "King of kings, and Lord of lords!" hadst thou not where to lay thy head? The enemies of Jesus, after devising means to take away his life, retired "every man unto his own house,' but the Lord of heaven and earth, in whose hands was their breath, had no place of rest. "Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives;" yet it was solely owing to this despised, rejected one, this "man of sorrows," that his adversaries could be numbered with the living; he, who, by his all-powerful voice bade the dead arise, could, by a similar exertion, have caused the living to be reckoned among the dead. But why was the Holy One and the Just, who was so "holy, harmless, and undefiled," that even his enemies could find no accusation against him, placed in so degraded a condition?

Why had he, who administered to the wants of others, soothed their griefs, and healed their diseases, none to offer him an asylum? The everlasting rest and refuge of his people, had himself no place of rest, because he appeared on earth as their surety. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many." When man had sinned, he forfeited all things; he had no claim to any thing; no right to call any thing his own but everlasting perdition. Not only the blessings of redemption, therefore, but *all* that man enjoys, flows through a Mediator, who is called the "Saviour (or preserver) of *all* men, especially of those that believe." "For him were all things made, and by him all things consist;" that is, are held fast together. Again, we find him spoken of as "upholding all things," the government being upon his shoulders. "Heaven and earth," says he, "are dissolved; I bear up the pillars of it." When the Lord Jesus, leaving the "glory which he had with the Father, before the world was," "came in the likeness of man," he placed himself in a cursed condition, and subjected himself to endure all that we deserved, as the consequence of sin. He was "made a curse for us," "made of a woman, made under the law, that he might redeem them who were under the law;" redeem them from its curse and bondage, and make them partakers of the glorious liberty of being the sons of God. The moment our blessed Lord first breathed the air of this sinful world, the law demanded of him, as surety for his people, a full payment, even to the "uttermost farthing," it withdrew not the slightest requirement, and he was "not rebellious, neither turned away back," but delivered himself up to fulfil every iota of it. Like the willing servant in the Jewish law, "he would not go free," but for the love he bare his wife and master, consented to serve with a free service. "Mine ears hast thou opened (or bored); then I said, Lo I come, in the

volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, Oh! God." The whole life of Jesus was a continual payment of the debt we owed the law, and his death a complete satisfaction to justice. It was to "loose the captives," and "set the prisoners free," that Jesus "would not go free." He placed himself beyond the reach of mercy, in the rigorous hands of justice, that everlasing blessings might be the portion of his people. It was that, folded in the everlasting arms of Jehovah, and peacefully reclining on the bosom of his love, we might never be moved; that Jesus became a wanderer, without a fixed dwelling place. He beheld her whom he loved; his beloved, his "fair one," fast bound in chains and fetters, and he came down to deliver her. "Jacob served for a wife seven years, and for a wife he kept sheep;" but the wife of the Lord Jesus was not so cheaply obtained; for her sake, for above thirty years, he took on himself the form of a servant, and became her lawfulfiller, that by his obedience she might be made righteous. For her he was nailed to a cross, "bearing her sins in his own body on the tree;" for her he died, "the just for the unjust, that he might bring her to God;" for her he was buried, "delivered for her offences;" for her, "having spoiled principalities and powers, he ascended on high," carrying her with him to glory, being "raised for her justification;" for her, he is now before the throne, where "he ever liveth, making intercession for her." Most characters, if aware that in a particular spot they would undergo extreme agony, whether of body or mind, would carefully avoid that place, lest it should suggest to their thoughts the unpleasant but inevitable scene which they foresaw would there take place. Not so the Lord Jesus. By this Mount Olives was the garden of Gethsemane, in which the contemplation of the sin he was about to take upon him, caused such an agony in the Holy Jesus, that "his sweat was as it were great

drops of blood;" and he earnestly prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Now, though Jesus was perfectly acquainted with every thing that would befal him, and "his sorrow was continually before him," we read "that he entered into a garden with his disciples, and Judas, which betrayed him, knew the place, for Jesus *oftentimes* resorted thither with his disciples." The disciples frequently accompanied Jesus to this hallowed spot, yet they were ignorant why he chose this place as a resort in his retired moments. Such was the love of our blessed Lord towards those whom "he came to seek and to save," by giving himself a ransom for them, that he delighted to be in this solemn place, and by anticipation, to load himself with those chains, which, being put on him, everlastingly freed his people from bondage, for "he was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him," having "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

Hast thou not, Oh! sinful worm, whilst reflecting on thy Lord's situation, spending his nights on a mountain, without a place whereon to lay his head, wished that thou hadst a place to which thou couldst invite him! I would bid him a welcome to my heart, but, would *this* be a change for the better? Mount Olives, though a mountain, afforded retirement from the noise and bustle of the city; could I ask Jesus to come from this scene of quiet, into a den of wild beasts? Mount Olives was a mountain on which grew trees bearing goodly fruit; who would leave the pleasing sight of richly loaded boughs for a barren rock, yielding no pasturage even for a goat? By Mount Olives was a garden; this always affords a happy variety, but I offer no variety, except in in every different shape and form.

Yet, Lord, I ask thee not to come, not because of the wretchedness of the situation, but because I know and believe that thou *hast* come and taken possession of it.

Yea, "against hope I believe in hope," that thou hast given me that faith by which thou dwellest in us. My heart,

> Though a cold and hard one,
> Yet it is thine own.

Lord, take me to Gethsemane and Mount Olives, and in there meditating on thy love, may I enjoy sweet communion with thee whom my soul loveth. And may some of those prayers thou didst offer for thy church, in those places made sacred by thy presence, the benefits of which will flow down to remote ages, descend in blessings even on *me*.—*November*, 1818.

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*The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.*
1 Cor. xv. 56.

The apostle had been treating in this chapter of death and a resurrection; he was therefore naturally led to inquire what made death so terrible to men. It is, says he, undoubtedly sin which imparts such bitterness to death; the consciousness of having sinned, or having done something to offend a holy, pure, and just Being, and therefore causing ourselves to be subject to his wrath and just displeasure. But here, we naturally inquire, What is it that gives sin this condemning power? What gives it such strength and force, that it comes clothed with this commanding authority, and says, "The soul that sinneth, it *shall* die?" It is the law which puts the staff of arrest into its hand—"The strength of sin is the law." It is not sin considered merely in itself, which makes us liable to condemnation, if we practise it, but because "sin is a transgression of the law." Hence we find God addressing Adam in these words: "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I

commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it," &c. The law is a transcript of the mind and perfections of God; by breaking the law, therefore, we make a daring assault upon these perfections, and manifest an abhorrence, an opposition to the very nature of God. Yea, so identified is the law with God, that transgressing the law is making an attempt to pull down the props and bulwarks of the throne of the Eternal, his holiness and purity, and thus degrade him to the level of a being somewhat like ourselves. This outrage upon God takes place every time we sin and break his law; if then "he that offendeth in one point is guilty of a breach of the *whole* law," how lamentable the condition of every child of Adam. We may thus see the extent of Adam's (as it appears to us) single transgression, and instead of cavilling at the awful consequences of it, adore and acknowledge the unerring justice which inflicted them. If "the strength of sin be the law," then, for the breach of this eternal law, Adam and all his race were condemned: it was this which gave power of condemnation to sin, yea, an eternal power. But, on the other hand, it is encouraging to know, that if the law broken gives a power of eternal condemnation to sin, then the law fulfilled takes away condemnation from sin. Thus standing in the righteousness of Christ, made his by faith, the apostle exclaims, "But thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The whole verse, paraphrased, would be thus—'It is sin which gives bitterness and anguish to death, and it is the law which gives the power of condemnation to sin, but Christ has obtained a victory over sin and death—he has suffered the punishment due to our transgressions, when "he bore our sins in his own body on the tree," and by performing a complete obedience to the law, he has deprived it of its condemning power, and "brought in an everlasting righteousness." Thus, by his obedience we are made

righteous, by his death we are freed from the punishment due to our transgressions, and by his blood we are cleansed from *all* sin. And, thanks be unto God, he has made us sharers in this victory of our Lord Jesus Christ.'—*Nov.* 1819.

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*A people laden with iniquity.*—Isa. i. 4.

Yes, such, considered in themselves, were all the chosen people of God, and the heavy burden was sinking them to everlasting perdition. Unconscious of danger, they marched forward in the path which led to the abodes of the damned, and their horrid load would have borne them in headlong. But there was one who beheld their course, who foresaw their danger, who pitied and loved them.

He saw, and, oh amazing love!
He flew to their relief.

"He saw that there was no *man*, and wondered that there was no intercessor, therefore his own arm brought salvation." Although the "brightness of his Father's glory, and the object which angels worshipped, he took upon himself a mortal form, and tabernacled with the creatures his own hands had made;" with those very hands he removed off the load from each individual of the chosen race, and placed it on himself, Then, with an irresistible voice, he spake, and said, "Follow me;" and immediately their steps were turned. He carried the load, he tottered, he fell, he sank under the weight. But "his arm was not shortened." "Mighty to save," he hurled the tremendous burden into the gulf of oblivion, and, rising up, exclaimed, "It is finished!" Then he ascended to those realms of glory, whence he had descended on this errand of mercy, and, looking with persuasive love on his beloved people, ere

he departed out of their sight, he again said, "Follow me." Believer, where is now thy sin? where those transgressions that would have overwhelmed thy soul in the unfathomable abysses of perdition? They are gone for ever,—removed eternally out of the sight of man, Satan, and God. View the vast gulf into which thy Jesus cast them; tremble, wonder, adore, and love. Believer, where is now thy Lord? Ascended to the right hand of the Father, reigning in glory. Contemplate his lofty abode—seek, strive, long, earnestly desire.—*Nov.* 19, 1819.

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## ADDRESS TO SOLITUDE.

O SOLITUDE! how sweet thou art to him who hides the starting tear, and checks the rising sigh. To thee the mourner comes without reserve; to thee those wearied with the world resort for ease. The ardent longing soul seeks thy propitious aid, to hold communion with her God.

The converse of friends is sweet; it is sweet to unite in worship with fellow-believers: but even these delights would become tedious without thee.

A continuance of these blessings would weary the enjoyer; but thou, heaven-fraught messenger! fliest to our relief, and scatterest a celestial fragrance from thy balmy dropping wings.

Well may the guilty and the base dread thy approach; for to them thou shewest a different appearance—to them thou comest as a reprover and a saddener, tearing from them their joys, and bringing unwelcome truths to their ears. To say we love not thee, is to say we love not God; for when favoured with thy blest company, then may we best enjoy him. To say we dread

thee, is to say that we dread his presence, whom thou bringest near to us.

How welcome wast thou to the Saviour of the world, during his sojourn on earth! How joyfully he greeted thee, when reviled by the Jews, and wearied with the ignorance of his disciples! To enjoy thee he banished sleep from its rightful dominion, and in thy sweet society conversed with the only Being who knew him, and whom he only knew. And now he honours thee, by bestowing his choicest blessings on his friends when they are with thee.

When we are in company with others, it may be partly their fault that we gain no improvement, when we are with thee the blame must rest wholly on ourselves.

Oh, gentle magician, what canst thou not effect! Thou canst change a sigh into a smile, a tear into a song. Thou tamest the fierce, and makest the fearful bold. There have indeed been those who have idolized thee, for thine own sake; but let not their error be imputed to thee—let not their reverencing thee as a goddess, prevent our loving thee as a friend.

To thee *I* might have been perhaps too much devoted, had I not been commanded to regard thee not as my ruler, but as a servant of Jehovah. And, like the rest of his faithful servants, thou hast not been without thy share of reproach. Yet from thee, great patroness of exalted thought and holy affections, has emanated, in all ages, light which has cheered a dark world, and scattered truth over the face of the earth.

Let me then, one of thy humblest yet most sincere admirers, be seated at thy feet, whilst looking upward, I gain a view far distant from this wilderness—a view of eternal rest. How often has thy smile cheered my heart, when a frown sat on all beside. When fettered with timid fears, how anxiously have I looked for thee to strike off my chains, thou liberty-bearing power!

Thou only friend, with whom I could possess *perfect* freedom—thou only companion towards whom I ever felt a complete unreserve; yes, thou art indeed to me 'best society.'

> I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
> And dreaded as thou art.

Early did I reverence thee, friend of my life! the young child sought the shelter of thy arms; the soul, sick of the world, yet unable to take a wingless flight to heaven, laid itself to rest in thy bosom; the starving prodigal told thee that she was constrained to seek her father's house; the mourner poured forth her tears to thee, and the rejoicing believer declared to thee her happiness. Thy presence was sweet in the day-light, and cheering when night wrapped her mantle over the earth. With thee have I loved to mark nature putting on her vernal dress; with thee have I retired from the heat of the summer sun; with thee have I admired the varied tints of autumn; and with thee have I encouraged the solemn sensation of a wintry storm. Added years only increase my love for thee, and other society but makes me prize thee more, thou cherisher of my best thoughts, thou never-wearying friend. In health and in sickness, in life and in the prospect of death, have I hailed thee as the harbinger of joy.

And must I then with life resign thee? is there no place for one so fair, so pure, so lovely, in that mansion of blessedness which is prepared for me? No! where there are no tears, no sorrows, we want thee not. Where God is all, and all is God, we need not thy propitious aid. On the confines of eternity I shall bid thee an everlasting farewell. With gentle step thou wilt accompany this body to the grave, while the soul will lose thee in the society of angels.

## MEDITATION ON PSALM CX. 7.

*" He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up the head."*

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A SPIRITUAL discerner of this Psalm perceives that every sentence of it has a reference to our Lord Jesus Christ; and this interpretation gives a peculiar force and beauty to the verse which concludes the subject.

It may lead us to consider what was the brook of which our Lord drank; the *effects* of this act, and the consolations which may be deduced from it.

We may understand this brook to be the brook of sorrow, trial, temptation, and death, which the Saviour drank for all the chosen race; willingly subjecting himself to reproach, poverty, and suffering, for their sakes. " For in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High-priest; for in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted." So completely was he the surety of his people, bearing the curse in their stead, that the moment his eyes opened on the light of this world, he began " to drink of the brook." Behold him in the manger of Bethlehem;—see him escaping from the rage of Herod;—tempted by Satan in the wilderness. Contemplate him as he sat wearied by the well of Samaria;—as he wept at the grave of Lazarus. Remember how he suffered from the malice of the Jews;—how he bore with the ignorance and weakness of his disciples;—how he agonized in the garden of Gethsemane; and afterwards bore the cruel taunts and reproaches of men, by whom he was slain; but chiefly remember him on the cross, bearing

our sins in his own body, and dying the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. O believer! think on these things, and thou shalt understand what was the brook which he drank for thee.

Yes,—"He *drank* of the brook." Each of his followers, likewise, must partake of it; but to them it is comparatively sweet; they but *taste* of its bitterness. Tried and tempted they may be; but they are neither left nor forsaken. He who once took upon him their nature and their sins, is afflicted in their afflictions, and will not suffer them to be tempted above that they are able to bear. He was condemned for his people that there might be no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. He endured the absence of his Father's smile that the light of his countenance might for ever beam on them. But let us now consider the *effects* of this act,—"*therefore* shall he lift up the head." This passage is generally believed to be significant of the exaltation of Jesus, whose meritorious sufferings were the cause of the lifting up of the head, described by the Psalmist. But at the same time let us remember, that as he is "the head of the body, the church," all that he does, we, as members of that body, do in him. When he lived, we lived in him; when he died, we died with him; and when he arose triumphant from the grave, we ascended with him to sit for ever at the right-hand of God. Be assured, believer, whatsoever may be your circumstances, you are united to him from whom nothing shall ever estrange you; and being "a member of his body, his flesh, and his bones," where he is there must you be also.

We will now consider these words in a different sense. And we may remark that the followers of the Lamb,—the poor, despised, and afflicted people, have a glorious consolation in the sufferings of their forerunner. Not a path can they tread over which he has not previously passed, for "when he putteth forth his

own sheep, he goeth before them." Not a stroke can they feel, but it has previously fallen with infinite weight upon him; since for their sakes "it pleased the Father to bruise him and to put him to grief." Let them, then, under every painful visitation, say, "Christ has drank of this brook, therefore will he lift up my head." Are you separated from those you fondly love, with whom you have taken sweet counsel, with whom you have walked to the house of God in company?—Jesus was deserted in the most trying circumstances;—you have still many friends left you; but all, even the beloved disciple, forsook him and fled. "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore will he lift up thy head."

Has one in whom you trusted betrayed your confidence?—one whom you had chosen from many others as a companion in the wilderness? But Jesus said,—"He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me." "It was thou, my equal, my acquaintance,—not my enemy, for then I could have borne it,—but mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted." "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up thy head."

Are you distressed because those most near and dear to you are still under the bondage of Satan? It was *the brethren* of Jesus who said,—"If thou do these things, shew thyself unto the world; for neither did his brethren believe in him." "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up thy head."

Are you in circumstances of poverty and distress? Are you deprived of the comfort of home,—a solitary wanderer in a desert land? "The Son of man had not where to lay his head." He had nothing he could call his own; he sat wearied beside a well, and was compelled to receive sustenance at the hands of his creatures. "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore will he lift up thy head."

Are you subject to the taunts and reproaches of an evil world? Are you mocked and reviled by those whose best interests you endeavour to promote? Hear the complaints of him who desired to gather all men under his gracious protection, and they would not;—"They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head; they that would destroy me, being my enemies wrongfully, are mighty. They also that seek after my life, lay snares for me; and they that seek my hurt speak mischievous things, and imagine deceits all the day long. They also that render evil for good are mine adversaries." And again,—"The world hateth me because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil." And if they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more, then, those of his household? "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up thy head."

Does no eye pity you, afflicted one, weeping over the grave of your beloved friend? Yes,—"Jesus wept," and "is touched with a feeling" for you. "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore will he lift up thy head."

Bowed down with pain, is there none near you to afford relief to your body, or to whisper words of consolation to your soul? When the Lord of glory stood in your place, he "looked for comforters and found none." You acknowledge that your sins deserve even sharper chastisement; but he had done "no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore will he lift up thy head."

Are you surrounded with those who perplex you with hard questions? Thus did the Jews constantly tempt Christ;—"Every day they wrest my words. Against me do they devise mischievous devices *all the day*," were the complaints of our persecuted Lord. "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore will he lift up thy head."

When your enraptured thoughts would soar to hea-

ven, to dwell on the beauties of Jesus, do you find the conversation of those around you unsuitable to these thoughts, and at variance with them? The disciples of Jesus so imperfectly understood the design of their Lord's coming, "while he was yet with them," that they never appear to have entered into any of the holy feelings of their Master. When he spoke to them of his sufferings, they understood him not. Even when hastening to Jerusalem, to procure by his death eternal dominion for them, they were contending for temporal power. "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up thy head."

Does Satan continually contend with you? Is the struggle so violent that you can but just sustain it? Does the enemy suggest a doubt whether you are a child of God? Be not cast down, for in this sorrow also Jesus has preceded you. Behold him in the wilderness, when the tempter said,—If thou be the Son of God." Not only at that hour, but during the whole life of Jesus, he contended against the powers of darkness, and addressed his disciples as those "who had continued with him in his temptations." "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore will he lift up thy head."

Does a sense of sin weigh down your soul with bitter anguish?—Oh! think what he endured to whom the contemplation of standing as the sin-bearer of his people was so terrible, that "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood." If we, sinful and polluted creatures, (even when renewed in the spirit of our minds,) feel so acutely the plague of our own hearts, what must have been the suffering of that pure and holy nature which till then had never breathed the atmosphere of sin. "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore will he lift up thy head."

Do you fear that you are forsaken of God, because your "iniquities like a cloud have risen up between

you and heaven." This is your infirmity, but remember "the years of the right-hand of the Most High." Why are you disquieted? Jesus "sank in deep mire where there was no standing." He cried out,—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." "He has drank of this brook by the way, therefore shall he lift up thy head."

Do you fear that, although you desire that your will should be in complete subjection to the will of God, it is still opposed? "Father," said Jesus, "if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless *not my will* but *thine* be done. I came into this world not to do *mine own will* but the will of the Father who sent me. "He then has drank of this brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up thy head."

Does the apprehension of the approach of death alarm you? See your Lord in the garden of Gethsemane. Hear him exclaim,—"Father, save me from this hour!" "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up thy head."

But, oh! believer, Jesus has conquered death, and taken away his sting for ever. Be not dismayed when the last enemy approaches to claim you as his right; for Jesus once yielded to his demands. He will but consign your body to the tomb; and there did Jesus descend. "He has drank of this brook in the way, therefore will he lift up thy head."

We need not fear that he who was a sojourner in the wilderness will be unmindful of any of his people in their pilgrimage. Will he be unmoved at our sorrows, who is himself called "the man of sorrows?" Will he be an indifferent spectator of our woe who was in his own person "acquainted with grief?" Can he withhold his support from the "heavy-laden," who was "full of heaviness?" Will not he comfort the mourner, who complained that "reproach had broken his heart!" Weak, fearful, and tempted disciple, he will hear thy feeblest petitions, who "in the days of his flesh offered

up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears." He who washed his servant's feet will not consider any circumstances respecting thee too trivial to awaken his sympathy. "Seeing then we have a great High-priest who is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession without wavering; for we have not a High-priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was *in all points* tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly to a throne of grace, that we may "obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

We have considered the former clause of the verse, but the subject must not be dismissed without some allusion to the concluding part,—"He *shall* lift up the head." It is observable that the text contains two distinct prophecies of Christ, and one will be as surely fulfilled as the other. If "he has drank of the brook," he shall also "lift up the head."

There may be some weak in the faith who cannot appropriate this divine truth; but to such persons we would point out the intimate connection between the prophecy and the assurance, for the latter is the consequence of the former. Let us take a lesson from believers of former times, whose means of grace were far more limited than those we enjoy. Instead of doubting God's word, they rested their all upon it. They looked forward to the glorious period when he (who in the purposes of God was "slain from before the foundation of the world,") should bleed on Calvary. Abraham saw the distant day of Christ, and "was glad." There was a general expectation of his advent at the time he appeared, and many were "waiting for the consolation of Israel."

Let, then, those who know that he is already come, and that of all that he has promised "not one thing hath failed," receive without wavering the comfort that

is afforded in the subject of our present meditation. It was in his humiliation, that Jesus "drank of the brook;" it is in his glory that "he lifts up the head." For he hath ascended, "leading captivity captive, that he might give gifts unto men."

If we know him as the Saviour crucified for our iniquities; if we have descended into the grave with him, we may rise from thence, and mount on the wings of faith to the kingdom where he reigns, and where we also shall be kings unto God. No longer laden with the sin of his people, he shall bear the glory for ever. No longer the "smitten" shepherd; he leads his flock to fountains of living waters, and is himself their light. He shall still be the Lamb *slain*: but we shall see him also having seven horns, and seven eyes, the perfection of wisdom and power; and he shall stand on Mount Zion, which he has purchased for his people. There they shall serve him day and night in his temple, and share his throne for ever.

But are there those who would not that he should reign over them? who, while we have been describing the trials of the believer, have congratulated themselves on being exempt from suffering? Let them remember the awful case of him to whom it was said, "Thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things, and Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted and thou art tormented!"

We have alluded to the warfare of the believer, and you may possibly consider yourselves at peace, while in reality you are engaged in a far more tremendous contest than that we have described, and against a far more powerful adversary. The believer contends against sin, Satan, and the world; but you against the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity! "He that believeth not the Son, hath not life, but the wrath of God *abideth on* him." Oh ye despisers, remember that it is such as obey not the gospel of God, who shall be pu-

nished with everlasting destruction, and tormented in the presence of the Lamb. If Christ came on earth to accomplish the work of salvation, and in the character of Redeemer submitted to a suffering life, and an agonizing death, each step he took for the redemption of mankind leaves a message of wrath for you. Every groan he uttered on the cross will increase your condemnation in a tenfold degree.

Yet, why will ye die? when there is a promise of grace, free and unsought, to hell-deserving sinners. In the last day, at the eleventh hour, Jesus stands with open arms, saying, "if any man thirst, let him come unto me, and take freely of the water of life." Come then to him, no conditions are prescribed, no qualifications are necessary. "He that believeth *hath* everlasting life." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

# DIARY, LETTERS, AND MEDITATIONS

OF

# EMMA L. M.

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*January* 19, 1823.

'Remember!

'On recovering from long confinements from illness, and again mixing with the world, I have usually found myself inclined to be conceited, VAIN, taking offence at small things, and often irritable. I would therefore write this for a remembrancer, that if I am permitted to leave my room, I may not relapse into my former errors. Not that I do not feel burdened with sin in my present retired life, but when I again mix with the family, &c. let me not omit a daily and regular communication with my God, as well as self-examination and studying the Scriptures. Oh may no secondary pursuits hinder this first duty. Let me pray particularly for *humility* and spiritual mindedness; never forgetting my dependance on Jesus, from whom cometh every gift. Let me not be anxious or concerned about little things. Let me be ready to deny myself and take up my cross. Let me see the great necessity of *personal* and spiritual religion

and great humility; that is the grace I am most in want of and must most earnestly pray for. Do thou, oh Lord Jesus, my covenant God, enable me to do this by the aid of thy blessed Spirit. Let me try to be of use in every way, if it be possible, to souls. And, oh! may I adorn the doctrine.

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*June* 15, 1823.

'I would thank, and praise, and adore thee, oh my gracious, merciful, loving Redeemer, that thou hast drawn my soul from earthly things, by not permitting me to be able to seek them. I would bless thee for *all* my mercies, but more especially for my frequent illnesses. They have been thy gracious messengers to withdraw me from earth and make me look to heaven. I would bless thee, especially for debarring me from every *employment* that I most liked, every earthly thing that I most cared for. When my heart was too much set on the creature, thou didst make me see that in thee only is light. When, again, I might have been too much engrossed by earthly learning, thou didst prevent me from pursuing it by sending illness. Oh; when I set my affections on things below, may my compassionate Redeemer again shew me the emptiness of any thing but himself, and lead me, as he has hitherto done, to seek him. Let me cleave more to the Lord, especially let me be more spiritually-minded, and more ardent in prayer, more serious in reading the Scriptures, and, oh! give humility.'—*July* 13, 1823.

'Again would I mourn my coldness, and deadness, and ingratitude. Oh, my heavenly Father, thou hast given me, in this time, both sickness and a degree of health, consolation in religious duties, and at times withdrawn thy presence from them; means of grace and crosses by which to wean my soul from things below,

but still my heart remains hard, cold, and ungrateful; and in my religious exercises, as well as when pursuing my affairs of a more worldly kind, sin seems to take possession of my heart. When I read thy word, how languid are my affections, and how very little do I profit from it; and when, falling on my knees, I confess this sin, and pray that I may feel some little life, even then sin follows me, and my thoughts wander from thee, my chief my only good. Yea, Lord, I would confess with shame, though even *that very shame* is polluted with sin, that even *now*, when mourning over my iniquity, I feel far, very far different from what I ought to do—such want of humility, such pride. The only thing that can at all humble me is my manifest *want* of humility. Oh, make this daily more and more apparent. When will this conflict end, and I be admitted into those regions where I shall never, never sin? May the time, if it be thy will, O Lord, not be far distant, when I shall be released from this body of sin, and live with thee, never more to go from thy presence. And during the time that elapses between this period and that joyful one, do thou grant, my Saviour, that I may seek the good of souls more earnestly, and only live to glorify thee. It seems now more my duty to shew, by my walk and conversation, than by my *words*, that I am thine, and silently to testify that the Lord is *my* God. For thine own name's sake, O Lord, let me maintain a consistent walk and conversation, never agreeing or assenting to any thing when advanced even by my nearest friends, that I do not feel to be as thou wouldst have me to think and act; and, oh! may my will be entirely absorbed in that of my Lord's. Let me not repine under thy dispensations, however disagreeable to the flesh, but let me cheerfully take up my cross, and follow Jesus wheresoever he shall point, even if it be through storms and difficulties. Let me never withhold what I think to be the truth, when called upon to declare it, but let me

glorify God my Saviour in all things. And, oh; give humility. Even so Lord Jesus. Amen and Amen.'

The following reflections appear to have arisen from the death of a young friend, which took place at the home of the writer of these remarks, as the date corresponds to the time of that event.

*July* 27, 1823.—' May the awful solemn events of the preceding week never be forgotten by me. May I always retain the impression of the last two months—the remembrance of the young beautiful one whose dream of earthly happiness passed away, and death was substituted for it. Oh, may this make me more dead to the things of this world, more anxious to set my affections on things above. Only nine weeks before she expected to have been a bride; but that short time elapsed, and found her a corpse carried out to be buried! Oh let me watch, for I know not the day or the hour when my Lord cometh; and when that day arrives may I be found *in* him. In future may I be more anxious about souls, remembering that *now* is the appointed time, *now* the day of salvation. Oh, my Jesus, be thou with me, in all the changing scenes of my life; give me *entire* conformity to thy will. Let me feel it to be *mine*, make my rebellious heart bow to thee, by whatever way thou mayest choose, even by trial if it be thy adorable will, and let me say, with my whole heart, Thy will be done.

*August* 11. No man can call Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. No: though I can in my *head* believe, and am convinced by the Scriptures, that Jesus is God, that the Holy Ghost is God: yet I trust I feel that the Holy Ghost has told me of the truth, has brought it home to my soul by his power. Yes: I am persuaded that Jesus is God, because I feel that none but God could have borne *my* sins, made such a guilty creature

as me whole. None but God could have kept the whole law for *me*, could have endured the punishment due for *my* complicated sins, without sinking into hell with the weight.—I believe that the Holy Ghost is God, because none but God can do what he has done in my soul. It must be an Almighty power that can create *one* holy desire my guilty soul, *one* earnest petition for *one* Christian grace. It must be God that can reveal one Scripture Truth, bring *one* text forcibly, so as to make me more earnestly seek him, or more strive to love him, to my blind obstinate sinful grace-resisting soul. Yes: it must be God who loved *me* so as to give his life for *me*.

*Sept.* 14. Again must I utter the same strain of sorrow on account of sin, that deadly thing which mixes itself, I sometimes fear, even more than formerly, with all my thoughts, words, and deeds. Yet would I also unite the voice of thanksgiving for even the *desire* of subduing it, which I know so utterly worthless is my nature, that I could not possess without it was given me. Surely there never was, never could be, one child of God so ungrateful, so sinful as I am. The Lord forgave me more sins than any one when first he shewed himself to me as my Lord, and since that time when from this instance of love, I ought to have been more zealous in serving him than any, never no never has any one been so neglectful of him as I have been. He has watched over me, given me trials and afflictions that would have drawn any heart but mine from cleaving to this world, but which has not yet succeeded in making me give up all thoughts of any happiness here, and follow simply and entirely the Lord. Yet while he is daily, hourly, heaping me with mercies, and I am as constantly departing from him and wandering from one subject to another, even when I ought to be endeavouring to commune with him, still I am vain. Yes: vain thoughts, even this very thought, that I have no humility, should

humble me to the dust. Must it always be so? Oh for the time to come, when I shall have no more sin, but shall be ever communing with my Lord. May it soon, if it be thy will, arrive. Yet I would, and trust I do, most earnestly desire, and it is my daily prayer, that I might be permitted to be of some use to the souls of my fellow mortals, to lead *one*, if but one, to the knowledge of the *truth* ere I depart hence. To this prayer for usefulness, my God has hitherto not seen fit to answer. This also is in love, and I desire to say, "thy will be done." He knows what is best for me, and he doeth it; and shall I complain of the proofs of love which my Jesus is giving me, because they are not just in the way that I wish, which way would perhaps be the very one most hurtful to me. —No: let me from my heart say, with respect to every thing, "Thy will be done."

*Nov.* 23.—Weeks pass on, but my heart remains just as hard and dull from one month to another. Oh! must it be always thus with me? Every day, every hour, I am receiving fresh proofs of love, either in the way of chastisement or some other mercy; but each day I seem to get worse and worse: for each day I forget him who never forgets me. Every thing, which by a proper spirit might be made a blessing to me, my heart turns into a snare. The desire of improvement in earthly learning, though not unlawful in itself, is often a hindrance in my walk with God. The love of friends is converted, by my corrupt heart, into a looking to the creature instead of the Creator; and yet all this, and more than this, a million times, does not humble me. Strange warfare! Oh that soon it might end and leave me in the bosom of God, in his paradise. Even when thinking of this happy state, where *sin* cannot enter, often do I feel cold; and though I desire to fix my eyes upon it constantly, and to consider that as my home, how is my heart engrossed by earth and its toys.

For though I have been most mercifully preserved from associating with the world, yet earth seems to mix with my condition as much as if I lived in the world, and only longed for its approbation.

Oh! my God, may my only desire be, while I am here, to induce those who are in darkness, to turn to thee, the light; my only pleasure, looking to thee and to my heavenly home, where I trust my Saviour has prepared a place for me; my only desire to live with thee and for thee.

Oh, for more humility, more deadness to the things of time and sense, more devotedness to God, and some zeal in his service. Alas! how do I fall short of that consistency of character and action which are seen in a true child of God. Make me, oh, my adorable Saviour, thine, *manifestly* thine, *entirely* thine, and then I shall be blest indeed.

*Nov.* 30.—Oh, that I could live each day as if I was sure that it would be the last that I should ever be on earth. Live in heaven, and though pursuing those employments which are lawful and necessary for my age, yet not giving my heart to them, but counting all things, all attainments in earthly learning, (for which I feel I have too great an attachment) as dung and dross, and only be looking to Jesus. Every body seems to grow faster than I do—every body to obtain more real knowledge from studying the Bible—to adorn their profession more than I do—to do more in the service of their God than I do. Oh, my Saviour, let it be so no longer, come and abide in me, and then, being filled with thee, I shall shew that I am *thine*. Let me never be ashamed to confess thee before men, nor to avow myself singular. If it should be thy will to restore me to health, so that I may again pursue those employments which others do, oh! may I not cling to the world and seek its pleasures in *any way or form*, but let me only

employ my health and all that I have in thy service, and *walk with* thee. Oh, let me maintain a single aim, a close communion with thee, or if this would not be the case when I was enabled to emerge from any confinement, then, oh my adorable Saviour, yet continue thy chastening dispensations, that my heart may be thine, and *thine only*.'

*Feb.* 8, 1824.—'Another year I am permitted to see. Oh, that it may be spent in a manner more becoming a child of God than any preceding one? But, alas! the portion of it that has elapsed has not found me more active, more humble, more spiritually-minded than before, though every day and every hour, I am experiencing fresh mercies. I am blest with a great degree of health, I am allowed to praise God in the congregation. I can hear his words from his minister, but notwithstanding all this, and much more than I can name, my heart remains hard and insensible and indifferent to its best interest. When will this end? Oh! for that state where sin is not, or for a more enlarged view and deeper draught of it here! Grant, O Lord, that I may experience more of thy presence here than ever. May I be directed by thee in the way in which I should now walk. If it be according to thy word and will that I should partake of those ordinances which at present I do not, oh shew me that it is right so to do, and then grant that I may do it, without *thinking* of the consequences or attendant circumstances, however painful they may be. Yes; I can trust him with the direction of my steps. His name is "counsellor;" only grant, oh, my Saviour, that I may continually resort to thee, and place myself entirely under thy direction, and I know that I *cannot* err. Thou wilt support me in every time of need. I have tried thy love and faithfulness, and never found them fail: but the more I leaned on them, the stronger they seemed to be. But oh for more communion with

the Father and with the Son, that I could be made instrumental for good, but to *one* soul! Oh! how often and earnestly have I prayed for this, and the Lord has not seen fit to grant it, but "thy will be done," in all things.

'Grant, oh my Saviour, that I may be led forward in my inquiries by thy Holy Spirit, and taught the right truth; make my hours of private devotion more recollected, and may I think of my best interests more, during the course of the day, for thou knowest how the things of this life fill up my heart, (which seems to get more and more sinful) and choke thy word. Oh! let it not be so for thine own name's sake!'

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*July* 18, 1824.

'In this state of dreary woe I would turn to my Lord and my Redeemer for comfort and support.

'In quitting this beloved place, the place of my affections, where first I sought the Lord, and where he has shewn himself to me in every varied way as a God of *chastisement* more especially, where every spot brings up some dear remembrance, some memorial of things most precious to me; where I am continually reminded that *here* I prayed and was answered; that *there* some text was brought to my mind with force and encouragement; that *in this place* I wrestled; that in *another* I conquered; that here I received some instruction, either immediately from the Scriptures, or by the hearing of the word. Where I have sorrowed with deep sorrow; where I have rejoiced with joy *unspeakable;* where I have been made an inheritor of the kingdom, and become a child of my God. Oh! what grief do I experience! Grief for leaving for ever dear friends; remembrances which are to my soul as wells of water to a thirsty traveller. And, oh! grief, in looking back and seeing that all the *numberless mercies* that I have had; all the chastisements; all the means of advancement have been so disregarded,

—so little improved. Now is the time come against which I should have prepared, when by former dealings with me, I should have learned to trust, to love the Lord. This, in some measure, I humbly hope I do; but oh! what might not, what would not any one, but wretched me, have been at this time, if they had had the mercies, the advantages, the incalculable lessons that I have had? Oh! thou crucified Redeemer! thou who hast graciously revealed thyself to me as a pardoning *God;* thou who knowest that I am the vilest, the worst of all thy flock; let me bless thee for sending trial after trial to bind thee to myself. Any one but me, ere this time, would have been always with thee; thy chosen servant in every thing; never absent from thee; thinking only of thee; for thou hast sent me chastisements enough to tear up any heart but mine from this delusive world; and yet I am chained to it. Now, oh! my tender compassionate Father, another is come to me; another, heavier than all; and, oh! let me BLESS thee for it. I have prayed,—yes, from my heart, to be thine! and, oh! by *whatever* means, let this prayer be answered. Yes, my *heart* must be thine; and if only by the most agonizing means thou canst make it so, then use those means; and though I smart and writhe under the rod, give them me ten times, if necessary, more heavily; only be thou very near me, and tell me that *thou art here.* Oh! till I can say with joy, "thy will be done,"—thy whole will,—let me be tried, buffeted, and let me lose every thing that I most love, or value, if by this excruciating means alone I shall know thee.

'Be thou with me now and *for ever.* Chastise, guide, preserve my soul. Wash me thoroughly, and cleanse me wholly; and, oh! let me be of some use to thee ere I go hence and be no more.'

14th *November*, 1824 (her seventeenth birth-day):—

'In this last most trying and most eventful year of my life, have I not continually experienced the help and support of my God? Have I not found in a manner I never could have known without having been placed in the circumstances in which I have been, that he is very near to those that call upon him? and would I have given the seasons of communion and delight which I have enjoyed for any earthly pleasure? Does not even the sombre aspect with which every thing in this world appears to be clothed, so different to what it once did, rather dispose me to look from things temporal to things eternal? And if so, ought even *my* ungrateful heart to repine at any trying dispensations, at any crosses, which I may experience in this gloomy vale?'

'Now that my life has been prolonged to see another birth-day, I would again pray, not that any of the chastisements should be taken away, but that they may all be sanctified to me; that I may look through the scene immediately before me, which is clad in such dark colours, to that fair portion which is now mine in the skies: to that Canaan which floweth with milk and honey. Perhaps, before another birth-day, I may take possession of it. Delightful thought! When, oh! when, may I drop this prison of my clay? Let me not be impatient, but wait all the days of my appointed time, looking unto Jesus. Oh! how do I see more and more that *there* lies the essence of happiness,—the *only* happiness. With his protection,—with the beams of his grace,—with his gracious counsel, I have all and abound. Yes, even in this wilderness!

'Oh! my redeeming Lord, I know not what may be before me in the next year, yet I can trust thee now to support me, as I have found thee faithful *indeed*. Continue thy gracious supplies of strength in the trying hour, and sanctify thy rod to me. I would ask no more but that I may glorify the Son of God in my pilgrimage

in every way; that thou wouldst apply thy word so as to enlighten my darkness of mind. Shouldst thou be pleased to make my way thorny or plain, still let me look to thee, and be thou near me. Continue the sense of pardoned sin to me. Oh! when I think of the *numberless* instances of repining, of rebellion against thee, my tender Father, in the course of the last year, how do I see that without this I should indeed be wretched. Humble me deeply under it, but take not away thy presence from me. Let this be all my desire for Jesus Christ's sake, my *own, own* Saviour. Amen.'

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'Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name be the glory. Could I, in the midst of my sorrow, have had a glimpse of the delights I should experience from the tender mercy of my Lord, in sanctifying to me that sorrow, how differently should I have felt! Let this be a lesson to my unbelieving heart to trust in the Lord *at all times*. The last half year has, I humbly trust, been the happiest of my life; though I have been in circumstances with regard to *outward* things, almost the least happy that I have known for many years. The Lord has himself supplied the place of many earthly comforts; and where *he* is, there must be joy and peace. I would not give up what I have enjoyed of his presence, since my lot has been cast here, for all the enjoyments of friendship, or comfort of spiritual preaching, &c. He has made me think much more of, and long much more for, that hour when I shall be near him and like him, than I ever did before. I have, each week as it passed, thought with joy that I was one week nearer my own home. Oh! if it be thy will, my God, grant that it may not be long before I see thee as thou art, and am made like thee. No tie which I have on earth seems half so strong, that at thy call, it could not be broken, like

Samson's cord, even as if it were tow. I would mourn my hourly sins; my want of humility; my want of activity in the service of my God. Rouse me, O Lord, and let me not slumber on my way; grant the chief desire of my soul, which is to work in thy service, and to be blessed in bringing, if but one soul, to the knowledge of *thee*. Oh! that I could never see any mortals "dead in trespasses and sins," but that my wishes, and thoughts, and actions, might be directed towards the salvation of their souls. "Let, O Lord, my face be as a flint;" let me not be afraid of any one; but let me tell thy Gospel without confusion or fear. Let me be *very* near to thee; continue to me the light of thy countenance; take it not from me, but make me very humble, very spiritually-minded, very active, and shewing men by my conduct, that I am the Lord's. Let all my friendships be sanctified friendships; may they be blessed to my soul, and to the souls of my friends. And soon, if agreeable to thy will, may my sojourn on earth be finished; may I appear before thee with exceeding great joy. Here I feel that I have no abiding city;—I seek one to come, and would be ready to depart at all times; whether the Lord come in the first watch, or the second watch; whether he come as a thief in the night, or gives me notice of his approach, I humbly hope, that with joy, I shall say,—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

'The Lord may choose, as in the case of the man possessed with the legion, that I should not go with him, but remain to tell my friends and neighbours what great things the Lord has done for me; may I enjoy this distinguishing honour, and work while it is day. Deign to prosper and bless me, O Lord. Give much personal religion;—above all, the spirit of prayer;—then shall "I run and not be weary, and walk and not faint."'
—*March* 7, 1825.

'Have this evening taken leave, most probably for ever in this world, of dear Mr. ——. Though I have only known him for a few weeks, how deeply do I feel parting with him. Surely he that communicates *spiritual* advice and direction is endeared to the soul most strongly. How can I thank my Lord enough for so graciously permitting me to see and converse with one, from whom I trust he has enabled me to derive some good. The deep views of sin and the evil of the heart, which this servant of my God possesses, joined to the most exalted piety and extreme judgment, have, I trust, not been shewn me entirely in vain. May they ever live in my remembrance, and excite me to more watchfulness; (lest while I think I am entirely glorifying Christ, I may be glorying in myself; and instead of trusting entirely to Jesus, build something, almost without knowing it, on my *own* feelings; or the exercises which I have gone through;) to more humility; to more knowledge of the sin of my nature; to more lowliness; to more deep abasement before God; and to the simple, prayerful, child-like reading of the Scriptures; not as though I knew anything, or as building any system, but as looking to the Lord alone to reveal truth to my soul. Oh! how shall I praise thee, my God, for all thy love to thy most insignificant, worthless, rebellious creature; for thy so mercifully sending me instructions and admonitions in *every* way; sometimes by trials and crosses; sometimes by personal feelings and enjoyments; sometimes by thy chosen servants, but always just in the way which is good for me; which I most wanted; which, perhaps, I might less have prayed for than any other. Oh, Lord! may the impression left on my mind, I hope a salutary one, be abiding; may it continue for ever in this wilderness; and let me encourage the spirit which thy devoted servant has so inculcated; for it is a right spirit. Throw down, oh! my Lord Jehovah! any plans or

systems I may have formed; destroy any of the number of incorrect views I have entertained; keep me much in the dust, very very low, though still with a sense of the fulness of Jesus, and my interest in him. And when I am tempted to think myself something, or to take up any ideas, as I may heretofore have done, without humility or lowliness of mind, grant that the instructions of the last weeks may return to my mind, and let me be shewn their truth and importance. And condescend, O my God, through thy Son, to hear my voice in prayer, for thy servant who has been the blessed instrument of conveying these instructions to my soul. Bless him a thousand fold, for all which he has been the means of doing; bless him in all his movements, and in all his sojournings; bless him in his going out and coming in; bless him in every thing, O Lord. May his trials be still sanctified to him; may he more and more feel that thou art giving them to him in *love*; that thou hast borne them all, and art now suffering with him. If it be thy good will to restore health and prosperity to him, Oh do so! for His sake, who is our tender High Priest. Hear our prayer for Him, O Lord, and put a new song of praise into our mouths in his behalf. In all circumstances, shed upon him the choicest showers of thy favours; fill him with thy Spirit, comfort, help, preserve, guide, and direct him.

'Grant to me, if it be thy will, that I may have the privilege, in a small degree, of repaying him for some of the benefits, which he has been mercifully enabled to do to me.

'Shouldest thou not grant this request, O my blessed Lord, may I be permitted to *pray* for him, to my God and his God—to my *Father* and his *Father*.'—*May* 22, 1825.

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'Now, in a completely different scene to that in which I was ever placed, what necessity is there that I guard

my heart lest I sin against God. Oh, the privilege of being permitted to act in the service of God; to assist, in some degree, in the propagation of the everlasting gospel. But, Oh, the snare of mingling in active duty! I feel deeply the necessity of *personal—intense personal* religion, if I would be truly active, yet truly walking with God. Oh, may I never forget, that to "this man will he look, even to him that is of a pure and contrite heart, and that trembleth at his word." I fear lest I should fall into one snare of the devil, which he lays for the souls of men, viz. to take them off from communion with God, and self-examination, and all the deep *internal walk*, and make them lose their *hidden* walk, in a more public, active, and apparently a more useful one. Oh, may my increasing supplications ascend, that this may not be my case, but that I may be useful, energetic, and yet *live near to God*, be always seeking his face, and never abridge my private hours, even in what I may falsely call his service, except I see it plainly my duty; in which case the loss will be made up to me. And do Thou, my Redeemer, graciously look upon me, and pity me; do Thou, by thine all-constraining power, make me walk with Thee and be near Thee. Give me seriousness of mind and disposition, and make me adorn my profession, and mercifully smile upon me and on my employments. May I do all with a single *heart*, a sole desire to thy glory. Oh, how often do sinister views creep in and trouble me! Would that my heart were entirely God's—every thought, word, action, were done to him! I want some of that hidden life, that inward principle, that deep devotion to God, not seen or known by any but him. I dread lest I should fall into a stated kind of habit, without any of the vital principle of religion. May I look each *moment* to Thee for direction, help, guidance, for now especially I seem at a new era of my life, one in which I am called to labour in thy vineyard; for which I feel most grateful, as my prayers

for years have been directed to this end, and now thou art graciously answering them; one also in which I may join a Christian church. Oh, my God, if I have any view, but simply to obey thy word in thus wishing to become a member of thy church, let me not do it; or if I shrink from any cross, do thou, in thy mercy, interpose and shew me the sin of my heart, and make me do as thou wouldst desire. *Search me, O my God, and try me, and see if there be wicked way in me,* and lead me in the way everlasting. Amen.—*Sept.* 20, 1825.'

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'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits to me? Oh, what cause for gratitude have I not now, for all his mercies. The gospel constantly preached, faithfully, clearly—the delight of labouring in some measure, I would hope, in the service of my God, for so many years my earnest prayer; and now, a nearer connection about to be entered into with the church of God. Truly my cup runneth over. Oh, for entire devotedness to my gracious Lord, that I could live, and act, and breathe only for him, that my intellect, my acquirements, my abilities (which I am conscious are small indeed), my bodily powers—may all be his, given up to him. And that I may consider no one power of my body, soul, or Spirit, no one moment of my time, as my own,—something tells me that this is the last year of my earthly existence. Oh, be it so—Welcome, welcome the approach of my dearest friend—my guard, my guide, my God. Whether be it so, or not, may I spend each week in it, as if it were to be the last. And, surrounded with active employments, and religious privileges of no ordinary value, may I take heed to my ways, that I sin not. May I be kept *humble*, depending on God for every thing, for strength, for guidance, for spiritual blessings, for a blessing on the public means and on private ones. May I depend on him to keep me in the narrow path, to teach me what I am and to make

me consistent; to give me the spirit of *fear*, inasmuch as I shall fear to fall from my stedfastness, and to make a higher profession than I practise: this I dread more than any thing else in the world.

'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!'

*November*, 1825.

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The following was begun Feb. 3, 1826, and finished March 29, 1826. Between these two dates she was admitted into a Christian church, her dear sister A. M. died, and she was attacked by that severe illness from which she never entirely recovered, to which reference has been made in the introduction.

'*Feb.* 3, 1826.—How shall I write my feelings of gratitude to my most gracious Lord! Surely he reveals himself to me in his most loving, most endearing character. Last night admitted a member of the visible church of Christ, when every obstacle had been so graciously removed from my mind. In the *minutest* particulars, my prayers have been answered. Oh, what words can I find to express my wonder and adoration! The *love* of God to my soul is past conception, and its depths are too profound for any created one to sound. I trust to be encouraged, from this proof of it, to pray *believing* that I shall be kept a consistent member, though the least worthy of the church. Humility, constant watchfulness, fervent, ardent, constant prayer—these are what I must pray for. I * * *

*March* 29, 1826.—So far had I written, when I was prevented continuing by unavoidable calls for two days, and since then I have been laid low by dangerous illness. Shall I say that my prayers have been *less minutely* answered, or that less of *boundless, infinite*, all-melting love, has been shewn me during the last two months than in the preceding one? Oh, rather let me record that it was but 'a distant report' that I had heard of the

King of kings before, compared with what I have since known of his gracious loving kindness. Severe as has been bodily, and still more mental, suffering, I would not have had one pang to have been spared, but rather bless my covenant God for it *all*, for *every* pain; and oh! more gracious still, that he enabled me, during the time of its continuance, to love and praise him, though the cup was *bitter* indeed;—for he showed me that it was the *very* thing I wanted, the *very* thing which he had sworn in his *faithfulness* to give me.

'When I attempt to recal the circumstances, I am overpowered. How shall I recount one half of the marvellous lovingkindness of my God to my soul. Feb. 5th, the Sabbath after I last wrote, is imprinted on my mind in characters which I trust neither time nor eternity can efface. Every hour seems replete with instruction, and with manifestations of love, and makes even *my* heart, cold as it is, ready to burst when I think of it. In the morning, after earnestly entreating a blessing on the day, (which prayer was, indeed, through the intercession of my Great High Priest, I trust heard, and abundantly answered) I went for an hour and half, as usual, to the sunday-school; when I returned, I found my dear sister Anne more than usually ill, and remained watching her alone, whilst the rest went to chapel. I read at this time the twelfth of Exodus, in anticipation of receiving the Lord's Supper for the first time in my life. Oh! how my mind was impressed with the directions "to eat the Passover with the loins girt, the staff in the hand," &c. little knowing the *deep* necessity there was for observing it in my case, from those circumstances which were going to befal us, and were then on the very eve of being our lot; how little, too, did I anticipate "how *much to be remembered*" a day it would ever be to me, but with ardent supplications that I might eat the Passover with the "unleavened bread of sincerity." I left the chamber, and

hastened to the chapel; the feelings I experienced during my walk thither, and while waiting in the chapel-yard the dispersion of the congregation, I cannot describe, but trust I shall *never* forget. The sick chamber of peaceful suffering, which I had just left, and which I knew must, ere long, become one of *death*, the prospect of partaking of the spiritual feast, the gratitude that I felt that all obstacles had been removed, and that at last I was enabled to feed on the typical body and blood of that Saviour whom I then, more than ever, felt to be my *all;* the *intense* sorrow at the remembrance of those *unconverted* souls in my family which could not partake of the supper, and the solemn thoughts of that time, when I should sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, with all the Church triumphant; and above all, my consciousness of my unworthiness: all these, mixed with earnest supplications, quite overwhelmed my mind, and it was scarcely possible for me to restrain my feelings during the administration of the ordinance. *Peace*, however, I trust I felt most sensibly; and in a cottage where I dined, I passed two happy hours in reading, in thanksgiving and prayer, though not unmixed with sorrowful feelings, arising from external circumstances, and still more from a sense of my utter unworthiness and consequent proneness to wander from that fountain of living waters, of which that day I had drank. At service, in the evening, the hymns and prayers seemed for me alone, and again words fail in attempting to describe what I then felt; the sermon, too, was from "Blessed are the pure in heart," and as Mr. —— proceeded to point out "the pure," to describe the blessedness of such, and to speak of the sanctification of the Spirit, every word came to my soul in a manner I had scarcely felt before, almost like words from an inspired person. Oh! that my earnest prayers, that the God of peace might "sanctify *me wholly*," may be heard and

answered. Soon after reaching home, I went into my dear Anne's room, and after exchanging a few sentences with her, sat there alone in silence, meditating on what I had heard and felt, and particularly on those words of our Lord, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The calm peacefulness of the sick room brought them to my mind, and I trust the Holy Spirit enabled me to feast upon them during the solemn hour-and-half, spent for the last time on earth, in the company of my now-angelic sister. I realized, indeed, that "peace which passeth all understanding," a calm self-dedication seemed to possess my soul, and I rested on the arm of Jehovah. Unwillingly I left the sacred room to retire to rest, and before I closed my eyes in slumber, again, I trust—yes I trust I may say—with my whole heart, in ardent supplication, I entreated the Lord to give me purity and holiness, *by whatever means* he might see necessary to employ; yes, my heart said, *whatever* means; and though I trembled at the thought of *what* means might be employed, I again entreated the blessing most earnestly, and fell asleep.

It was not very long before I awoke with difficulty of breathing, and thinking it was my usual asthma, I took a *small* dose of ether. I mention this because the extraordinary token of love I am about to record, was, I feel aware, given to me at a time when I was *slightly* affected by the spirit which I had been taking, and very probably was also the subject of much fever, yet that *it was* a token from above I no more doubt, than I can do the subsequent existence of the events. As I was again falling asleep, my mind distinctly heard a voice, as if proceeding from the side of my bed close by me, say—'But I must stop your breath;' my heart replied immediately, 'Thy will be done.' Again the same voice said, 'But you must suffer *violent* pain;'

my heart replied, 'Thy will be done.' Again it said, 'But you will be in great danger;' my heart said, 'Thy will be done.' A few more sentences of the same kind were uttered by the same voice, and the answer was returned to each, 'Thy will be done.' But the remembrance of the words has faded from my recollection, or rather the sense of them was immediately lost in the deep gloom of the subsequent ones: the voice said, 'But she must be *very* ill, and you cannot be with her.' I knew directly my dear sister Anne was meant, but replied without hesitation, 'Thy will be done.' 'But,' it said, 'she must DIE, and you will not see her;' my heart said again, 'Thy will be done.' But I felt, while I seemed to utter the words, a *desire;* it appeared to me to be *only* a *desire*, that this heart-rending stroke should not visit me, when a sweeter voice, yes, sweeter than any voice of the sons of men, said, (apparently above me) '*There is one rebellious thought there, we must* PURGE *it.*' No more was uttered; but when, a short time afterwards, my breath began to be 'stopped,' the first desire and ardent wish of my soul was, that the 'rebellious thought' might be 'purged,' yes, *thoroughly* purged, and my mind was *more than comforted* during paroxysms of painful and dangerous oppressions of breath, by the assurance that the affliction was to '*purge* me.' The prospect of *death*, when I knew each moment might be my last, was *sweet* indeed, and I could have lived in pain much longer for the sake of hoping that I was near the minute when I should be with my Lord; but in the event of *life*, I still rejoiced that such discipline was exercising on me. Each day, however, I reflected on the *last words* of my heavenly visitant with trembling apprehension, yet, if I do not deceive myself, I desired, with my whole heart, that at *whatever* cost I might be made 'pure,' that I might in one word be '*purged.*' The dreaded stroke came. On the tenth day of my illness, my sister

was worse, and on the eleventh left this wilderness for the Paradise above! Oh! how I longed but for one moment to have looked upon her, even after death, but the Lord, in tender mercy, suffered not my desire to be accomplished. No; the 'one rebellious thought' was graciously, *most* graciously, to 'be purged,' and this severe discipline was necessary to do so.

Were I to recount all, or indeed any of the gracious lovingkindness of my Lord to me during the painful, agonizing trials of body and mind in my illness, I must write volumes, and yet not have done. In the many nights almost entirely passed without sleep, how sweetly was my soul refreshed by his tender love, how did I sometimes *feel* Jesus as near me; yes, nearer to me than I was to myself. How was I enabled, by the Spirit, to fall before God in humble supplications, that, if necessary for my sanctification, he would heat the furnace seven times hotter; and to entreat him not to take away *one* pain ere it had accomplished all the good purpose of God. And when the state of my head almost took away my memory, and entirely prevented my hearing one word of the scriptures read, how delightfully was my soul permitted to REST on Jehovah, in a way that was more precious to me to feel than any pen can express. It was shown me, too, constantly, that the way in which I was leading was a right way, the ONLY way in which I ought to be led to that "city of habitation," where I long to arrive, and clearly I perceived every *particular* trial as a *direct answer* to prayer. Gracious, merciful Father! by what endearing ways hast thou revealed thyself to me! Oh! may they *never* be erased from my mind, but may I praise thee in time, and for ever. Oh! I could *burst* with gratitude for such mercies, yet how cold and heartless, and dull and formal, and wandering I am in prayer, thou only knowest; yet I would pray, encouraging myself that I have a *sinless* High Priest to offer my petitions, that I

may never be left to myself, but that when any rebellion does lodge in that heart, which is so prone to entertain it, it may be 'purged.' Yes; though the means of purging are even tenfold more bitter to my taste than those which have now been used.

'And now returning health seems in some degree advancing towards me, Oh! let me not slide from thee; hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. If health must bring with it duties and cares of a worldly nature, do thou, O my Lord, so order my heart, that I may only perform these as a stranger and pilgrim; and let my soul return to *thee*, as its *rest*, each moment of the day and hour. And rather deny me *any* gift that I most prize, and give me *any* mortification and trial that I shall most feel, than suffer me to wander from thee. If now, O my God, my vile, ignorant heart is deceiving me, and I do not *really* wish the thing for which I ask; if thou, (who when I felt, as I thought, only a *desire* that the trial should not happen to me, said that it was *rebellion* which my heart felt towards thy will;) now seest that I feel not the wish to be wholly devoted to thee, which I now write; do thou then, Omnipotent Spirit, descend upon me, that my heart may be *made* willing; change it, and purify it; make me to desire thee above *every good*; to desire thee as my *only* good; to rest not; to be not happy, or even satisfied, till I enjoy *constant* communion with thee; till I have given me, such a constant mental habit of prayer, that while my hands are engaged with earthly concerns, my thoughts and heart may be in heaven; till, in one word, the life which I now live in the flesh, I may live *only* and *entirely*, by the faith of the Son of God. Oh! grant this request; though, to grant it, thou seest it necessary to tear my heart asunder, grant it for the sake of him who bore the curse for me; who died that I might have life, and who is now living and interceding for me.'

'*Love, love,* must ever be the predominant feeling of my mind, with regard to my Lord's dealings with me. How graciously the *very smallest* things seem ordered for the good of my soul. Each pain that I feel seems a messenger direct from heaven, charged with an errand of *love*. Each cross, small or great, which occurs, bears the same commission; and, blessed be God, I *feel* it so. It is love to my soul which now appears in our plans being so unsettled, for, by this means, I am led more simply to look to God alone, and more earnestly to trust him for the direction of all my ways. Yes; he *will* direct, I am certain of it; he will do every thing for me in *love*, richest love. I feel as sure that he will make us either stay or remove, go to this or that place, in greatest love to my soul, as I am now sure that he has brought me here, and fed me all my life, with spiritual manna in *love*. And though to remove will be a great trial to me, in many ways, I know that if we do so, it will be shewn me, as every moment or providence of our lives has shewn me, that it was the very thing my soul wanted. Oh! can I doubt with *such* an assurance? Every book I read, or occurrence that befals us, or person that I hear converse, or every little feeling of my mind, seems to have the same mark inscribed on it—*love*. Why do I not love more for all this overwhelming stream of love? My illness, which prevents me from doing what I delight most in, attending the ordinances of gospel preaching, and in some degree telling to others the glad news of the kingdom, is more in love to me than I can express; it is sent to humble me; and if there be one prayer I have offered more than any other, if there be one request I have most earnestly made, it is for *humility*. It is sent to make me prayerful, and the wish of my heart is to be much in prayer; to be constrained always to watch unto prayer. It is sent to subdue my own will. Lord, let me not rest; let me not alone till I have *no* will;

till my will is *thine*. It is sent to wean me from this world. Oh! may this world be to me as though it were not, except that I may tell to those in it that my God is a redeemer and a *heart* cleanser. But I may write volumes and not finish, for my life, from the first instant I can remember it to this one, presents nothing but a display of love to my soul. Cannot I see *love* written upon every illness, however slight; upon every dispensation; even upon those so trivial that they may have escaped every other person's notice. I once longed earnestly to know much of earthly things, and felt much desire to excel in many pursuits—music, mathematics, drawing, and some others, especially to *know* much, but my gracious Lord had a better portion than these in store for me, and in every instance, and continually have I, therefore, been disappointed in their pursuit. Every attempt at music has been baffled by illness and other unavoidable hindrances. Drawing has shared the same fate; and after proceeding a little way in mathematics, when the study was engrossing too much of my thoughts, I was forced to lay it aside by a providence, than which no other could have so manifestly forbidden any progress in it. In the same way the cup of knowledge has been dashed from my lips, each time I have attempted to raise it thither, and for the last two years I have not been able to make the attempt, from the constant occupation of my time with my little sisters, and other duties. I murmured much at all this, but now I see it all; yes; I see, and my heart is nearly overwhelmed at the sight, that over all these things my tender Father has been exercising an eye of wisdom, and a hand of power. He knew my heart; knew its proneness to depart from him; knew too, all the trials I should have; and knew, that under them, none of these things I so much delighted in could help me, but that I must have him, and him *alone*. He knew that I was so much *worse*, so much more weak

than his other children, that what they could bear I could not; that what they possessed they could have without infringing on his prerogative to govern the *heart;* but that if I was permitted to have any thing I wanted, I should turn it into a source of sin; I should forget the Giver in the gifts. Therefore, in that *love*, for which I long and pant, to praise him in heaven, He took them from me. Now, then, I trust I do not deceive myself in thinking that I can feel in some degree "*that all things are loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.*" Yes; I thank thee, Oh! my God, for taking all human knowledge from me. I now trust I wish not for it; only give me *thyself;* give me communion with thee; a constant mental *habit* of prayer; a desire to be frequently retiring and alone, that I may hold communion with thee; more love to thee; more singleness of desire to live to thy glory; more delight in taking up the cross, and denying myself, and following thee. Every power and faculty I have I would lay at thy feet; enable me to do something with them; not to please others, not to be thought anything of, but to serve thee. Grant me, besides, a grateful heart, and I want nothing more. Amen.

'Oh! love, love, love, would that I could praise thee; would that I could think or talk of nothing else; but, Oh! in *that* world I *shall* give thanks for ever for such love!'—*April* 24, 1826.

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'What would become of me if there was not that text, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save *sinners*," of whom I am chief. Sometimes, in the silence of night, when I am thinking of death, and feel that appearing before God in judgment will be awful, this sentence comes to my mind as a message from the King of heaven, and I can again calmly, nay happily, resign myself to sleep, not fearing any harm; for though the chief of sinners, Christ Jesus came into the world to

save such. In sickness and in sorrow, in health and at ease, in every time, this is the star of my soul; that word which speaks peace to my troubled heart. Though I have frequently felt that God loved me, though I often delight in tracing his lovingkindness, as shewn in every event of my life; yes, though I am conscious that I have been taught truths which none but the Holy Ghost can teach, and have been supported through trials which nothing but the power of God could support under; though I know that none whom he has loved he can ever forsake, still all these assurances would fail me; the experience of God's love might be faded from my remembrance, and my own sins, rising up as a mountain, would veil my interest in Christ from me. Frequently, Oh! Lord, frequently would my heart sink within me; and I should say, I shall never see his face in righteousness, did not the sweet assurance of this text revive and animate me. This is my anchor, my support, my stay. I feel a necessity to remember this every hour of the day, for even, if for a moment I lose sight of it, my sins, in horrid succession, stare me in the face; my ingratitude, my want of love to God, my deadness, my sins of *thought*, all rush upon my mind, and threaten to overwhelm me; when, after a moment, this text is again brought to my remembrance, and all is hushed and peaceful. Yes; I am a sinner; the chief of sinners. I feel each moment adding to the accumulated weight of evidence that I am a sinner of the deepest dye. Must I then despair of pardon? What says the text? That Jesus Christ came into the world to save such. Here then is my hope; not on any thing ever done by me, for then I must trust to unrighteousness; not on any attainment made by me, for truly if ever one believed on Christ and yet knew nothing and did nothing, it is myself. Not even on the dealings of God with my soul, varied and wondrous as they have been, but that Christ Jesus came into the world to save

sinners. If, then, I can prove myself a sinner, and to do so I need not even turn to my Bible; I need not think of God's law; I need not do any thing but look for one instant at my heart, nay, my life, or my thoughts, and I can see there, in letters too legible to be mistaken, sin written. I *can* then prove myself a sinner, and as Jesus came to save such, I can be happy; yes, at peace with God, for Jesus has reconciled sinners to him. I can walk through this wilderness cheerfully. I need fear no evil, for God is *with* me, on my side, *near* me; my Friend, my Guide, my Deliverer, my all. Each instant, then, my soul, remember this, and be at peace; and at that last tremendous hour, when in the approaching light of eternity, all my sins present themselves in their true colours to my eyes; when all the exhibition of spirit, all the buoyancy of life is fast failing; when the soul is left alone with God—*then* I can be at peace; no fears need agitate my mind, for though on a retrospect of life the smallest portion of it will be crowded with sins, still for whom was it that Jesus died? for the righteous? no, for *sinners;* for such as me. And in the more tremendous hour of judgment, when my soul meets God, and sees him face to face, must I then fear? no; the same plea will prevail *there*, the same Jesus will be my friend *there*. Therefore in life let me cling to this hope, walk with it in the world, present it at the mercy seat. In death, still let it be my anchor; and after death it will bear me straight to him, whom, having not seen, I love. Yes, I love him, for he died for sinners, died then for *me*.—*May* 1, 1826.

'I want to have no will of my own; I want all my wishes and inclinations to be lost in the will of God, so that if I see his will apparent in any thing, I may with pleasure bear, do, or suffer that thing; yes, do or suffer it as if it were the very thing I liked best, because it is the will of my Lord. I want, too, much communion with God, a constant aspiration of the soul

to the portion of my heart, a mental *habit* of looking up to God; and, oh! I want *humility*, deep humility. I know that I have less of this grace than any other, and I want, oh! I want, inconceivably more of it; yet the thought is inexpressibly encouraging, "ask and ye *shall* receive;" and, "this is the *will* of God even your sanctification." Even so, Lord, thy will be done; work *in me* all that is well-pleasing in thy sight, by whatever means thou seest best to use. I trust I feel that any thing I can surrender or bear, will be but little in comparison to such a blessing received. My dearest friends, my health, my comfort, my pleasure, my everything—these are not light expressions, these are prayerful resolutions—yes, I trust I could give up any or all of these, if such are the necessary means to mould my soul into the divine image; for I do desire above all things, and all else is daily losing its weight in comparison, to be like Christ; to live in the world as he lived in the world, "but to do the will of him that sent me;" to pass through it without resting in it, without being contaminated by it; to have his lowliness, his humility, his ardent zeal for souls; to have his spirit of prayer. These are, I know, attainable; else what is the meaning of those expressions, "Filled with all the fulness of God," &c. What is the fulness of God? The Spirit; and if I am filled with him, surely I shall be like Christ. This thought animates me to proceed, but how many obstacles do I daily meet; oh! for that time when I shall be indeed like Jesus, for I shall see him as HE IS; when that view will strike sin *dead;* when I shall be *lost* in God, and serve him without defilement, and for ever! Is this time at hand? Let me, though longing for it, not be impatient. I would do something here for the glory of God; something for precious souls. How happy, if I can do anything towards helping one on its way to Zion, or in plucking any from the burning, but it seems to me enough if I

*can conduce* in any way towards such a glorious end. It may not be good for me to be the direct instrument of the conversion of a soul. Then, Lord, though it is the first desire of my heart, let me not be the honoured means; but I may hope that I may be a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water," for the congregation of my God. It will be an honour indeed for *me*, the least of the flock, in the *remotest way* to lead a wanderer to my Shepherd. If my prayers and endeavours with my little sisters should, at some future time, when I am laid in dust, be remembered by them and be blessed; if any word spoken by me, should occur to the mind of a sinner, when the occasion and myself are alike forgotten; if any believer may be quickened, or enlightened, or consoled, by a message from the king of heaven, delivered through me (for I well know my own words would be but empty air), it is enough—yes, too much for such an one as me. My desires are all comprised in this—To live with, and for, God here; to live near him, and be like him, hereafter and for ever!—*July 3d*, 1826.'

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'Oh for something like a spirit of praise and gratitude! When I think of all the Lord has done for me—of the way he has led me since I was eight years old; drawing me gently to himself, teaching me first one truth, then another; sending me chastisements; taking me from whatever might prove hurtful to me. Now having brought me into a *large* place, where I have what my soul longs for—privileges so numerous, that I only dread lest I should come in any degree to receive them as mercies of course, instead of feeling renewed thankfulness at the recurrence of each. And more than all, he gives me grace to cast all my care on himself, so that the minutest things, which used to vex and tease me, I can tell him of, and be at rest. And future and present duties, and occurrences in anticipation, such as the

visits of friends, &c., all these I can lay on the Lord God, and derive strength in the midst of my own weakness, from *Jehovah* my strength. What can I want more? All things are mine? and the sweet cheering anticipation of a heavenly home, sometimes makes me feel, as if I were almost arrived at its gates. Oh for a heart of thankfulness! I feel as if I would give any thing to be *made* up of praise. A fire is burning in my heart, which would fain burst itself in praise; but sin keeps it down, and makes me indifferent, cold, and almost insensible. When will the struggle cease, and my soul rush into God! praising, blessing him, absorbed in love, and *lost* in the exercise of thanksgiving.—*July* 1826.'

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'A prayer-hearing God! How can I subscribe with my hand that mine is so? I never ask, believing and feeling, under the influence of the Spirit, without knowing that I am abundantly answered. How can I ever suffer one doubt to cross my mind? Many times, when sorrowful I go to the throne, I scarcely have spread my burden before it is removed. My supplications for strength, for guidance, for direction, for comfort, for wisdom, for any spiritual blessing, I feel answered—if not in just the way I had expected, or might like—in some other way, so inexpressibly delightful that I know I love it, for its being the Lord's way. And if I want to know whether it is the Lord's will that I should pursue any plan that I had wished to form, or begin any thing, or even mention to another person an idea in my own mind, I need but ask, as David did at the Ephod, and assuredly I am answered. Sometimes an attack of illness comes, whether slight or heavier, so as to point out the way, either by preventing me from doing what I had thought, or by allowing more time for me to lie still, and have the words of Jehovah sweetly applied to my soul by his gracious Spirit. Or if I want to act in any way,

either to write a letter, or administer counsel, or hold a conversation, I only need go to God, and beseech him to tell me my message, that I may give it again to the person for whom it is intended. Oh, sweet are the dealings of God with my soul! "sweeter than honey in the honey-comb." I would love him till every power of my soul is lost in love. I would praise him till every breath is gone out in praise. I would lie at his feet till life itself is worn away.

'This day has he met me in the breaking of bread, in the sanctuary, and at home. Oh, when will he meet me without any veil between? When will he come and call my soul from my body, to live with him for ever? It may be soon—happy thought! when I shall see him as he is, and be like him, and that for ever and ever!'—*August 6th*, 1826.

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'My Beloved and my Friend—yes, *my* Friend; my tender, all-wise, gracious Friend. Let me treat him as a friend. When alone for a few minutes, and with no particular employment which it is my duty to perform, let me remain in contemplating the character of this Friend, or in seeking his presence. Let me find continual opportunities of holding communion with him, and let my highest enjoyment be in serving and praising him. Let me pray much to be like him; let me look forward each hour with delight, to the time when I shall see him as he is, and that for ever. Let me bear with me the constant thought of this Friend; let the habitual frame of my mind be desire after him; let me only live to his glory; let every action, and word, and thought, be set apart to him. Unchanging constant Friend—could I so daily, so hourly wound any earthly friend, however near and dear an one, and yet not be shut out of their friendship? but this Friend—Oh, who is like to him, in love and kindness! The more I wound him, the more he shews me his love, by fresh applications of

pardoning mercy. The weaker, the more worthless I am, the more his tenderness is apparent. Oh, that I could love him as I do desire to love him! Oh, for the time when love, celestial love, shall fill my mind, and, bursting this corporeal frame, shall lose itself again in the wide boundless ocean of inexhaustible love!'—*Sept. 10th*, 1826.

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*October 6th*, 1826.—I am a strangely inconsistent being. Have I not prayed, and prayed earnestly, that I might be thoroughly purged, entirely humbled, and by whatever means, and at whatever cost to myself, be brought near to God? Have not I also earnestly entreated that not only every faculty of mine might be employed for the glory of God, but that I might in no way be permitted to pursue any employment, however innocent in itself, or desirable for other persons, if it could not be entirely subservient to the glory of God and the good of souls? And have not I looked for the answers to those prayers, as the sum of all my blessings? Then why does my wretched heart feel such great sorrow, when the answer to the first petition is arrived; and I see others actively useful, bestowing good, blessing and being blessed, labouring with God; while I, enjoying a large portion of health, am yet prevented from pursuing those delightfully active labours, which, but a short time since, formed the very charm of my existence? Why did such a pang shoot across me, when a humbling lesson was taught me, by finding it impossible that I could engage in any of those works which others around me are carrying on with such avidity? And why do these lurk still in my heart, buried and less vivid than before, yet still in my heart feelings of reluctance at the thought of giving up some favourite occupations on account of want of time for the pursuit? Is not my *second* prayer thus answering? These might not be made to conduce to the glory of God, and therefore I am not allowed to

continue them. Yet feeling this, my heart smarts with the wounds of disappointed hopes and ever-burning pride. Oh, my God! thou knowest my foolishness. Did I not pray in sincerity? Indeed I have reason to suspect every action, word, and every thought and petition, of the awful sin of hypocrisy. One only thing I trust is genuine, and that is, that the desire of my heart is, that I may be entirely genuine, and that if all these things do partake of hypocrisy, the true part of them may be answered, and this alone. Yes, my gracious God, I would beseech thee to answer me, though thou "takest vengeance on my inventions." I feel it very good to be mortified and humbled. I will not say I like it—no, the very expression, mortified, means a crossing, a crushing of self and will, which cannot be any thing but bitter; yet, O Lord, mortify me and humble me still more and more. If I ask not this prayer from my heart, yet answer it; I *desire* to ask it from my heart, but my ignorance is so great, I know not whether I do so. And do thou, Lord, also in thy *great* mercy, continue to prevent me from any occupation which will not contribute to thy glory. Here again I know I shall often feel an evil heart prompting me to ask why am I debarred from all the favourite innocent pleasures which other children of God pursue with thy will; but suffer me not, O God at any time to take the reins into my own hands. 'Hold me in with bit and bridle.' Do thou grant me perfect holiness, fervent devotion, entire dedication of every particle of self, in every form, to thee; complete subjugation of will to thine, so that I shall have no will but thine, deep spirituality and humility, and the spirit of prayer and supplication. Oh, may I also supplicate to be permitted to labour in the humblest, meanest, most self-denying way for the good of souls; in some way where self cannot enter, or if it enter, shall be deeply mortified.

'These petitions do thou answer in any way thou

seest best. I tremble when I write them; yet do it, O Lord, for the sake of thy dear, dear Son. His intercessions *are* true and holy; on the efficacy of them I rely for mine being granted. Amen.'

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'*Oct.* 19*th*, 1826.—The beloved of my soul! I love to trace and feel his hand in every hour and instant of my life, in every occurrence, how trivial soever it may be. Each moment adds a link to the chain of my sanctification, and therefore becomes a momentous weight. Would that I could feel more intently its consequence! There is not a sermon that I hear, nor a prayer in which my heart is engaged, no, nor an action of my life, or even a thought of my mind, idle and vagrant as is that debased mind, that I am conscious does not in some way affect that inward work which is carrying on in my soul. Forgive me, O Thou, whose dealing with me must be one continued act of forgiveness; forgive me for all the idle, low, sinful, earthly thoughts which fill my mind. Forgive, that though each minute tells me audibly of some more of thy goodness to me, it tells thee of more of my ingratitude to thee. Forgive, that though the language of my soul is, sanctify me wholly, when thou wouldst in boundless love do so, I shrink from thy tender hand, and pray that the means may not be used. Forgive, that having the promise of a Spirit which would ever lead me right—teach me all things, guide me to holiness, and make me entirely conformed to thee—I wander from thee, act as a child of the world, and fall short in every particular of that to which I would attain. Forgive, that knowing thou wilt hear and answer, unbelief fills a mind which ought but to pour itself out to thee, and rest satisfied and assured of the blessing. Forgive each moment of a life, which, whether long or (what is most probable) very short, must all be washed in thy blood, and every action and thought blotted out. Thou hast forgiven me—while the

words Jehovah Jesus can reach my soul, I must not, cannot doubt. But, O the sum thou hast forgiven! May the knowledge of the part of it which I can know produce in me feelings and actions which none but thou canst give. A sober, serious, yet calm mourning of soul, an intense feeling of gratitude, so that each moment shall be wearisome and long which is not spent in thy service, or in communion with thee. A deep anxiety to act the meanest, humblest, lowest part in the building of thy temple; an ardent devotedness of love to thee, which reckons not any thing of worth but what brings me nearer to thee, nor any thing right to do but what thou hast set me the example of; nor any thing in the slightest degree pleasurable but what draws me closer to thee.

'Jesus Jehovah—my *All*, grant me these requests, and let the answer come, whether by the hand of deep affliction or by any means, still let them come, or let me come to thee, and drink for ever of the river of life, which flows above in thy immediate presence.

'*Oct.* 20*th.*—I would resemble the Mystics and Quietists, in maintaining a state of abstracted and holy communion with God, at all times and in all companies; but, unlike them, I would that this communion created an intense love to man, as a *real* love to God must include; then that this flame might consume by its intensity my mortal frame, and my soul be left in the immediate presence of God, enjoying the vision of his face, *satisfied* with his likeness. It may be so even with *me*—I will not limit the power of Jehovah—Oh, let it be so! purge me, and "*purely* take away all my tin," yea, if the furnace be kindled seven times hot.

'Even so, Lord Jesus, the *Sanctifier.*'

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'Forget not, O my soul, the circumstances of the preceding evening, nor the exercises of the past night. This devoted servant of my God I shall most probably

never see again, till I meet him when the Lord Jesus comes with all his saints. But let not the emotions of my mind as quickly fade away, or as suddenly disappear as his form from my eyes. The longing I have ever felt for a missionary life was increased a thousand fold by seeing him, and hearing his account of heathen lands. It seemed resistless, bearing down all obstacles —I felt as if I were already in India, proclaiming the glad tidings to perishing souls. With these desires burning with full force, I retired to my chamber at night, and endeavoured to pray that I might in due time be the honoured means of conveying the truths of the gospel to other lands. Two hours' earnest prayer, meditation, I would hope communion with God, and learning from him, has made a change in my soul, I humbly trust. Not that less I pant to follow Jesus through the darkness of pagan lands, not that less my soul leaps at the thought of consecrating my powers to the missionary work—no, but I trust the lessons I was sweetly taught, during the solemn stillness of night, have SANCTIFIED those wishes, purified those desires, and left my passive soul breathing itself out in the hands of my adorable Lord. First I was led to see the deeply hidden yet immense impurity of my motives, so that I plainly perceived that while I fancied myself desirous of serving Christ, self-love, vanity, worldly desires, enthusiasm, might be actuating me, and even urging me on to "give my body to be burned, and all my goods to feed the poor." This discovery of my heart prepared me to receive the next lesson which my gracious Lord, in his abounding goodness, would have me learn—The *subjugation* of will which I must have were my will *really* conformed to his, and my motives pure. I should have no desire to do any thing as if *I, myself*, might be the agent. I should as much, nay more, rejoice in seeing another person taking up the same work I had longed to engage in, and to labour myself in

other ways, or no way at all. I should rejoice in the success of that individual who had gone where I had longed to go, and done what I longed to do, as much as if my own labours had been blessed to this end, and rest as satisfied, in seeing that the work was done, as if I were engaged in all the ardour of its prosecution. For the glory of my Lord was to be set before me as my only aim. It is *His* will, and it must also be mine.

'The example of my Lord was next presented to my mind in all the force of love. What was his object? How did he act? "I came down from Heaven not to do my own will, but the will of him who sent me," was his language, and his actions proved the truth of his assertion. Though his kingdom was of the heart, and he came to establish it there, he did not constantly make men follow him! he did not bend their minds to admit the necessity of his salvation, and then cause them to embrace it.—No; for more than thirty years, all the extremity of pain, and sorrow, and grief, and misery, was his; and then the death of the cross, and the horror of the burden of the wrath of God, finished the wondrous tale of love. So, was it said to my heart, must you follow him, copy his example, be content to labour, and pray, and suffer, and die, and during all this time, to seem in the eyes of men to have done nothing. Expect not any fruits, do only as Jesus did, work the will of him who sent him, and more especially do this, and be content to do it, in any way that God may appoint, in the way that Jesus did. He went not out of Palestine, but in that land he *suffered all* the will of God. Perhaps you may not even be allowed to leave your dwelling, nor to make any more efforts in any way for the propagation of your Lord's gospel—you may have to *suffer* his will, and that is quite enough, too much honour for *you*. Rejoice that God has means by which he can promote his kingdom; these means will assuredly be used, but you may not be

one of them; yet murmur not—follow the Lamb *whithersoever* he goeth, and all will be well.

'The more I contemplated the character and actions of my Lord, the more I felt my love to him increased, and the *less* anxious I became to *labour* so as to *appear* to work among his servants; but I felt a deep desire, a calm entreaty of soul, to be any thing, to do or suffer any thing for *Him*. For this I earnestly prayed, to be a tool in his hands, a brick in the service of the builder, to be placed where he would, and to accomplish in any way *his* will; *there* seemed the point to which my whole soul desired to bend. The promise,—"Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass," was then sweetly applied to my mind. I felt a certainty of God's direction, and a joy in being caused to follow it; whether that finger should point out to me a Missionary station in India, or elsewhere, or an active post of duty at home, or a vineyard, in presenting the fruits of which to my Lord I might have unspeakable delight; or a lengthened life of difficulty and sorrow, and distress and hardship; or a bed of pain and sickness; or years of (apparently) useless, lingering debility and inaction.

'To thee be all the praise for this sacred season, oh! thou who canst even subdue my heart and tame my rebellious wishes. Grant me to follow *thee*, to live on *thee*, and I would ask no more.'—*Oct.* 24, 1826.

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'Another birth-day has my gracious God spared me to see. I had not thought to have lived so long; some time since my sinful heart would have felt grieved and mortified at finding myself here, but I bless Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, that he has graciously answered my prayer, and in this respect, I trust, melted my stubborn will down into his. I feel thankful that I am alive, and willing to remain days, months, years, longer, should it please my heavenly

Friend. I feel, indeed, constantly, that "to depart and be with Christ is FAR better;" and look forward with sensations of calm delight, or sometimes almost rapture, at the thought of finding myself on my Redeemer's breast, "without sin before the throne," but with the consciousness of the love he has shewn to me, overwhelming, unspeakable love! with the knowledge of his sufferings for me, when he became an inhabitant for more than thirty years of this earth, and bore untold misery. Can I feel impatient, or desire not to remain where he has placed me, if I can be the honoured instrument, passive or active, of working for him? Yes,—to serve him, to be the means of adding to *his* glory, of inducing one more to bow the knee to Jesus, would surely be motive sufficient for an angel to leave his throne, and suffer in this world of sin. Even so be it my happy case. To me, I would most earnestly desire to say,—"To live is *Christ*, and to die *gain*." Let me live or die, serve or suffer, act or feel, only let me in the coming year be more spiritually-minded, more devoted; my will entirely subdued; my affections sanctified; be filled with humility, and brought more and more into conformity to the image of Christ,—faith, love, purity of motive. These are the blessings I ardently desire to have as my portion for the ensuing year, or that part of it which may be allotted me. The mercies, the overflowing love of the last year, shewn each day and hour to my soul, are too great for utterance. Oh! for a grateful heart! I desire to take that text as my watch-word,—"Ask, and it shall be given you." I would ask, doubting nothing, for all spiritual blessings; I would seek an abundant answer, and again redouble my entreaties that it may be opened to me. What sweet anticipations may I not indulge in for the next year! Most probably sickness, sorrow, pain, grief, deep afflictions, discipline of many kinds. And, oh! the rich abundant blessings of a God all love and

tenderness! I cannot want more, for all things are comprised here. I feel confident of possessing them all!'—*Nov.* 14, 1826.

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'Be astonished, oh! my soul! at all the great and marvellous things which the Lord thy God has done for thee, since for five months past, sickness, and pain, and languor, have been the portion of thy body. Oh! how can I write this loving-kindness! It is boundless! boundless! Each one of his sweetest promises has been more abundantly fulfilled to me than language can express. In paroxysms of greatest pain it has seemed that Jesus stood by and whispered, 'So do I chasten one in whom I delight, that you may be a partaker of my holiness;' and at the cheering assurance of that promise, I seemed able to endure all things. At times of the most wearisomeness and debility, the promise,—"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be," was so fulfilled, that I could feel strength given my soul each moment to bear up against the exhaustion of my body. Nay, sometimes the sweet consolations of the former so *abounded*, that I was astonished to hear any say of my complaint, 'How distressing it must be.' Every separate pain and sorrow was so mitigated in being visibly administered to my soul's necessities, by my own Shepherd, that it did indeed seem a light affliction; and in the lonely night watches, he who never slumbereth was very nigh, dispensing his choicest consolations, or "teaching me to profit." Each petition was graciously answered which my soul poured out to my God, either by being granted in his own good time, or by being shewn me manifestly to be a petition which it was not the will of my Father, and consequently not right, that I should have granted to me. He exercised a paternal care over my thoughts, drawing them to himself, as well as over all my wishes

and desires. He often, indeed, gave me not the wish of my ignorant mind, but still shewed me he refused it in *love*. My will I prayed to be broken up, and in every way it was so crossed evidently by *his* hand, that I could see him arising to scatter his enemies. The means too were all so shewn me to be just the very means most adapted to the sanctification of my soul; just those against which my nature would most have revolted; a tedious continuation of cough producing excessive weariness, and giving way to no remedy, nor yet inducing acute disease, would have been most contrary to my own will; and the feeling of utter uselessness would once have been almost overwhelming; but my heavenly Teacher shewed me that the means he used were those most suited to perform his work in my soul; to break my stubborn will and bend me to his way; and, blessed be his name, he drew me so, that my heart was sweetly led to run after him. Often indeed, did I long to step before him; his time seemed long; but then he gently spoke, and I "knew his voice." I trust I may say, I have and do enjoy sweet fellowship with the Father and his Son. When *mind* itself seems almost sunk from weakness of body, "He sweetly comforts me;" and if memory of his word, and mind seems to fail, he graciously prevents the enemy from vexing me with other thoughts. I know not what is to be done with me. Though, in a measure, re-animated sickness is my lot perhaps for a short time, I may yet sojourn in the wilderness; but whether for a shorter or a longer, love!—love itself is my director and my guardian, and I can trust myself with him. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." But, oh! all these good, and wondrous, and glorious things of which not one can be recounted, nor the half be reckoned up by my soul,—all, all proceeding from the free, full, unmerited love of the Father, through the finished mediation of Jesus Christ, and granted by

the work of the Holy Spirit. An empty, broken, dry vessel I ever was and ever must be. Jesus is *all!—all!*'

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'*May* 7, 1827.—The last six months have been the happiest of my life, for I have enjoyed the presence of my God in them. Oh! who can tell what that is? What must heaven be, if this be only earth! To feel his own hand laid upon me but to bless me, and his tender mercy in every, even the most minute particular. In the greatest languor and exhaustion of body and mind, so that thoughts of every kind seemed to enter into my head, almost in delirium, he evidently held back my Satanic enemy and my evil heart; and, though too weak almost to think of him, he let me lie in his own everlasting arms, and rest in him; and, when stronger, he drew me out in delightful prayer, still not suffering me to be harassed by the enemy, and for hours together has he made me forget earth and earthly things, and led me to him. And, oh, chiefest mercy of all! when my vile wretched heart would want to take the glory to itself, he gently, oh, how gently! rebuked it, shewing me that *He* alone had done all these things for me. I mean not that all this time I have not been sinning and rebelling. Far, far from it. I have been rebellious, and cold, and wandering, and forgetful, and distrustful, and I have dealt very treacherously; and nothing but the most ineffable love and boundless compassion could ever have borne with me one day. Oh, I could lie down in wonder, when I remember how graciously, how inexpressibly tenderly and graciously, the Lord God has dealt with me, words are too weak, too destitute of meaning, to write all I feel, and my feelings are too cold, and blunt, and debased, to have retained any thing of the real extent of the *visible* or felt love of God to me. In one word, he is Love—not only love, but *love itself*, and this essence has been manifested towards me every moment, in ways far beyond the tongue of man

to utter, or the heart of man to conceive; and were nothing future in anticipation, well might I be content to praise him from my heart, and then live no more. But why do I write all these things in the past time? What is he doing now for thee, O my soul? Are his tender mercies ceased? Oh, no, no; he is feeding me with the *very* finest of the wheat, and opening to me all his good treasure. How am I almost confounded, when I feel and see the minute, the inexpressibly exact answers to prayers, which I feel but too conscious were mixed, nay, were nothing but defilement and vanity. Yet the desire which my adorable Lord put into my mind at the time, ascended to the mercy-seat, and there was perfumed by his own hands with his own incense, and was purged from its impurity, and then was offered up by him, and was accepted, and from thence descended the heavenly answer. And this is continual, constant, so that sometimes I am permitted to lie for two or three hours, breathing my poor weak, wandering, vain, dissipated mind and heart up unto God, knowing that he will grant me what I ask and need, according to *His* good will and in His own way, taking promise after promise, and bringing them to him to fulfil *in* me, and finding a sweet acquiescence (given me I know from above) in the will of my Saviour Shepherd, in whatever way that will may please to give me the desired boon.

'Do I pray for the continuance of the light of his countenance? then, if the means by which it will be continued to me be that all else must be dark, even so—be it so. Do I ask to know and feel him ever near? then, if all else must depart from me to secure this, let them depart. Do I want ever to have memory dwell upon his love? then let memory fail as to all other things, if this be the way of remembering Jesus. Do I want to realize him to my soul, as my *only* portion! then should every portion of earth be withdrawn, let

this be produced—it is enough. Do I desire to love him with a love of which before I had no conception? then must all human love be lost—yes, the nearest dearest tie. Be it so. Do I pray for simple faith, calm resting on the promise, on feeling it as secure as if the blessing were already mine, because the Promiser is *faithful and true?* then, if to bring my mind to this, all must become unfaithful and untrue but God; even so—be it so. Do I desire to walk in the heavenly world, as far as it is possible to do while my feet tread the wilderness, to live but as hastening to it, to feel my interests, my possessions, my best affections *there*, to have my life hid with Christ in God; to be dead, crucified, buried with Christ—then all my interests, and ties, and attachments, and pleasures, innocent and right as they may be, now must fade away, and I must gaze on vacancy, and live but to be wounded on every side. Oh, be it so. Here I would not be but as the child of God, the bride of the Lamb, the temple of the Holy Ghost, the heir of heaven. Oh, let it all be so! let my will be the will of God. If crosses, and tribulations, and agonies be necessary to subdue it, let me have simple faith, a single eye, an ardent love, an entire self-annihilation; let me live to God, with God, upon God; let me be the passive agent of the Spirit of God working in me; let this be my hope, my happiness, my delight; in one word, let God be my portion and my *all*, in a sense as far above expression as heaven is above earth—as far above conception as God's ways are above man's finding out. This may be the case even here—it must be. Gracious, powerful, omnipotent, infinitely loving Jehovah Jesus, say thou, It shall be so—Thou must do it—I know thou canst; thy Spirit wrought it in Enoch, in Abraham, in Paul. So let it work in me.'

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'*May 29th*, 1827.—It seems that for a trial I am to be

removed from the place where I have lately enjoyed so many happy hours. My own wishes would lead me to incline much to remain here; but I desire to have no wish with regard to *any* thing, but only to follow where my Shepherd leads. I indeed have, I trust, earnestly besought him, if his presence go not with me, not to carry me up hence, and he, I humbly hope, has answered, "My presence *shall* go with thee." I know not what the result of this will be, but this I *do* know, and, I bless God, abidingly rest in, that the result will be the *best*. I want and wish no more. I may return possessed in a measure of renovated strength of body, or I may return much weaker. I may never return, or I may be brought back a corpse. I cast all these different states, with unhesitating confidence, into the hands of a God; of *my* God and *my* Father, certain that he will order all for me in his eternal, free, full, *inexpressible* love. He now is manifesting that love to me in effectually removing from a mind, weakened by long-continued illness, every doubt or shadow of a fear; yes, I feel it must be his own omnipotent power, combined with his own infinite tenderness, that now leads me on safely, so that "I fear no evil," while my enemies, my spiritual enemies, I see beside me overwhelmed by the sea of his love. His own voice I hear now speaking peace, or the storm without must agitate me; I lean on him, I want only him. If I have life, I want his purity, his love, his holiness, his fear, his Spirit. If death is my portion, I want his strength, his support, his Spirit. The promise is—"My grace is sufficient for thee;" thy "God shall supply all your need, according to the riches of his grace;" "As thy day is, so *shall* thy strength be." These are the promises of my *faithful* God, and all are made yea and amen in my adorable Mediator. His blood, I know, will satisfy the claims of a broken and a holy law. His Spirit will strengthen me through the valley of death; not

the last *enemy*, but the last gift of love I shall receive on earth from him who has "fed me all my life long." My sins are, indeed, scarlet; every moment of my life tells me of precious time not employed for the noble and gracious end for which it was bestowed; of thoughts, and wishes, and inclinations contrary to or not indulged in with any regard to the will of God. My prayers remind me of *unbelief*, of vanity, of unsubdued will and affections, of pride, of hardness of heart. My unnumbered mercies cry aloud of unthankfulness, of a heart puffed up with conceit, of evil continually. Oh! I know that each one sin of a mountain heap, which would raise itself to the very skies, each one would cast me for ever from the presence of a holy and just God; yet I dare not, I cannot for one instant fear to meet that God. Unnumbered as are my sins, I know they exceed not the pardoning grace of Jesus. He is able to save to the *very uttermost all* who come to God by *him*. Relying, then, entirely on his finished work, the work he himself has finished, or it would for ever remain imperfect; trusting only to that blood for the full blotting out of all my transgressions, and alone looking to his perfect righteousness in which my guilty soul can be clothed before it stands in the presence of God, I throw myself, for time and for eternity, for earth and heaven, into the everlasting arms of love, which cannot fail; which will, according to the immutable promise of a faithful Jehovah, bear me up for ever and for ever. I am the most guilty, helpless, miserable sinner; but Jesus has given himself for me, has made me joint heir with him. He is *all*, *my* ALL; my portion and my joy, even here below; he will, yes, he has promised that he will be my guide unto death, and my portion for evermore.'

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"*The peace of God which passeth all understanding.*"

'Peace of God, a part of his nature, an attribute of God, yea, a perfection of God, truly it must pass *all* understanding, yet it is given, felt, experienced, delighted in.

'Truly have I a goodly portion; "the lines are fallen unto me in" more than "pleasant places." He has been with, marked out all my path, always. He will be with me now; when I go, where I stay; all the time, to the end, if that end be to me the end of *all* things; for ever *mine*, my own, my portion, and my all.'

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'Oh! what a portion has the believer in Jesus even in *this* life; "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man," what things God reveals by his Spirit each day to his beloved saints. What can I write of his great goodness to me? My very thoughts cannot realize my feelings on this subject. Hour after hour I seem to be drinking into the fulness of God; his Spirit sent to make me feel my wants, my need of *every thing*; to show me the hosts of my enemies that wait around me; the precipices over which I am walking; the snares set for my soul in every way; my own inability to overcome, or even contend with one; my poverty, my emptiness, my vileness, my weakness, my ignorance, my foolishness—and yet my pride, my vanity, my fool-hardiness, my blindness; and then after this sight, or rather during the time, he brings me to the throne of grace, and keeps me there, bringing all my wants, one by one, to my remembrance, and enabling me to throw them on the Lord Jesus, to plead with him for guidance, strength, direction, support, patience, humility, help, sight, knowledge, makes me believe that I shall have these blessings, calms my soul with the trust he puts into it, sheds abroad the

love of God in my heart, and spreads his peace and joy there, till the moments and hours seem envious of his visits, and fly on more than wings, and leave me longing for the time when I shall dwell *for ever, oh for ever*, in him, and go *no more out*. Oh! glorious, happy day! my soul pants for it; it pants to be able to praise God, to bless him with a seraph's tongue. Oh! fear the Lord all *his* people; there is no want to any who fear him; there never was, no never, such a poor, cold, heartless, vile, ungrateful being as I am, but there never was one who more largely tasted of the UNSPEAKABLE love, and kindness, and tenderness of the dear Lord Jesus. He seems to proportion his love to my ingratitude, his tenderness to my hardness, his patience to my rebellion. I cannot write any thing of what I experience of his INFINITE love. I cannot think, express, conceive, or even *feel* any thing of what I would, of what I, in a measure, *see* shown to me. I can but wonder, pant, and love; I can but breathe my soul towards God, till I may breathe it into him.'

*June 25th*, 1827.

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'July 31st.—The last July evening I shall, most probably, ever see; solemn, yet sweet thought. Yes, before another July, this weary, weak frame will surely sink beneath the sod; the hands which now hold this pen will be motionless and powerless, and the busy thoughts which crowd my mind must be lost in forgetfulness; and the eyes which view the calm scene before me, must be closed on earthly objects for ever. Oh! will it be so indeed; then let my whole soul turn to him who I know will be my portion when every thing else is vanished from me. Blessed assurance; Christ is *my all*. Let it be so; let me never welcome this smiling month, these cheerful evenings; let me never again breathe this balmy air, nor view the radiance of an earthly sky. I go to the unfailing source of light,

the unfading radiance of heaven, the gates of Paradise; but more than all, I go to Jesus. Even *here* 'tis sweet to think of him, to pray to him, to hear of him, to love him, to trust him, to lean upon him, to feel his tender hand, to hear him whisper peace, to rest upon his love, and *there*, really to love him with all my heart and soul; to be *nothing* but love; to be full of it; to be swallowed up in it; to be lost in it; to know him in all the riches of his love, the wonders of it; the tenderness, the unfailingness, the depth, the height, the breadth, the length; to drink in all this, and to be like it myself. Oh! the anticipation of this, little as I can conceive, and still less realize it, is indeed something, inexpressibly more than *enough* to make all sadness flee in seeing this world, and all most dear to me in it, passing so rapidly from me; nay, rather must I clip the wings of hope, lest it fly into the region of impatience, and make me too much long to be with Jesus, which is so *far* better. Here I may long to love, if I cannot love as I would; here I may try to praise, if I cannot praise as I want to do; here I may think, and pray, and wait, and rest, if I cannot search, and adore, and soar aloft, as I desire to do; here I may look, and suffer, and this is bliss indeed. I thank thee, oh! my God, for thy wondrous love shewn to me every moment. I wait to thank thee, indeed, when I see thee as thou art; even so, come Lord Jesus, come, quickly.'—1827.

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'Oh! the tides of mercy poured upon me the last year! I cannot write one; would that I could feel them. Wonderful Redeemer! what must thy fulness be if such are the supplies granted to thy people. Who can think of the infinite forgiveness which can pardon all that thou hast pardoned during the year; the infinite forbearance, that can wait and be gracious yet; the inexhaustible love which can brook all my murmurings, rebellions, and, most of all, my cold, unmoved,

unbelieving, and dead affections; and yet love on. I can only wonder at myself for knowing that every prayer has been answered; every sorrow calmed; every pain soothed; every want supplied; every wish satisfied, or else made to die away; every sin forgiven; every trial made light, and every moment shewn to be filled full of blessings from the treasury of heaven; and yet that I remain so cold, so unbelieving, so distrusting, so forgetful, so unmoved by divine love. And I can wonder too, at the Saviour; wonder at that inexpressible love which will not do any thing but bless me; wonder that he will still go on so abundantly raining down the richest showers upon me, in spite of myself. He awakens me to think of him when I would forget him; he calls my mind back to seek him. When I would pass to earthly things, he seems to whisper, 'they are not good for you to be interested in; I have given you a better portion, and I must have you enjoy it.' He *makes* me lean on him; he draws me to look unto him; he constrains me to ask all I want from him; shews me his strength, and bids, contrains me to rest on it; opens to me his glory and his love, and holds my eyes to gaze on them. I would fain wander, but he will not let his sheep depart from him. But while I write, my words seem to mock me with their emptiness. Is it thus I would express what an angel's tongue cannot tell? Can I bring down the actings of free, omnipotent, eternal love? Oh! I can only tell the wondrous tale that the word of God himself told me, which I would not believe, but he has shown me that it is true, that God—Almighty God—"took on him the form of a servant, and humbled himself" to die for sinful man; that he ascended in human flesh to the glory above, and remembers man there; remembers to send down every good with which man can be blessed, to avert every ill from which he can suffer; he waits to be gracious to this sinful man, and will be gracious for ever. To me

he has been gracious, to me he will be gracious, and this next year is promised to be filled with love, even more abundantly than the last has been. Oh! can it be? This year I ask for Enoch's walk with God, for Abraham's spirit, if sojourning here; for Paul's crucifixion to the world; for the vision of God which Moses had. And can I doubt that these blessings will be mine? Must I believe that God *cannot* grant them? Can I insult *omnipotence* thus? No; he can do *all* things; and he has made his Son head over all things to his church. Then I am *sure* of them. The Son *will* grant them, and to *me*. He, too, will give me the Spirit of expectation, of waiting and hoping for the blessings; I know he will, for "He abideth faithful." Not "according to my faith will it be" unto me, but to HIS *love*. The Father knoweth what that love is, for "no man knoweth the Son but the Father," and according to the riches of the grace of which he knoweth, is my portion to be. Surely the next boon I crave must be a soul of larger mould; that will be able to contain this fulness of heaven. Would that the one I have could melt in nothingness before the All-in-All.'—*Nov.* 14, 1827.

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'Christ is all; remember, oh! remember this for ever. In all things make him your all; in your thoughts and meditations, in your wishes and desires, in your will, the all of your comforts, and the all in your tribulations, your joy, your delight, your stay, your hope, your desire, your righteousness, your strength, the filler up of every hour, to whatever thou art called in that hour. He is to be the mover of every action, thought, or word: he to give the strength to perform it: he to take all the sin from it, and receive all the praise for it In private delight to be alone with him: *that* is the secret of the sweetness of solitude—in intercourse with your family, enjoy to speak of him, that is the endearing bond of family love. With friends let him be the only

desire to exalt and magnify, to encourage all to trust him. Seek him only, and seek him always. To be filled with him in understanding, mind, will, heart, affections. Wish to be nothing, and he to be all.'

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'Let me not any longer be too anxious even for the realizing views of Jesus and eternal things which my soul longs after. Only let me pant after this thing—that Jesus may be exalted, and I nothing. Let me be distressed that I realize so little; let me be content to know that Christ realizes me completely. Let me feel and deplore my want of love. It is the Lord's love to me I would see, not mine to him. Are my ideas confused and formal, my words vain and full of the want of real *feeling* of Heavenly things? It is not so with my Lord. Yea; let me *never* find that I feel, think, or realize any thing, if I may find the more that Jesus is the Alpha and Omega, the whole Saviour, and performer of the *finished* salvation. Remember this, my soul, and henceforth pray, wrestle, watch, strive, agonize, seek, and believe that you will receive not more holiness, more nearness to God, more apparent likeness to him, but that thou shalt "know *him* and the power of his resurrection," see thyself more vile, and that he is all in all.'—*May* 25, 1828.

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'Not my will be done, even in the work of sanctification. Let me not expect to see signs and wonders done in me, though confessedly by God himself. Lower and lower let me sink, seeing Jesus higher and higher. I cannot get near him: but he is near me, loving me better than I love myself. Let me not wish any thing to be done in my way. Here is my body, soul, and spirit. May Jesus be exalted by, and in, and through, and to them in any way that seemeth best in *his* sight. I want to see him himself; to look at him till I am not—this will not be when I find myself more holy, having more

love to God, &c. but when I lose myself, and see him my wisdom, sanctification, &c. This then is what I would long for daily, hourly, in every occupation, or when worn-out nature precludes enjoyment. Bring this, O divine Spirit, to my remembrance, as a constant desire, lead me hither even to Jesus, and let that blessed Saviour set his foot even on my unworthiness, if in so doing he may be exalted and I lowered. A sinner all over. A vile, vile sinner, more than I can think of; but Jesus a Saviour, able, willing to do abundantly above *all* I can think. So then, let it be no more I, but Christ that liveth in me.'

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'I am certain that I shall not have one pain or uneasiness too much, nor one too little; and this last assurance is even more soothing to my mind than the first: for 'welcome, welcome, (as says Rutherford) are all crosses, so that I can get my heart fixed on the Lord Jesus.' But how strange it is, that after all the chastisement I have had, all the separation from the world, all the feelings of meanness to God, and delight in him, and all the experiences of the ENTIRE nothingness of the things of this world, I still find myself possessed of just the same earthly heart, the same wandering mind and thoughts, the same want of realizing eternal things, the same, or worse—every thing that is bad.—How is this? I see the effect of the rain, which cometh down and watereth the earth. Do I see no effect of the rain which descends on me? A friend said to me in conversation, you must have gained much by your long and close teaching; evidently meaning that I had grown better, and more a Christian by it. I could only tell her that I felt I had gained nothing. I seemed to myself worse; and the more so, as I had been, and still was, so wonderfully dealt with. So that my sins seemed worse than ever, committed as they are, against so much of the tenderest loving kindness.

'Oh the depth of the riches of that word "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," *sinners*—here is my only hope, every thing seems to drive me upon that. Every day more a sinner: let me seek every day more this Saviour, and let me feel worse and worse, if thereby my Physician may have more glory. Would that indeed I felt myself less than nothing. But what most grieves me is this, that I do not "abhor myself," I am not humble. But this I know is the worst proof of my vileness; and therefore for this I must most apply for pardon to him who is "plenteous in redemption." Oh how I should love that precious Saviour.'—*June* 5, 1828.

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'Oh when shall I love myself, and find only Christ? Self is ever here, whether I wish, or read, or pray, or think, or even feel. Self it is, which comes in to mar every thing. Self shuts out the vision of my Saviour. Self, vile self, is always with me, and it seems to be increasingly the case. Is it not this which prevents my usefulness to the souls of others, for my Lord sees, that if I were to be so, it would tend to the glory of self, instead of to his glory; and in his love to me, he will not let this harm happen to my soul. Oh to be annihilated into Christ, that is the perfect idea of heaven to me. Yes, in that day, when I awake in *his* likeness, I *shall* be SATISFIED. But oh! my gracious, almighty Saviour, till that longed for, panted after, looked for day, let every moment be forwarding the work of self-crushing, and exalting thee in my soul: let *any* means be used to accomplish this end. Yes, *any* means; "All power is given thee in heaven and in earth." Then send me any thing which shall make thee all in all to me—refuse me not, I beseech thee. Grind me down into thee. Take unto thee thy power: take in thy hand my poor body, soul, and spirit, my friends, and comforts, my circumstances—all me, and mine, and so order each minute, and each event,

each power, and each wish, that thee, only thee, may be exalted. Be *in* me, *through* me, *with* me, and *to* me every thing. Be thou my only portion, let heart and flesh fail, if so thou willest, only let me have *thee;* I want thee only. Tread upon me—only do *thou* tread. All I want is Jesus. All my desire is comprehended in those verses, 'That he would grant me, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with all might by his Spirit in the inner man, THAT (oh for that blessed conclusion) *Christ* Jesus, the Father's Christ, the Alpha and the Omega, the all, the Christ that God looks at and loves; the Saviour Christ, the wonderful Christ, the Lord of men, that he, in his own glory, making *me nothing*, may dwell in my heart, in all *reality*, by faith. This I do long for; that Christ would come and take up his abode with me: how happy if any means may be used for this end. Yes: to be partakers of his holiness, to decrease, that he may increase, to become viler than dust, that he may show forth his glory, seems to me so glorious, that even to drink of the cup which he drank, and to be baptized with his baptism, were but too little to bear, if it would be the means of bringing Christ to me, and so filling me with his love, his fulness, that all else, self, the world, and sin died away, there being no place for them. Oh come that glorious time, even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus. Tarry not, to make me hang on thee here by faith, in utter feebleness of dependance, till there I hang on thee in sight, in still more deep dependance. Let this be my only wish, my only prayer, my only object.'—*June* 8, 1828.

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'I dread above all things, being thought of, as being *any thing* by Christians around me. Nothing will so hurt my poor soul as the smile of Christian friends. I should be quite cast down with the thought of the snares of this sort which I see forming around me continually, were it not for the promise—"The Lord will preserve

thee from ALL evil, he will preserve thy soul," and the assurance that "he who toucheth me, toucheth the apple of his eye." Oh may these be *fully* verified unto me, and by any means which the Lord may make most effectual. I tremble when I hear or think of the many who seemed much, and I doubt not, FELT much: and who now have forgotten their love, and walk no more with him, in whose arms they once seemed to abide. The thought, that this may be my case, is agony to me. Keep me, keep me, blessed Lord, very near thee. Save me from myself. Place me in those circumstances in which I shall most glorify thee. I know that then I shall be empty, and less than nothing, and Jesus all in all.—*July* 28.

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'Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Oh the countless mercies which have been poured upon me the last five months! Wonderful is the loving kindness of God to me. How has he made me entreat him for spiritual blessings, putting desires into my soul that I might be, by *any* means he choose, led to walk near to him, and how has he answered me; by sending trial after trial to draw my soul to himself. After much longing and increasing prayer, to live more with his glory as my motive and aim, and sorrow of heart that so much *self* was mixed in every attempt to speak or act for him, he sent me a very great increase of illness, which brought my body and mind very low, and has left me ever since in a state very different from that in which I have been before; this was, I am certain, in richest love. I have seen more than ever my own vileness, and I trust in a little degree my Saviour's fulness. My own motives I have seen sifted, and have found them every one evil, proceeding from, and tending towards *self*—cursed self. I have been prevented from doing many things which I thought I wished for the extension of my Lord's king-

dom, that I might see I wished them much for my own glory. I was drained, blessed be his name who performeth ALL things for me, and led to thirst more than ever after Christ's fulness. I see how I have written and spoken things which I felt not. Not that I did this deceitfully, for I uttered, as I thought, what I had experienced: but now I find that there is a depth in every one of the things of God, which I had not, nor have now ever thought of. There is a wonderful portion of reality which I have not even grasped at realizing, there is a spirit, when, I have touched the body only, there is a centre, when I have but flitted on the circumference. Oh to *know* the love of Christ, how does my inmost soul long to be able to long, and pant, and thirst after that knowledge! Again, since that time, have I been led to pray, but I know not how to write of my prayers, they are so wretched; but Jesus has made me wish that I could pray to be made to walk closer and closer to him: as Enoch did, or as St. Paul, my heart seems continually to hang upon the words, and to be led to form them into a petition, "That I may know him and the power of his resurrection," that "I may be determined to know *nothing* but Christ Jesus, and him *crucified*"—that I "may be crucified with Christ, yet live: yet not I, but Christ." "That he would grant me, *according to the riches of his glory*, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the *inner* man, that *Christ* (in all his fulness) may *dwell* in my heart by faith, that I, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the exceeding greatness of his love towards us. I seem led to plead, that if I be in ANY thing otherwise minded, God would reveal even this to me, to urge that God is able to do exceeding abundantly above *all* I can ask or think. And now that a new and heavy trial has reached us, which must alter the course of all our future life, which is not a passing cloud, but will be a constant

shower of tribulation, and which affects me in many ways *very very* deeply, may I not, ought I not, to look upon it, as an answer to this desire, especially when I remember that many times when intreating the Spirit to utter the desire with groanings which cannot be uttered, and Jesus, to let me rest it on his name, and for his own sake to answer it, the thought has come to my mind—What if a deeper and severer trial than any you have proved, should be the bearer of the answer to your prayer? I have ever been led to reply, 'Lord, thy grace is sufficient for every trial, only do thou support me under it,' and let me then have Christ, only Christ the Saviour; if every thing else fails, oh! fulfil my desire, and root me on him; let me live *only* to him, *only* by him, only upon, and with, and in him: let him be my alpha and omega, my all in all: and if my body, soul, and spirit must be ground down, or trodden upon; if I must be annihilated for it, let it be so. Nor would I now retract, Lord, thou knowest; or if I would, let me not, I beseech thee, ever have my *will*. I would expect from henceforth the most marvellous blessings. Oh! for a spirit of expectation; I long for that above every thing; I want to expect really, and wait for the "windows of heaven even to be opened," so that blessings may be poured down. I want to expect blessings as from a *God*; I want *faith*. Could I but see the Saviour's love, and believe it, I feel I should have all things; for I know he desires for me all spiritual good; yea, and will give it me: and whether I am now called to receive of his fulness in heaven, or in earth, I would believe that I *shall* receive it. I know that I am a vile, vile sinner; I know it principally, because I seem to know it not. I mourn not for sin which I feel to be in me, and which I see has pierced one who is to me, as my pen cannot write, or my heart think. I know I am wretched, for I feel not my wretchedness; poor, for I am conceited, and satisfied in my poverty; blind, for I

rest contented without seeing the glories which are opened before me; naked, for I wrap not myself in the garments which are presented me. I long to hunger and thirst; to ask, and seek, and knock, and desire; and, oh! I long to know my Lord Jesus; to see him, and be like him; I long to be nothing, and to rest in him, my all. I want continually to realize that without him I can do *nothing;* I want to feel as weak as I really am; to see myself as empty as I am, and to live by Christ, *as* he lived by the Father; I want to understand and feel all that I am writing: and if this is effected by any wounds, strike, Lord, strike.

'Help thou my unbelief, and for the sake of the Beloved alone, grant my wishes. Let not thy grace tarry! My earthly abode is about to be changed; perhaps also, my pursuits and habits. I know not what is before me;—my body, soul, and spirit; circumstances and lot, to the end of my life: my friends, my comforts, my earthly and spiritual all, I place in thy hands, to order for me. Take my heart, gracious Lord! and fill it with thy love; my understanding, and fix it upon thyself; my will, and make it thine; my desires, and let them all go out to thee; my wants, and make them centre upon thee; my time, and use it for thy glory; my voice, my strength, all my body, and let them be for thy service, and only for thy service, in whatever way thou choosest; by pain or ease; by use or illness; by ability or inability. Take my circumstances, and order them so as to maintain the nearest walk with thee. My friends!—yes, I would give them too to thee, to make them to me what thou wouldest have them to be; thou, whose will is my *sanctification.* Oh! let me believe that thou wilt do even this unto me; let me look to thy full, *free,* unlimited favour to the *unworthy,* and believe it. Now let thy blessing rest on me, oh, my God, my Father! for into thy hands I commit my Spirit; whether the body wakes or sleeps, may

*it* live with thee. Oh! answer me, for the Redeemer's sake! Amen.'—*Dec.* 18, 1828.

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*"The Lord taketh pleasure in those that hope in his mercy."*

'Oh! my soul, hope in the Lord; "hope against hope;" hope in all tribulation; hope for thyself; thine earthly way; thy *spiritual* life; hope for others; for those afar off, for those "brought nigh." Remembering, knowing, trusting, believing, expecting, rejoicing, that "He that spared not his ONLY Son, but delivered him up so freely," for us, for *them*, will, with him, freely give me, give them, *all things;* yea, *all* good things.'

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*"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted." "At eventide there shall be light." "He doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men." "The same is* MY *mother." "God is love." "I will allure her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably to her."*

'These and many like passages of the blessed Bible, *do* comfort me, when my heart is overwhelmed at the thought of the sorrow of my precious, most beloved mamma, when I am taken from her. God is my witness how many times, how many hours, I have earnestly pleaded with him, to fulfil them *all* to her, in his own abundant way of love, (of which I had such full taste,) when I can no longer try to soothe her mind, or take part in the burden of her anxieties. He only knows how tender her love is to me, and mine to her. I sometimes can hardly bear to think of it; to think of the gap which would be left in me, were *she* to go; and

of that which will be found in her heart, when I am gone. It comes to me sometimes, and spreads desolation over me; and for her sake, I could almost feel willing to tarry,—yes, to linger on, even for her sake alone, (without thinking of my Lord's will, which is the motive I desire should actuate me,) to linger on in pain and weakness; just to be able to look and smile upon her; to take some little stones out of her rough path; to soften some hard duty; to catch a few drops of the falling shower; to shew her that it is sent to *water* and *refresh* us, and not to hurt or overwhelm us.

'But do I not distrust my Shepherd's love, in giving way to such thoughts? Is there not one who sitteth above every water-flood? And is he not *her* God and Redeemer? Can he not make it better to her than in the time when her corn and wine were increased? Can I, who know *how* a mother's love does comfort, fear, when he says,—"*As* one whom his mother comforteth, *so* will I comfort you." And, oh! can I, who have so often proved this wonderful Friend, who have so often felt his hand wiping away my tears; heard his voice of love, speaking peace to my soul in trouble; my Deliverer and Light, in deep perplexity, can I doubt, if I leave this earthly idol to *his* love and his care? Peace, peace, my heart! * * * * * Wait, my soul, on the Lord, even for this dear one whose sorrows seem more grievous to me than any sorrows. Wait, I say, on *the Lord*.'—*April* 11, 1829.

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'Have I asked too much of God in the last two hours? Oh! what have I asked? That he would *determine* me to know NOTHING but Jesus, and him crucified. That I might make Jesus my *whole* portion, being utterly emptied of myself, and filled with the fulness of God; so that I should ever look at myself as nothing but poverty; and this emptiness be filled

with the riches of Christ: as folly, seeing him *all* my wisdom: as *iniquity*, he my righteousness: as impurity, he my sanctification: as a bound, lost, ruined captive, he my redemption:—in every respect, every moment, from every circumstance of life. I, *all* weak,—*absolutely* no strength; –he my strength,—might,—all in all. That my understanding should be, as expressed in Eph. i. so that I may know "the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." My *heart*, as in Eph. iii. so "that Christ dwelling in it by faith," I may realize the experience of the mercy. My will, subdued to himself. My affections, fixed on him. My eyes, as in Luke iv. 18, opened only to the beauty of the Saviour. My ears, to hear his voice. My desires, my wishes, only going out to him, so that I hunger and thirst, seek, knock, ask, and do "one thing," desiring of the Lord to behold his beauty. All these acts performed, so *entirely* resting on the sake of Christ, continuing in HIS love, pleading by HIS free grace, that I shall seek, find, be opened unto, have my desires granted. That Christ may be my Alpha and Omega, Author and Finisher. That I may rest alone on his finished work; lean on him; look to him. That he may be all in all to me, REALLY shewing me his glory, and his deep love, so that I only live to seek after him, and to exhibit *him* to saints; to lead them nearer to him; to sinners, to invite them to know this wonderful Redeemer.

'That every power of body, soul, and spirit may be wholly sanctified. That I may live in the reality of "ONLY for Jesus' sake." That I may be baptized in his love, and sink in that, so that not I but Christ may live in me; realizing that "without *me*, ye can do NOTHING."

'Have I asked too much? What does he command? Has he not brought me up out of Egypt?—should I not then "open my mouth wide?" and will he not "fill it?" Ought I not to "prove him now, and see if he will not

open the windows of heaven, and pour me down a blessing." "If ye ask *any thing* in my name"—"If ye continue in my love." Yes,—has he spared his own precious Son? Is his hand now shortened? Is Jesus not the same to-day and for ever?—when he declared, that "*As* the Father loved him" so he did us? That God loved us, as he did his own Son; and who can tell the depth of God's love to Christ? Is any thing too hard for God's love? Has he not proved that nothing is too hard to do for sinners? And as I am bought with the most *precious* price, should I not expect all things which he can do, whose will is my sanctification? Oh! then in solemn expectation of these blessings, given for the sake of him who has asked for them, let me live. Let me receive every trial, as in answer to these prayers; I am so vile, that to answer them, I know I must have furnaces prepared for me, seven times heated. Yet the love of the God of *all* grace, is enough to rest on; and the living upon, eating, walking in DEEP REALITY, NEARER AND NEARER TO THE REAL JESUS, is too glorious an end not to make me desire any thing, so that this might be, till I sink in him. My body, soul, spirit; friends, dear, dear, as they are; circumstances; all that I ever hoped or wished for, besides that 'one desire,' I commit unto him, who in his glorious power, and thrice glorious love, will, according to his will, answer the petition presented by the love of *Jesus*, whose blood cleanseth from *all* sin.

'Now, in believing, waiting, in faith, in hope, in expectation live, resting on, desiring, looking unto, adoring, blessing, seeking, exalting, Jesus, and him alone, by the might of his own glorious Spirit.

'Here I would record the wish of this morning, which so often before I have presented to my God; that here, if I ever record other thoughts, in other days, or write of deep exercises and sorrows, the faithfulness of God may be seen. He is a prayer-hearing God; in due

time he will answer, for he is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all I can ask or think; and he is willing in his love to do so. I know it, and would charge my soul, now before him, to look upon every circumstance, trivial or otherwise, as a proof of his love, of his faithfulness to the covenant made with the beloved for his people's sake. I know it will be so. Oh! for heaven to praise this glorious God!'—*May* 17, 1829.

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'Oh! for heaven to praise my God! What has he not done for me the last six months! I cannot write any of his wondrous love;—would that my heart could burst with it;—that chief longing of my soul has been granted. Next to my own knowledge of the Saviour, have I desired that my beloved —— should know him; and none but he to whom all things are naked and opened, can tell the burden which my spirit has known for three years and a half, in the certainty that he was not one who could call God, FATHER. Now it is removed, my heart's desire is granted, and I could sing aloud all the day long. Oh! he is safe,—safe for eternity! And may I ever wonder, and bless my God, for thus gloriously granting this dear one his great salvation. But, oh! the countless mercies of each day! None but Jesus knew my wants: none but Jesus could supply them; and he has done it most abundantly. Grace, wisdom, strength, patience, faith, HOPE, COMFORT, *prayer*, have been granted from the treasury above. Every month and week has been ushered in with wrestling prayer for blessings; they have descended;—oh! in what showers! and the month and week have gone out with renewed songs to the God of *all* grace. Now it does seem to me that the end is not far off; the wished, the longed-for morning is near at hand;—may I indulge the hope! My body is evidently crumbling; my soul seems gathered up for the

flight; only one wish now takes possession of my heart. May my closing days be to the glory of my blessed Saviour; may they eminently exalt his free grace; his unspeakable love to me the chief of sinners, the vilest of ungrateful worms. May his name be exalted, and mine be broken in pieces; may I suffer any pain which shall exalt him; or experience any state of mind and feeling that will glorify his grace; may I have joy or peace, agony of pain, or ease; any thing which shall most praise and show forth the glory of the only Christ, my whole salvation and my all. Yea, into thy hands I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O God of *truth!* Body, soul, and spirit are safe with thee; they are thine; employ them as thou wilt; only let them shew to others, what thou canst and wilt do for thy Son's sake, for wretched man. Here am I!—may he do what seemeth best in his sight.'—*Dec.* 1, 1829.

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'More unworthy than any of the Lord's sheep, yet more wonderfully forgiven and dealt with, I surely am. Oh! that I were baptized in his love, which passeth knowledge! I long, I faint, to drink into his fulness. Has he given me these desires, and will he not satisfy them? Does he who answers prayer, who ofttimes answers mine in so abundant a manner, that I am lost in wonder, grant me those precious hours in the night-watches, when I ask but one thing,—to be drawn nearer and nearer to him; to be lost in him; to know him as my all in all, my life, my Alpha and Omega; to sink, that he may be exalted. Does he grant me these wrestlings of soul, hour after hour, till the tired body is almost spent, and not mean to answer, or to do for me more than I can think or ask? Oh! let me not doubt! In God's own time, when he sees best, when he has fully prepared the ground, and emptied me of all things, of *self;* then he will perform all these things for me. Oh! I would not have one gift, not even any grace,

which would at any time cause exultation *in myself.* I would be ever the poor, empty thing, I am; I would only glory in my infirmities, that the power of *Christ* may rest on me. My daily desire is only that Christ may live in me; I only wish for what shall glorify him, and crush me; just as much joy, feeling, every thing, as shall exalt my Lord. I would that he were so to dwell in me, that no one could come near me, or hear me speak, but should be led to praise HIM more; to say that he truly is manifestly love; that there is none like unto the God of Jeshurun; that he should have ever all the praise. Oh! I would that I were like a glass window, through which my Lord looked forth, in the glory of his grace, drawing souls unto himself. If men did but know what I am, what I daily feel, what a wretch full of ingratitude, coldness, hardness of heart, unbelief, and unreality I am; and what my God daily and nightly does for me, and to me, this would be the case. "Oh, Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise." Thou hast said, that—"this people thou hast chosen for thyself." Oh! be glorified in me; sanctify me wholly. By any means,—yes, by any, make me live close to thee,—closer than I ever did,—closer than I have ever conceived of;—closely as Enoch,—yea, as Paul; and wholly to thy glory. In any way thou seest best, fulfil this my earnest supplication. I would count all things as dung, for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, my Lord, only let me know him, and the power of his resurrection. Oh! fulfil in me *all* the good pleasure of thy goodness, that the name of my Lord Jesus may "be glorified in me, and I in him." This month has ever been one of singular mercies and manifestations of love to me. Now it seems that my will is thoroughly purging in all ways; I am to learn to be content to live on earth; to be willing to continue in any state the Lord wills: yea, to *give thanks* for doing

so. I had hoped ere this to have given thanks in a world where I should have been sinless; but if it be the will of God, yet to detain me in the bonds of debility, and passive weakness or suffering, let me not wish it otherwise. I do bless him, that he is subjugating, crossing, ploughing up my will. Make it quite conformed to thine, heavenly Father; bring every thought into captivity, every wish into subjection. May I be nothing in every way,—Jesus be *Lord*,—Jesus be my whole glory, my crown of rejoicing. Oh! purge me as a refiner purges his gold,—" PURELY take away ALL my tin;" fulfil thy purpose of wondrous grace, and conform me to the image of thy Son, and let his name be magnified in me for evermore.'—*Feb.* 18, 1830.

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'My dear ——,

'I almost fear that my endeavours to procure the little book I mentioned to you, will prove unsuccessful.

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I shall be disappointed if my favourite little help is out of your reach; yet I know not why I should write thus,—" No good thing will be withheld from you;" and I know that I am a poor judge of what is good for you or myself, or any one else. What a blessing it is to commit every thing to him who not only " careth for us," but who knows what will do us good; and will not give us even what we ask, if it be not proper for us to have. * * * Should it be the will of God, it will give me much pleasure to know that you have derived much profit and spiritual life from the sacred ordinance of the Lord's supper. I feel persuaded, (as I expressed to you,) that the vagueness of our minds on all religious subjects, is one very prin-

cipal cause of the deadness of this ordinance to us. It is the special office of the Holy Ghost to take of the things of Christ, and *shew* them unto us. In approaching the table of the Lord, do we not desire to see the things of Christ? Let us then in our previous preparation, wait much upon the Spirit; let us in going up, wait for him, and he will come, (true to his office,) to *fix* our souls on Christ, if we will let them be fixed. He will open our eyes, and explain to us the spiritual meaning of the symbols, if we will *patiently* attend to his instructions, and not in eager haste roam from one point to another, vainly endeavouring to take in *all*, whilst the minutest portion shewn to us by this heavenly Teacher, would be food for our souls for ages. Neither let us always expect to be in this or that state of feeling; the *passive*, empty frame, ready to receive any impression, thinking any light, or peace, or wisdom imparted, a marvel of heavenly condescension, should surely be the only frame we ought to desire. The love of the Saviour, as seen in an ordinance setting forth his death, is certainly one sight we must long to behold in it; and I know of no declaration, which leads up sooner to this contemplation, than our Lord's own preface to the supper,—"With DESIRE have I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." What! did the Saviour desire, (though in all respects he was a man, and felt suffering and pain,) calmly to sit with his disciples performing that which was a "shewing forth" of his agonies and death, just at hand. Yes,—the burning love which he felt for his own, which had made him a little before "stedfastly set his face toward Jerusalem, and in the way going before his disciples, till they were amazed;" now made him "desire with desire" to eat with them, that which was *their* life, even though it was the realization of his death. Here then, ———, may the Spirit lead us, and enable us to enter a little into the depth of his unfathomable love. Well

may *we* desire to taste that which the Saviour so desired to give us.

'Again, what says our Lord,—"Take, eat, drink ye of it." Is not this a gracious command to partake, to taste, individually, to appropriate Christ distinctly in all his offices, characters, and attributes? And how much do we fail of this! Let us "know him and the fellowship of his sufferings;" let us take, and eat, for "whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood," says our Lord, "hath eternal life." He is come, that we might not only have life, but that we might have it *more abundantly*. "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, *even so*, he that eateth me, shall live by me." Oh! dear friend, what an "even so" is this! Think of the manner in which Jesus lived "by the Father," and then think, even so may we live by Jesus. Let us then pray earnestly to be taught to do this; to take of the "feast of fat things;" to let our mind dwell upon each portion in sacred meditation; and when at the table of the Lord, to turn by the Spirit's influence to Christ, set forth for our appropriation, and follow the leading of that Guide to the meditation he will give us of Christ, it will be "sweet in the Lord."

Perhaps, at another time, that part of our Lord's words, which are very precious to me, may be your subject of thought,—"Till I drink it new with you in the kingdom of my Father." Here the ultimate end, the joy set before Christ, for which he endured the cross, despising the shame, is represented as to be consummated in the "day when he maketh up his jewels and sits down to the supper with his ransomed ones." Is not here a store of condescension,—love,—wonders?

'At another time, the awful nature of sin may be represented to you; the cause of the agonies of the Son of God, who could not save sinners, but at such a price. Then, again, the deep *love*, which would save, even though this price must be paid. And again, that

" fearful, glorious holiness," before whom the very heavens are not clean, yet who is " well pleased " with him who is the sinner's substitute.

' But, dear ———, I might go on for ever; if I had an angel's pen, I should not then have said one half. May the Spirit of the Lord, in whose presence is liberty, ever make you range in this wide pasture.

' But I have said nothing of the contemplation, at this sacred season, of that which is the great fountain of all,—the source of the whole,—the everlasting love of the Father,—" He who spared not his own Son." " Herein is love." " It pleased the Lord to bruise him." Yes, the love of God towards us was so glorious, that he gave up his dearest, most precious, costly treasure, for rebels,—for sinful man. And this will open the door for faith to enter in, and take of glorious privileges, yea, to appropriate " all things," for " all things *are* ours," since " we are Christ's, and Christ is God's." If this love is so, if Jesus Christ is the " same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" if God knows " no variableness, nor shadow of turning," what may we not live upon, what may we not expect? Before our eyes, Christ the only begotten Son of God, hath been visibly set forth, crucified for our sins, for our sakes put to shame,—" stricken of God, and afflicted;" and as his love is not diminished since the hour when it was able to do this for us; since the time when he declared, that " *As* the Father had loved him, *so* had he loved us," let us then " continue in his love." As we have been precious in the sight of God, we shall also be " honourable;" and we thence see the " riches of the glory of the inheritance in the saints;" the unutterable things " which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, but which God hath prepared for them that love him;" the wonderful reality of being adopted into the family of God, and a joint-heir with Christ.

'My dear———, I have written on this subject in such a manner, as to mar its glories; I feel I could write volumes, but my words condemn me as I proceed. All glory be unto that grace, which does give such treasures even to the meanest earthen vessels; the excellency of the power is indeed his. May we ever render it all to him. If we are enabled to do so, in any degree, we shall taste the delight of giving him praise; and thus glorifying him, we shall answer the gracious voice,—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in unto him, and sup with him, and he with me,"—by opening the door, and he will come with his Father, and take up his abode with us.

'Let us pray for each other, that this may be abundantly the case; and let us wait for, and expect it, of a prayer-hearing, loving, gracious God.

'Ever, my very dear ——,

'Your affectionate friend,

'EMMA ——.'

'*March* 18*th*, 1830.'

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"*Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh condemnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.*"

'How mistaken, my dear ——, are those, who after reading the above verses, begin to examine themselves in order to discover some of that worthiness, which they think they must find existing there, ere they can approach to the table of the Lord. To self-examination we are indeed exhorted by the apostle; but what a

different sort to what they imagine they must engage, and at what different results would they arrive, if in the apostle's spirit they undertook the work.

Let us first ask ourselves of what we are about to partake, of which we must "so eat." The answer is given "that bread and that cup," or in the conclusion of the latter verse, the Lord's body which we are bid to "discern." Now in discerning the body what do we see? Is it not the offering of Jesus? Is it not the blood spilt upon Calvary, and the body offered up there? Is it not the Lamb slain, who poured out his soul unto death, "who was made a curse." And for whom was this offering made? What are the prerequisites of him who shall wish to partake of the benefits of the death of Jesus? Hear his own declaration—"I came not to call the righteous but sinners." "The Son of man is come to seek and to save the *lost*." "Christ Jesus came into the world to save *sinners*:" ye have sold yourselves for nought, and ye shall be redeemed *without* money." "He that hath no money."

"You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." "The whole need not a physician, but those that are sick." "He hath sent me to preach recovery of sight to the *blind*." "When the poor and needy seek bread."

In coming to Jesus then for salvation, or in other words, in desiring *sincerely* to have him for our Saviour, what is the result of any examination of ourselves? Do we discern any worthiness there in order to make good our claim to his salvation? If we do, if we can see aught in us, upon which the pure and Holy One should set his love, he may be *sure* that we are not wanting a Saviour like the Lord's Christ. The beloved Son, whom the Father sent into the world, is such an one as can meet our wants. He is one who looks upon the lost, the abject, the miserable, the *utterly* ruined and lost, the dead; and for such he came into the world. To such

he says, "*live:*" but with those who have any worthiness he has *nothing* to do. He came not for *them*. *They* may seek help, if they want it, elsewhere; for there is no help for *them* in him. "Help," indeed, "has been laid upon him," but for whom?—the helpless, and for none others.

Then, oh sinner! read and wonder. There is a claim—the only claim to the Redeemer's love—it is, that you are a *sinner*. You have pierced his side, and the blood which flows from thence is the only hope which you have that your soul will not perish for ever. You have nailed him to the cross; and unless he hung there as a curse, you must be accursed to eternity.

Let us "examine ourselves" dear ——, and we shall find that we have this "worthiness" in us. We have a title to the Lord, have a claim on his compassion and love, for we are sinners. 'So,' then, let us partake of this blessed and wonderful Redeemer. 'So,' then, let us eat of this bread of heavenly life and drink of this cup. 'So' let us cling to and believe on Jesus as *our* Saviour. How? what is the meaning of this 'so?' There is but one answer—even as sinners, lost, undone, perishing sinners, having hope in nothing but the "Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Resting on his love, the Lord Jehovah, in condescending love declares to be his state with regard to us. May he ever make us to do the same, and keep us resting on THIS love.

'Will your friend ask herself, is this the way she has come to Jesus. Has she examined, that all *empty* she has cast herself on his fulness? Has she searched whether in her secret soul any plea of worthiness remains except the plea of being a sinner? If she has come to the Saviour in *this* character she need fear nothing. He is her own Saviour. The fact of her *feeling* this assurance or not does not alter the case. She is not to be saved, from the sense of the Saviour's love, but by that love *itself*. Let her not look to any feeling in herself, as a

test of her salvation. The work is a finished work; finished before she existed, before she could sin or love. She has received Christ as a whole Saviour. He is able to do *all* the work; to begin and carry it on: therefore *as* she has received Christ Jesus the Lord in poverty of soul, "*so* let her walk in him." She will be ever at the end as empty as at the beginning. *She* has no grace—no love—no faith—nothing but sin to bring to Christ. All she has she must receive of him through time and eternity.

'Let her not perplex and distress her mind with examining now much or how little faith she has. Bid her raise her eyes to Jesus. He has faith, faith enough to give to every man or woman in the world; and *his* faith must be reckoned to her, or she will always be found wanting when weighed in the balance.

'If, then, no prerequisite was required at her first coming to Jesus, what prerequisite does she search for in partaking of the external sign of having fled to him? Let her examine herself, and 'so' let her eat of the bread and drink of the cup of the communion. So eat of it as she must eat of the reality of which that is but the emblem: eat of it as an unworthy sinner, having no worthiness, nothing to recommend her but sin; for those who eat and drink of it in any other way, must "eat and drink condemnation to themselves." Why must they? Because there is nothing *but* condemnation any where out of Jesus; and in partaking of the cup while they think any worthiness remain in them, they turn from Jesus to another Saviour, and thus they condemn themselves. They testify that they trust not simply and *wholly* to Jesus; and in this manner the very act of partaking of the emblem, witnesses to them that they *choose*, or eat condemnation, they do so *voluntarily*; they *love* darkness rather than light.

'These eat, "not discerning the Lord's body." They see not that it is the human flesh of "the mighty God." They consider not that God would not have sent his own

beloved Son to be *thus* slain and offered up, if a sacrifice of *less* value would have been sufficient. They acknowledge not that they are entirely ruined, if the Lord is not the Beginning and the Ending of their atonement: and therefore they discern not his body. "Except," says our Lord, "ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have *no* life in you."

'But if, as the result of the examination, your friend finds that there dwelleth in her no good thing, and that her only hope now, her only life for ever, is in the perfect finished work of Christ—if, as a sinner she lives, as a sinner she consents to die, as a sinner to look at Jesus, as a sinner to be saved by him, and as having been a sinner to praise him through eternity—then let her not fear that she shall eat and drink any condemnation to herself, in partaking of the sign of what her *soul* has already partaken, and by which it is freed from all condemnation. She "discerns the Lord's body," sees Jesus, only Jesus, all her salvation. Let her not fear—it cannot be in safer hands. He is faithful; and in the day when he himself shall shew her the worth of that soul, she will find it has been committed to one who valued it enough to die for it once, and continued to value it for *his own sake* afterwards, for the precious price which he gave for it.

'Let her bless, wonder, and adore the love which loved her first, which loved her always, which loves her now, which will "love her to the end;" and praising, wondering, and sinking into nothing at the sight of this love, and of her own *unworthiness*, let her enjoy the privilege of testifying to herself and to those around, that she accepts of the "unspeakable gift," and "shews forth the Lord's death, until he come" and takes her to drink of the "fruit of the vine" new, with him and his redeemed in the kingdom of his Father, and her Father, *his* God and her God.

'Ever yours, very affectionately.

## TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

'My very dear,

'You have expressed a desire that I should write to you on some of the subjects which are, I joyfully believe, most dear to both of us; and I wish to comply with your request, though bodily weakness must prevent my doing so as much as I should like. May the Spirit of God, whose strength is made perfect in weakness, whose wisdom is seen more fully in the folly of man, teach me to write something which may one day, if not now, incite you to pray and seek the Saviour more earnestly than you would otherwise have done; and then will I glory in my infirmities both of mind and body, so that the power of Christ has rested on me, and his glory is promoted in your soul!

'It is a subject of daily and deep gratitude to me, my dearest ——, that my fondest wishes and most earnest (though weak and unworthy) prayers are, as I humbly trust they are, fulfilling in you, so that you are enabled to say from your heart, "Draw me, I will run after thee." "Thy face, oh Lord, will I seek." "Oh Lord truly I am thy servant, truly I am thy servant. Thou hast loosed my bonds:" for, my dear child, I am confident of this one thing, that "he who hath begun a good work in you will perform it, until the day of Christ Jesus." That day may often seem to you very far off, and your enemies, with whom you will have to contend may appear to you stronger and more numerous every year: for it is one of God's great mercies towards his sheep, that at first he does not permit them to see all the roughnesses of the way they must go, nor much of the fierce warfare in which they must be engaged. When

the Good Shepherd has found his lamb, "he *layeth it on his shoulders* and bringeth it home rejoicing:" but after a while the lamb must not be so easily carried, he must walk alone, and often over very stony places, and through mountains and seas which threaten to overwhelm him. I do not say this to discourage you, whom I would long to encourage by every means, but only that you may not faint, or when the fiery trial overtakes you, think "some strange thing has happened unto you." No: the "Captain of our salvation" was made "perfect through suffering." Pure and holy as he was himself, he learned his captainship, he was taught his *office* by having to fight with the enemy in every possible manner. He knows now all his malice, his subtlety, his power; for he has *proved* it by dreadful contest in his own person; and so he is able to give to the fighting soldier, the precise degree and quality of grace which he wants when he is called to all the varied contests which he must undergo. This is a precious source of encouragement and support; think of it very much and very often. You will want it, and you may lean on it daily more and more firmly. You will often in your warfare meet with opposition for which you are so little prepared, which you know nothing of, and you will want weapons and strength for which you have not even asked, because you know not your need; then you must turn to him who has laid up in his armoury an abundant stock of all the weapons which any soldier can ever want, all tried and found suitable for the battle by the Captain himself. Sometimes your most earnest and importunate prayers will seem disregarded and unanswered. Sometimes even you may think that they are answered, just in the contrary way to what you asked—instead of peace, disquietude may seem to be sent—instead of joy sorrow of heart—instead of your enemies being conquered, your pride humbled, your temper subdued, your will brought into obedience to

Christ, wandering thoughts repelled, and spiritual comforts given; there may seem a more cruel warfare in which your enemies appear to have gathered strength and you to have grown weaker; your will may rise higher in opposition, new torrents of evil thoughts may appear to invade your mind, and comforts be yet more withdrawn. Then go to him to whom nothing of all this is new, nor any of it too light to be poured out before him; go to him in humility and subjection of soul, ask him to make you willing to learn his lessons in any way he sees best to teach them to you, only not to let you lose sight of him, or rather to make your anchor your whole soul on the rock of his finished salvation, content to bear any thing, to see yourself any thing so long as you may trust him as "the author and finisher of your salvation." In due time he will show you wherefore he "contendeth thus with you"—how he is answering your prayers in the wisest way—how he tries your faith that it may grow stronger, shows you the deadly sin of your heart, that you may look unto him as your "righteousness," as you have long believed him to be, made so of God unto you—how he reveals your folly unto you, that you may know him as your "wisdom"—your own weakness and incapability to overcome one enemy that you may turn to him as your "strength," and ascribe to him all power and dominion—how he gives you a little view of your unsanctified state that you might value him as your "sanctification," and brought all kinds of evil and sorrow upon you that you might live upon him as your only "Redemption"—how he led you into circumstances and states of mind which obliged you (under the teaching of his good Spirit) to feel a little of the necessity of his being "the mighty God the everlasting Father," the counsellor, above all, "the WONDERFUL"—how he emptied you of yourself to teach you of himself to exalt himself in you; for till he brings us into furnaces to purge us from that deadly thing

which sticks closer and longer to us than aught else, (self-righteousness) we can never "know only Jesus Christ, and him crucified;" never in any degree glorify *him* as the alpha and omega, nor offer the praise which he will accept, that praise which is the utterance and repose of the heart in Christ Jesus as the All in all.

'I scarcely know why I have written so much on this subject, which at present, perhaps, will not apply at all to your case. I should rather tell you from experience, for which I trust ever to bless my gracious God, of the wonderful *store* of good things which in early life we are permitted to lay up, not to be kept by ourselves, but which is lodged in the treasury above, in answer to the supplications put into our hearts by him who knoweth the end from the beginning, and teaches us to wish and pray for what we shall afterwards receive in an abundant measure. Very often now petitions are answered to me which I am made to remember that the Spirit inclined my heart to pray when I was but beginning to know that God answers prayers. Oh do you, my dearest ——, be now oftentimes resorting unto God, and pouring out your wishes before him—do you entreat of him to make you wish, to fill you with desires according to his will, to *remind* and urge you on to present your supplications—to teach you how to pray in the name of Jesus, leaningon his office of priest and advocate to fill you with the hungering and thirsting, the longing, the asking, seeking, knocking, which will be satisfied, granted, "have, find, be opened unto." When you see any of the children of God overtaken with a fault, pray that *you* "*enter* not into temptation;" that, if ever placed in similar circumstances, you may so entirely depend on God, that you will not sin in a like manner. I remember being led, many years ago, from seeing some who were suffering from languor and illness give way to a spirit of fretfulness, discontent, and irritability, to pray earnestly that if I were ever to be called to endure a lingering

illness and great weakness, God would "strengthen me according to his glorious power" unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness." I little thought then how much need there would be for those petitions; but he who had appointed my future path well knew how much I should want these things, and he inclined my heart to pray for them, and his ear to hear my supplication. Many other things of the same nature I could record to the praise of my God, but let this suffice to encourage you to seize upon every occurrence, and turn it into an incitement to prayer, or rather to pray that the Spirit may be continually sent to enable you to see something in each, which prayer will turn into golden apples for your soul in aftertimes. Give up your *mental* pursuits to God, entreating him to let you learn such things as may be to his glory, and to prevent you from learning others which would not promote this end. I cannot tell you how wonderfully the Lord dealt with me in this respect also, putting a stop to my progress in what he saw (and I *now* see) would have been useless acquirements to me, and allowing me to pursue such as would strengthen my mind, or fit me for what I should want afterwards. Let every employment be dedicated, as well as your whole body, soul, and spirit, and continually "commit all to a faithful Creator," to be ordered by him as seemeth best in his sight. You may then look upon every event, little or great, every cross, even the petty daily vexations, as friends, sent on a message from heaven, to fit or polish, or prepare, your rough material for its place in the temple, both on earth and in heaven; and this will beget a constant spirit of thankful willingness, of humble submission, of sweet dependence and upward-lifting of soul, whilst your after-life will be a continued recognition of the gracious wise dealings of God with you ever since you knew of his love; you will begin the song of praise for his "wonderful works" to you, even before you "knew

as you are known," and see what you cannot see on earth.

'But especially, dear ——, let the constant going out of your wishes be, that God would reveal to you more of Jesus Christ, that you may "*know* him and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings being made conformable to his death," and that he would condescend to fit you to "shew forth his praise" in any way which in his good pleasure he sees fit to do; your prayer, if it is answered—and you have the promise of him who is "faithful and true," that it will be answered—must indeed bring to you much "tribulation" here; but well may we count that tribulation all joy which teaches us concerning Christ. First, pray to be taught, day by day, what it is to ask in the name of the Saviour. This seems an easy thing, but it is the hardest of all things to learn, and we have continually to relearn it by hard and painful lessons, and even then but half know what it is. It includes a renunciation of self and all self-righteousness; an entire trust in the intercession of Christ, and such an emptying of all we think valuable of feeling, of spiritual gifts, of zeal, of felt love and fervour, as is indeed solemn. Yet, oh! Lord, who givest to all men liberally, grant us to know what this is; teach us, by any means, to hang entirely on thy Son, to sink ourselves in him, to honour him in deep reality, to give him all the glory, and to be content to be less than nothing so that he may be exalted alone!

If we wish to know Christ in his offices, characters, titles, attributes, and person, we must *prove* him in each of them, and we can only do so by being brought into circumstances which make it necessary for us to resort to him as our strong refuge and support. You may have to learn what you mean by calling Christ a *friend*, by being deprived of a dear earthly friend, which will make you seek to know the Saviour in that character,

and then he will reveal himself to you as the world knoweth not of, and as you had before but little idea could be the case; in the same way you may have to learn Christ in the character of a *Prophet*, by having a spiritual guide taken from you; as a *Counsellor* by feeling your need of advice and direction, which can only be given by the Lord himself. I might go on through all the characters of our Lord, for each one must be tried before it is felt, even as we must have affliction in order to know whether a friend can sympathize, and how deeply, in our troubles; and if you pray, dearest ——, to "know the Lord," that knowledge will be given in a way which the heart of man has not entered into; for the "Lord's ways are not our ways, neither his thoughts our thoughts," and he leads us by his own "right way to a city of habitation."

I have written poorly indeed, and but lightly touched on what I should have liked to have dwelt upon for days, but we can converse on some points which strength will not allow me to write on. Particularly I would desire that our minds should be much led to consider the human nature of our glorious Lord, for of all subjects *that* seems given us to live upon here, that we may derive much comfort, life, and strength, during our earthly pilgrimage, wherein we are suffering with him, and from walking with him, partaking of the "fellowship of his sufferings," the full realization of his humiliation and perfect manhood.

Oh! ——, may the Lord grant you an ardent wrestling of soul to be made to walk very near him all the days of your life! May he, by any means he will employ, tear you from every earthly thing, and every earthly idol from you to draw you to himself! It will be very profitable to you to have a right hand, or a right eye, often plucked from you if Christ is made more present with—more precious to you thereby. I often wonder at myself, that, notwithstanding all my

opportunities of communion with God, all my high privileges, my unusual flood of mercies and wonderful dealings; the continued love and grace of God, evidenced as it is in marvellous lovingkindness to me; I yet know him so little, prize him so little, seek and love him so very, very little. My heart's desire and prayer for you is that you may be made to walk much nearer to him, to glorify him much more, and shew forth much more of his image than I ever have done. He is such a Saviour, and we are such sinners! May all the praise and glory be ever his.

One more topic I must touch upon, as it is one of great delight, which we should often think of and try to search into. We are too apt to act as if we thought that *we* alone desired and sought after God, that we had to fight, and wrestle, and struggle, in order to induce the Lord to look upon us with compassion and love; but how different is the case! *Our* wishes are but the faintest reflection of *his* for us; our desires but the echo of his own gracious will; for he it is who loves us, and who will do us good even in spite of ourselves. Ever think of God as love, desiring to bless you with all spiritual blessings, coming to you when you are a great way off; yea, alluring you to seek his face, that he may look upon you with love. If you pray to be shewn God's love, your heart will be taught something of it, and you will draw nigh to him as a child must to an affectionate parent, with confidence in his love, for "God is love, and he that DWELLETH in love"—who rests in the full assurance of the love of God, not doubting or distrusting his fatherly love in Christ Jesus—"dwelleth in God, and God in him." He lives upon God himself, and God deigns to "walk in him," "making him to will and to do of his good pleasure," "blessing him with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

He is indeed, my dearest ——, the *wonderful* Lord.

May he open to you "his good treasure," and cause you to put your whole trust in him. Oh! TRUST him evermore; ask to be taught to trust, and may "he fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power, that the name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in you, and you in him." "Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly for us above all we can ask or think, be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

'Believe me, my very dear ——,

'Your most affectionate sister,

'EMMA.'

*May* 8, 1830.

# EXTRACTS OF LETTERS

FROM

# EMMA L. M.

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To ——

*Oct* 19, 1825.

* * * 'I have been truly vexed to find so sorrowful and discontented a strain run through all your letters. Why is it so? must I ask you? The answer I know too well. It is not from any circumstances in which you may now be placed, though you fancy that it is; it is not from any external source *whatsoever*, but because you are yet a stranger to the precious possession of *peace with God*. You say that "happiness is not for every one here, and you do not expect it." Oh! how truly I can tell you you are mistaken; yes! there may be happiness for *all*; for each person in the world; there may be for you, if you will only reach out your hand, and open your heart to receive it—the truest, best, purest, most satisfying happiness; a happiness not to be described, but, blessed be God, to be *felt*, to be *enjoyed*. The unspeakable happiness of knowing that your sins are forgiven, that

you are bought with the blood of Christ; that "all things are working together for your good;" that you are leading in the "*right* way to a city of habitation;" that each hour, each minute, you may come to an Almighty *Friend*, one to whom you may tell each sorrow, and from whom you may draw comfort for each; that after a *few* light afflictions, and many delights, of which the principal is the favour of communion with, and working in the service of God, you will be summoned hence, to dwell for ever with the Friend you have most loved, and to dwell too in his smile, unceasingly to praise, and love, and worship him. Is not this happiness? But oh! it would be beyond the pen of an angel to tell you the preciousness of the great salvation of Jesus; and this you may, yes, you *must* enjoy. It is held out to you by a tender, forgiving Father, who tells you that "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," who assures you that he will "remember your sins and iniquities no more." And why not take him at his word? Do but renounce all dependence on any thing but the finished work of Jesus. Do but come to him just as you are, and take him for *your* portion, and he will take you for *his* portion. Open to him, for he "stands at the door and knocks, and he will come unto you, and sup with you, and give you a new name;" for he will "be your God, and you will be his" daughter. Let me intreat you not to delay one day, one hour.

'Remember, while you read this, you are invited, nay, commanded to come near, and see the salvation of God; that this very night, by the help of his Spirit, God may put it into your heart to come to him, to believe in him, and, consequently, to be blessed by him.

'I know that you cannot be happy in your present state, for you are at a distance from God, and as long as you remain so, in whatever circumstances you may

be placed, if you had every wish of your heart gratified, you would be *miserable*. But I do also know that if you will come to God, if you will believe on him who is our peace, you will be brought nigh to God, and then, if every event of this world were to be sorrowful, and every earthly desire to be crossed, you must be happy. I pray God you may be led to him, and taste, and see that he is good; and that he will, by the influences of his Spirit, make you to feel his salvation, and give you a new heart.'

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To ——

*June* 6, 1827.

'I am rejoiced to find that your mind and soul are becoming more peaceful as your bodily health improves; and I trust you will be led on from one degree of strength to another. Not, indeed, ever to find your life any thing but a warfare, a constant, arduous, fearful struggle, but only to look for strength and consolation where they will ever be found; not in the varying fluctuations of the mind, but in the purchased treasury of Jesus; to be drawn from thence by faith, *itself* the precious gift of the Beloved. Oh! it is my greatest desire to feel more and more that I am perfectly *empty*, destitute of every thing, even the ability to wish or desire any thing but evil, and to look simply and entirely to Jesus, in whom it "pleased the Father that all fullness should dwell, being head over all things to his church." Surely if "all power is his, both in heaven and in earth," we need fear nothing, as long as we can call him ours. The little portion of this faith, which in his infinite loving kindness he has been

pleased to grant me, is indeed *sweet*, and makes me in some measure live in the perception of the meaning of that text, "To you that believe he is *precious*." May he, and he alone, become increasingly so to both of us; precious in the *free* pardon he grants to sinners; precious in the righteousness with which he clothes them; precious in the love he shows them every *instant*; precious in the strength he grants them at *every* time, for every time is a time of need; precious in all his graces which he grants them; precious in the supplies of his Holy Spirit which he bestows upon them; precious in making them long to love him; precious in life, in health and sickness; precious in death. Oh, how precious! Yea, he is the *altogether* lovely.

'May we realize him, more and more, to be *our* Beloved and *our* Friend! Did we do so, every place would be nearly alike to us, for we should regard every spot but as a resting-place for a moment, where we might erect our altar, and pay our vows, till we pursued our journey, looking every step of that journey to our Forerunner, who has trodden the same path before, and left us not only the track of his footsteps, as a direction, but a Guide and Supporter, and has extracted all the real bitterness from every draught, taken every stumbling-block from the way.' * * * * * * * * * *

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To ———

*January* 30*th*, 1829.

* * * 'Your letter this morning has been very pleasant to me, on account of its confidence and affection; though on some accounts it has made me sad. But why should I say so? Did not an Apostle *encourage* his converts, by telling them, that "through

much tribulation they must enter the kingdom?" And another seems to make it his title, that he was a "companion in the kingdom and *patience* of the Lord Jesus, and in tribulation." And do I not believe that you have been called by the voice of God himself, to occupy the post you write from? And can I think that, having put forth his *own* sheep, whom he bled and died for, and tenderly loves,—he will not "go before it," defending, guarding, cherishing it? No; that would be to think worse of him than of an earthly friend; and God forbid that we should do that in the naughtiness of our hearts.

'"I have many souls in this city," said the Lord once to his servant (when he had chosen to suffer for his name's sake); and yet when he put him into the city, nothing but "bonds and imprisonments awaited" him. I should tremble indeed, dearest ———, if the Lord had placed you in a situation where you may be so *eminently* useful, and not, at the same time, hedged up your way with many pricking thorns. Had it been smoother sailing, had you met with congenial minds, you might have "been exalted above measure;" but now your protecting Father places you where *He* must do all the work. He will fight for you; every inch of ground must visibly be gained by prayer from him, and to him will be all the praise.

'Yes; you have prayed to be made useful to the souls of others, and you have prayed too, to be made humble, and your prayer-hearing God will answer both petitions in his *own* way. He sends you for a little time to bear his name to those who know him not; at the same time he makes you walk through a furnace, that your own "footsteps may not slide." And Oh, dear ———, when we remember what the Lord of heaven and earth endured for our *miserable* sakes; how he met with—not troubles merely, not want of privileges, not want of Christian communion—but drank to the dregs

the full cup of sorrow, hated of friends, and, worst of all, *desertion of God*,—can we think that any thing is too bitter to endure for the sake of being made like him, in his *work* as well as in his image? Will not all your trials, and I know that they are *very* great, be light, so that you can win souls to Christ? Would that something of the love of Jesus to souls were poured upon us! Would that you, and Oh, would that I could say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the *ministry* which I have received." "He is with thee for good;" I know he is, and no man, no devil, "shall set upon thee to hurt thee." I bless him that he makes you fear, may he also make you to watch.

'I think of you, I may say, every hour, but *at present* I dare not wish you in different circumstances; no, I feel assured you are where God would have you, and can I then do any thing but "rejoice that you are counted worthy to suffer for the Lord Jesus," and to partake of his sufferings in the same kind of way, and for the same end, "for his body's sake, which is the church." And then, too, I know that in every circumstance in which you are placed, it is that you may be "purified and made white," prepared for his work on earth and for his face in heaven; for "this is the will of God, even your sanctification." "He is faithful," and will "sanctify you *wholly*," body, soul, and spirit. Ah, what a body, soul, and spirit it is that has to undergo this work! What wonder that so many and such hard strokes are so necessary to be inflicted before it is moulded; and what love is it which does strike again and again, nor leaves the clay till all is finished. 'Yea, strike, Lord, strike, *any thing* but leave us!'

'Thank you, dearest, for telling me what so rejoices my heart—that God has been "a *very present help*" to you. Are not such seasons as you describe, well worth

much suffering for? Is not the realizing the nothingness of all but Christ, and the enjoyment of his fulness, better than life, yea, and all the blessings of life? O welcome, welcome all crosses, so as I can but get my heart fixed on the Lord Jesus. "Whom have I *in* heaven but thee? and there is none on earth to be desired beside thee."

'I desire to pray for you, dear ——, that you may be *more* anxious to profit, and make others profit, by your trial, than to have it removed from you. May you be made willing to wait the Lord's time, even should that time be distant; but this I hope (if I *dare* hope) need not be the case. * * * * *

* We must not be anxious or agitated, but repose on Him who has *always* appeared for us as a guide, a friend, a counsellor. In the mean time, dear ——, may every moment of your day be spent in the fear of the Lord, and may you "redeem the time;" it is very, very short: and yet how *precious*—full of the riches of souls, which were worth even the blood of Christ. The Lord will be with you, to guard and bless you. And where he is, and where he lifts up the light of his countenance, will be peace.'

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To ——

*March 3d*, 1829.

* * * 'I assure you that during the last month you have been very present to my mind, in my daily and nightly hours. I am not able now to tell you what a sweet month the last very suffering one has been to me. I trust I believe more firmly than ever, that the promise, "My God shall supply *all* your need," will be *fulfilled* most literally to each one of us; so that if we

seek comfort, or ease, or friends, or privileges of any kind, or even spiritual good, and will apply to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, he will abundantly "supply all our need from his riches in glory;" not by giving us the poor streams, but by making us drink at the fountain of his love.

'I dare not ask that one trial should be removed from any of us, and would not even wish that the dark suspense which hangs over every plan should be made light, till we are brought to lean simply and entirely on the arm of Christ, and to care for nothing but the light of his countenance. "The meek will he teach his way," and surely that character belongs only to those whose will is subdued to the will of their Lord. If continued chastisement, then, of the kind we most dislike, is the means employed by our gracious Lord, to make us conformed to his meek image, I can only bless him, that he cares enough for us to continue it, since to learn his way, his Christ, is all my desire, and nothing else is there in heaven or in earth, which I would have my soul long after. For the most wise and loving reasons, God may see fit to make our path yet in the dark; for "the God of Israel and the Saviour, is verily a God that hideth himself;" but thrice blessed are they to whom he hides himself only in his providences, but reveals himself in his promises. I bless him that he is so near to you; surely it is "better with you than at the time when your corn and your wine were increased." May he continue his marvellous loving kindness, and bless you more abundantly, bless you with the peace, and rest, and entire annihilation of your own will. I could wish to tell you much of the Lord's wonderful works towards me.' * * * *

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To —— ——

*March*, 1829.

* * * 'I bless his name that he spares us no discipline which we so much want. At present our path seems to lie in obscure darkness. It seems as if the voice said to each of us, "Let patience have her *perfect* work." I believe that not till each of us does bow in perfect submission to him whose way is in the clouds —so that each is content to be led as the blind by a way which he knows not, and to wait without murmuring while the cloud rests over our tent, whether it be a day or a month, or even a year,—will the light which I know is "*sown*" for us spring up, and declare to us plainly the will of the Lord. Blessed be the Lord, who "teacheth us to profit," and will "not spare the rod, even for the crying of the child," till it has learned the lesson. Surely the pains he takes with us, sitting by the furnace and watching over the metal, till it may be purged from its dross, do shew to us something of that love which passeth knowledge, and should make us magnify the Lord with all that is within us. * * * * * * Could we clearly have seen every step of the way that we have to go, should we then have leaned on him who "giveth songs *in the night?*" Oh, surely we know that we should have turned aside as a deceitful bow; and so we shall now, if his hand is not continually our guard. Let us earnestly pray, dear ——, that if the favour we wish for is granted to us, we may receive it only as from the hand of the Lord, and feel fresh confidence that he will be with us, to guard us from all evil. Can we not both testify that this gracious Lord has led us all the day long with a pillar of cloud, but all the dark and dreary night long with the brighter light of the pillar of fire? For he only

doeth wondrous things. * * * *
Oh, dearest ——, remember that the chosen ones "follow the Lamb WHITHERSOEVER he goeth;" they must not ask or desire that a sparrow should fall in a different direction from that in which he has ordained it.
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Though we must watch and pray against the most horrible of all foes, spiritual pride, yet we must trust also that he will not "contend against us with his great power, but put strength into us," so that we shall be "more than conquerors through him that hath loved us." Oh, the Lord will guard and guide you continually; he will preserve your soul from all evil. Surely "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience," of the unchanging love and unwearying watchfulness of our God, and "experience *hope*"—hope in this God, so that though every thing seems against us, still we look forward to mercies. I wish I could tell you how I have enjoyed that text and its context. May we thus "*abound* in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost," so that in every little, and in every great thing, our hearts "hope in his mercy;" and this hope shall "not make us ashamed," we can never be disappointed in it, and our gracious Lord declares that he "taketh pleasure in them that hope in his mercy. *
* * * * * I have not been able to tell you of the marvellous loving-kindness hourly shewn to me; what he was in times past, that he has been, and yet more abundant at this time. * *

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To —— ——

*April 7th*, 1829.

* * * Our prayers for direction will not be answered by a "sign" or a "voice;" there is no

"open vision," but they will be answered by marks of Providence. Let us pray for seeking and willing hearts, "and verily we shall be fed." * * *

* * Oh, read the account of the journey of Abraham's servant to fetch Rebekah; and are you bought with such a price, loved less by the unchangeable Jesus than he was? Are the promises of guidance less firm to you? Since you have been "precious in his sight," are you not also honourable? Oh, for more faith to believe that "he who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up so freely for you and me, will also freely give us all things." * * *

Every minute you are with him and he with you; aye, and he watches over you, to water you every moment, "lest any hurt you." May he be more than ever near to you, and draw you more than ever near to him. My wishes seem now gathered up into one thing for my soul—to be nothing, and Christ to be *all in all* to me. Shall I not wish the same for my dearest ——? Then must I not bring my will for you and for myself, and only wish, pray, pray, long, that his may be done, "whose will is our sanctification," who will sit as a Purifier, and thoroughly purge the children of Levi," bringing them through the fire. Even so, Lord Jesus, until the redemption—final "redemption of the purchased possession. * * *

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THE END.